

*The Young Woman's Magazine*

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Supremely beautiful — not merely powdered — is skin caressed to soft, velvety perfection with Princess Pat. For this powder truly glorifies . . . coaxes forth hidden beauty . . . creates the illusion of flawless smoothness and youthful sparkle.

Really, you may ask—and just how is almond base responsible for so much more beauty? Well, you see, *usual* powders are fine particled—Princess Pat powder is not only fine but *soft*. There is no starch in Princess Pat—hence no stiffness.

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# An Efficient Short-Cut to Usable French

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HERE, at last, is usable French, for the business man, the student, the traveler and all cultured people. Here, at last, is an easy, rapid *short cut* to the most valuable second language in the world.

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You may send me the first two lessons of Hugo's "French at Sight" without cost. At the end of five days I will either mail you \$1.85 and \$2 each month for 4 successive months, for the balance of the course or I will inform you that I do not want the course. In either case there is no charge for the first lesson. It is mine absolutely FREE!

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Address.....

City.....State.....

# SMART SET

In Combination with McClure's  
*The Young Woman's Magazine*

AUGUST, 1929—VOLUME 84, No. 6

MARGARET E. SANGSTER, *Editor*

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Winning new users by thousands. Listerine  
Tooth Paste. The large tube 25¢

## Outdoors adored...indoors ignored

**O**UTDOORS they adored this gay Philadelphia girl. She was continually surrounded with admirers. But indoors it was another story. She was hopelessly out of things.

The truth is that her trouble which went unnoticed in the open, became instantly apparent in the drawing room.

No intelligent person dares to assume complete freedom from

halitosis (unpleasant breath).

Surveys show one person out of three is an occasional or habitual offender. This is due to the fact that odor-producing conditions (often caused by germs) arise constantly in even normal mouths.

The one way of keeping your breath always beyond suspicion is to rinse the mouth with full strength Listerine every morning and night and before meeting others.

Being a germicide capable of killing even the *Staphylococcus Aureus* (pus) germ in 15 seconds, full strength Listerine first strikes at the cause of odors, and then, being a powerful deodorant, destroys the odors themselves. Yet it is entirely safe to use. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC  
**LISTERINE**

# ABOUT OUR CONTRIBUTORS

*The Page, This Month, Belongs To One*

*Very New Author*

**I**SABEL BRIGGS MYERS—author of the prize mystery story which begins in this issue of *SMART SET*—is an extraordinarily interesting woman. And she has, we think, written a remarkable first novel! We feel that you'd like to know something about her, first hand. And so we quote directly from her own letter:

"You want to hear about me? Well—I'm thirty-one, and I'm married, and I have two babies, and that in itself is such a blissful state of affairs that I sometimes have difficulty in believing it—except when I'm wiping little noses or cleaning up cereal which has been fed to the floor, at which times it seems quite probably true.

"You see, I know my luck. In June, 1918, at the end of my junior year, I married an army flier and went back with him to his post to be as near him as I could. That is, I worked in Memphis while he flew at Park Field, and all that summer I only saw him about twenty-four hours a week. At last, for a few weeks in September, we were able to get officer's quarters on the field, where all day long the planes rose and circled and stunted and slanted down to earth across our roof, so close that with their motors hushed we could hear the hoarse whisper of their propellers and the sigh of the wind through their wires. And to this day, the drone of a plane overhead catches at my breath—until I remember that it can't be 'Chief' at the controls.

"But this, of course, is 1929. Lt. Clarence G. Myers has become Clarence G. Myers, Esq., practicing law in Philadelphia. And four tiny bare rooms under a flat, hot roof, on a flat, hot flying field, have been replaced by a beloved little ivy-covered colonial house in Swarthmore. And there is Peter, not quite three, and Ann, just past one, to splash in the wading pool under the huge old cherry tree, and play and sleep on the porches, and dig the ashes from the big stone fireplace, and leave toys everywhere.

"And that was everything in the world that I wanted, I thought, until on the first of last August I came across the announcement of a contest in the pages of a magazine and read the alluring account of Van Dine's sudden plunge into detective fiction. And then I knew I wanted something else. I wanted to try a detective novel, myself!

"Even at the start, which is always my most optimistic time, I knew it was a preposterous thing to undertake. Five months to do it in—that was part of the contest. And I had two babies



Isabel Briggs Myers, author of  
"Murder Yet To Come"

on my hands! And I remembered all too well how slow my speed had been on those rare occasions in the past when, with all my time to myself, I had attempted a short story and left it in my desk to gather dust because I never got it good enough or finished enough to sell.

"But I did so want to do this novel—worse than I ever wanted to do any other writing. I had to do it. So I girded up my resolution, as Arnold Bennett says you must, and went to work.

"The only solution seemed to be work at night. I did a good deal in the day time, but with Ann and Peter climbing over my chair and punching the shift keys so that capitals ran riot on the page, I couldn't make much progress. (Even the most fearsome passage lacks impressiveness when written like this.) In the evenings, though, between nine and three, stretched six heavenly, solid, uninterrupted hours—if I could stay awake to use them. Mostly I stayed awake, though many a time my head bumped the typewriter in the middle of a sentence."

We are glad that Mrs. Myers did bump into the typewriter, because if sleep had overtaken her, "Murder Yet To Come" might never have been finished in time to win the prize. And if it hadn't been finished,

you would have missed a very real treat. A good detective-mystery story is rare, although detective fiction and mystery stories are being published every day. And we feel that we are not going too far when we say that "Murder Yet To Come" is one of the best detective-mystery stories that we have read in many a year. The heroine is charming and sympathetic—but there, you'll discover that for yourselves! And the detective in the case is not only a scholar and a gentleman—he has a personality that is decidedly engaging! As for the house in which the action takes place—it is dark and scary and it is filled with conflicting characters and seemingly unsolvable tangles. At least we found them unsolvable until the very end of the story, and we think that we are fairly average readers!

We don't want to tell you any of the plot secrets of "Murder Yet To Come"—that wouldn't be fair. We won't even give you a hint. But we will say this:

Mrs. Myers may have fallen asleep while working on her story, but we guarantee that no one will ever fall asleep while reading it. In fact, they may not sleep after they have finished reading it!



# Doctors

By

ALLISON BRYAN

I GO in, every now and then, to tell my doctor how miserable I feel. And he listens to me, for early in our acquaintance I made him understand that that was the one thing I simply must insist on. And then he turns the conversation to golf or politics, and we have a pleasant social hour—until suddenly he starts, and explains:

"I'm due at the hospital in ten minutes."

"But, Doctor," I remonstrate, "you didn't give me any medicine!"

"Oh, you don't need any medicine."

And there I am.

So I go down to the corner drug store and talk to the clerk at the patent medicine counter. I tell him how miserable I feel and that it seems as if I might have croup, maybe—or chilblains—

And he says right away:

"Yes, sir. Croup, you said? Chilblains?"

We have the very thing for you. This handy preparation is for both croup and chilblains. See for yourself, sir—Dr. Man's Painless Remedy for Coughs, Colds, Pain in the Back, Chilblains, Croup, and Gout."

In the morning I carry the bottle and a spoon to the office with me. Every hour I rush out to the water-cooler with them.

In a week or so I feel better.

If I could only find a doctor who would give me the service of a really good drug store clerk! Once, I thought I found one.

I had a bad sore throat, and I felt it deserved having something spent on it. So I went to my doctor. I explained it to him as well as I could with my mouth open, and pointed out several little things about it that I thought he might miss all by himself.

And then he gave me the first bit of advice I have had from him in years.

"This is three times you've been in, now, about those tonsils of yours," he said gloomily. "I wish you'd have 'em taken out."

"Oh, Doctor, how kind and thoughtful you are!" I stammered. "And if it must be—Doctor, you know my delicate nerves—you will give me your best attention?"

"Oh, I never do tonsils," said my doctor.

"Then where shall I go, Doctor?" I asked.

My doctor put a record on the Victrola.

"That is my favorite selection," he said.

"But, Doctor," I begged, "where can I go."

He thought for a moment. "I know," he said.

"You go to Jobbins. He's a good man, I know. I once saw him do a wonderful clog at a fraternity reunion. You tell him I sent you, and I'm pretty sure he'll do it—if only for the sake of the dear old Coll."

**J**OBBIN'S was easy. It seems he is not like the usual run of doctors. He makes a business of it.

He let me right in when my turn came. I was Number 69.

His secretary was at his elbow, and in thirty seconds they had my name, address, and order for an operation.

"Have you any engagement for Saturday, the twenty-third, at eleven minutes past three in the afternoon?" the doctor asked.

I murmured that I should be delighted.

"It will be then," decided the doctor. "Next!"

"Doctor," I managed to say over my shoulder, for the secretary urged me towards the door. "Doctor, I have very delicate nerves. You will give me your best attention, won't you?"

"I?" said the doctor. "I?—but I shall not be there. Week-ends I'm always out of town. But it'll be all right. One of my assistants—any of them—will take care of you."

And the door shut tight behind my back.

# Men who work with their HANDS ... Make the BEST Draftsmen



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**W**E are looking for more ambitious young fellows with factory, building-trade or any other kind of mechanical experience to prepare for and place in well-paid Drafting positions. Such men, we find, are unusually successful as Draftsmen, because they know how things are done, and that's a priceless asset to the man who makes the blueprint plans. For there's a great deal more to Drafting than "mechanical drawing" and reading blueprints. The real jobs, those paying \$50 to \$100 a week, give you a chance to cash in on your entire past mechanical experience. Get in touch with me and I'll tell you how.

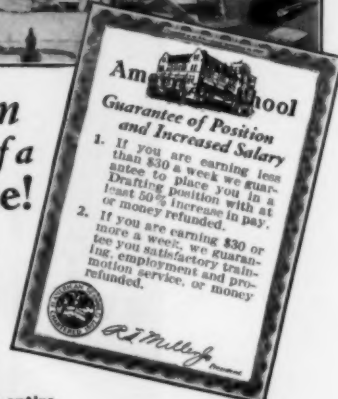
### Drafting is Logically Your Next Move!

Of course you realize the biggest handicap to mechanical work is that you're limited in earning capacity to the output of your two hands, as long as you live. Even the skilled mechanic earning \$50 to \$60 a week has reached his limit. He can never earn more and when he gets old he will earn less. So I don't blame any man for wanting to get away from this futureless outlook. For wanting to get into something where he can use his head as well as his hands—where he will be paid for what he knows instead of only for what he does.

You know enough about blueprints to understand that PLANS govern every move in factory and construction job. The Draftsman who makes them is several jumps ahead of the workman who follows them. And so I want you to know that DRAFTING is a logical, natural PROMOTION from mechanical and building work—better-paid, more interesting—just the kind of work you'd enjoy doing.

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The way to a fine Drafting job for you—is easier than you think. It takes no "artistic talent" or advanced education. Thousands of men no smarter than you, with no more education or ability have learned it quickly and you can, too. With the cooperation of some of the biggest employers and engineers in the U. S. we have worked out a plan to prepare you for Drafting work in your spare time at home—to actually place you in a fine position and to raise your pay. Backed by the guarantee shown above to refund the small cost, if we fail. Mail the coupon and I'll be glad to tell you all about this life-time chance to get into Drafting.



"Only one other man and I, of six taking California State Board examination for Architect passed. Then I realized the thorough and practical training given by American School. In 18 months I have gone from tracer to Chief Draftsman, in charge of all architectural and engineering work in one of the oldest offices here. R. L. WARREN, Los Angeles, Calif."



"When I started American School training in the Spring of 1915 I was working 14 hours a night, seven nights a week. That Fall I got a job in the Engineering Dept. of a large firm near here. Today I work 8 1/2 days a week and my salary is larger than I ever dreamed of when I began that course in Mechanical Drafting. B. H. SEAVERN, South Bend, Ind."

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I wish I had the room here to tell you all about DRAFTING—how it has become the most important branch of every kind of manufacturing and construction work—how fascinating the work is—what a fine bunch of fellows Draftsmen are—the big salaries paid—how while Drafting is white-collar office work, it is closely hooked-up with big projects and big men. All that takes a 36-page book to tell and I'll be glad to send it to you free, and in addition I want to send you the first three lessons of our home-training so you can see how you'll like the work and how simple it is to learn. Coupon brings everything—mail it right away.



## The Story of Jack Gilbert's Marriage

**W**HO is Ina Claire, the girl Jack Gilbert married after only three weeks courtship? What siren qualities has she, qualities that ensnared the famous lover of the screen—won him away from all the lovely and glamorous ladies of Hollywood?

What happened to the Gilbert-Garbo romance—that romance which seemed so altogether fitting that it was approved by millions of their fans?

PHOTOPLAY answers all these questions in the July and August issues.

In July, Ruth Waterbury gives you the details of Ina Claire's ascent up the Broadway ladder of stage fame.

In August, Adela Rogers St. Johns analyses the possibilities for happiness in this newest and most spectacular of Hollywood marriages.

The July issue is on the newsstands now. The August issue will be out July 15. *Get your copy early.*

# PHOTOPLAY

*The National Guide to Motion Pictures*

## Laughter Lines

**FOREMAN:** "How is it that although you and Rastus started work together, he has a bigger pile of dirt than you?"

**Rastus:** "Why, boss, he's digging a bigger hole."—*Clipped.*

■ ■

The boarding house mistress glanced grimly down the table as she announced: "We have a delicious rabbit pie for dinner."

The boarders nodded resignedly, all, that is, but one.

He glanced nervously downwards, shifting his feet. One foot struck something soft, something that said "Me-ow."

Up came his head. A relieved smile crossed his face as he gasped, "Thank God."—*Pitt Panther.*

■ ■

"What is the specific gravity of lead?" asked the cross-eyed prof., looking at the first student.

"I don't know," said the second student.

"I wasn't talking to you," stated the professor looking towards the second cross-eyed student.

"I know it," said the third student.—*S. Cal. Wampus.*

■ ■

**Miss:** "You say that your old friend Jack is making money hand over fist?"

**Demeanor:** "Yea, he's teaching in a deaf and dumb school."—*Flamingo.*

■ ■

"Listen, Bo," said the tramp in a truculent manner, as he button-holed the gentleman on the street, "how about slipping me a dollar? Come on, Bo. Don't be so d—d tight. Give a feller a dollar. How about it, Bo?"

"Well!" said the astonished gentleman, staring in amazement at this brusque manner of approach. "Even if you needed a dollar and I was inclined to give it to you, I certainly wouldn't do it on that sort of solicitation. That's no way to ask for anything."

"Listen, Bo," said the tramp decisively. "You can give me the dollar, or don't give me the dollar, but don't try to tell me how to run my business!"—*Exchange.*

■ ■

**Father:** "Young man I understand you have made advances to my daughter."

**Young Man:** "Yes, I wasn't going to say anything about it, but since you've mentioned it, I wish you could get her to pay me back."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

■ ■

**Mrs. Newlywed:** "I'm disappointed with my baking, dear. This is meant for a cottage pudding, but it wouldn't rise."

**Sympathetic Hubby:** "Never mind, darling. We'll just call it a flat pudding."—*Clipped.*

Thanks to  
**ZIP**



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because  
IT'S OUT

## Not only Removes - - Destroys!

*Now hair growths can be permanently destroyed*

Only by removing the cause, the roots of the hairs, can you be free of unsightly growths. ZIP is totally unlike depilatories which merely burn off surface hair by chemical action, because ZIP gently and harmlessly eliminates the roots, hundreds in an instant and permanently destroys the growth.

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MISS EDNA PETERS of MIAMI, winner of the Typical American Girl Contest, and wearer of the ELGIN PARISIENNE designed in Paris by the famous fashion authorities Callot Soeurs.



MISS DOROTHY DORMAN of BALTIMORE, who received Honorable Mention—and an ELGIN watch to keep the memory of it alive for all of her lifetime.



ELGIN PARISIENNE, designed by Callot Soeurs, Diamond-Set, \$75, the model worn by the eighteen Typical American Girls. Accurate, ELGIN timekeeping—and Paris style!

## The typical American Girls receive the typical American watch ... to commemorate their visit to New York

Even blasé New York got a thrill!

Eighteen beautiful, charming girls, representing every section of the country, came to town. To see. To be seen. And to compete for the title "Typical American Girl."

Eighteen came, but, of course, only one could take away the title. So the sponsors of this contest wisely provided a token of the trip for each girl to take away upon her wrist... an exquisite diamond-set watch.

And with equal wisdom, the watches they chose for the Typical American Girls were the Typical American

Watches... ELGINS. And such fashionable ELGINS. The most aristocratic members of the ELGIN PARISIENNE family. With their cases designed in Paris by those famous *couturieres*, Callot Soeurs.

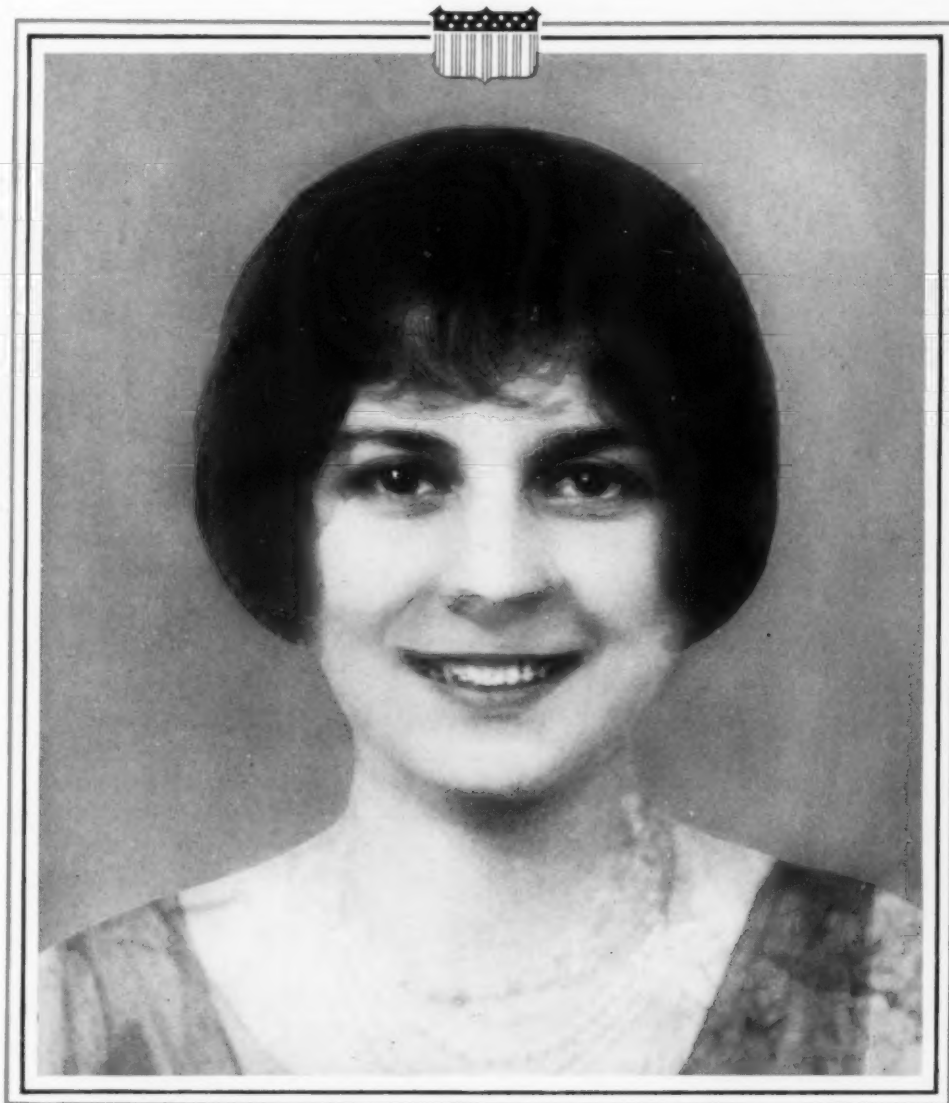
Of course, you need not enter a contest to wear an ELGIN PARISIENNE. Your nearest ELGIN jeweler can show you the identical watches won and worn by the eighteen Typical American Girls. And he has other Parisienne models in plain and enamel cases at \$35. And still other ELGINS from the simplest, least expensive time-piece to radiant diamond-sheathed models at \$250.

# THE ELGIN Parisienne

© ELGIN. 1929. ELGIN WATCHES ARE AMERICAN MADE. ALL PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN CANADA. WATCH SHOWN IS APPROXIMATELY 1/10 REDUCTION



# Our Typical American Girls



Vandamm

## THIS IS A COMPOSITE PORTRAIT

OF OUR eighteen typical and charming American girls. You can see from the following pages just how different they are in appearance—and just how charming. This composite portrait was made by printing eighteen photographs, one over the other, so that each girl's facial characteristics have had a chance to come out clearly and completely. The result is, we feel, a delightful one—and one that we can really call the true American type! The outlines of the portrait are blurred; necessarily so. But by holding it at a slight distance the pictured face is clear and distinct. You will find it very interesting to trace the features of each individual girl in this face—to see the hint of a familiar contour, the suggestion of a dimple, the gleam of a smile! And you will find it thrilling to realize that the eighteen girls—whose features went into the making of this portrait—were chosen from the whole country. So that the portrait itself stands for girls from the east and west and north and south—for the idealized version of the American girl. It was to find her that SMART SET organized its quest—need we say that we are well satisfied.



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**E**DNA PETERS of Miami, Florida, was the choice of SMART SET's judges as being most representative in personality, intellect and appearance of the Typical American Girl for 1929. She was entered by the Miami Daily News, and is twenty-four years old. She has dark brown hair and hazel eyes, stands five-feet-four, and weighs one hundred and nine pounds. She was educated in the public schools of Miami, with one year at Randolph-Macon College. She now teaches elocution at the Wise School in Miami and is a leader in the city's younger social set. An excellent cook and seamstress. Her favorite sport is golf. She also swims, hunts and rides. Typical? We'll say she is!



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#### DOROTHY McDORMAN

Dorothy McDorman of Baltimore, Maryland, was entered by the Baltimore News. She is eighteen years old—a brown-haired, gray-eyed Southern beauty, who is an artist, a pianist and an amateur actress. Born in Baltimore, Dorothy was graduated from Friends' School and financed her art education by working summers as a salesgirl. She is currently a student at Maryland Institute and Peabody Conservatory of Music.



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#### MARY GILMORE

Mary Gilmore of Rochester, New York, entered by the Rochester Journal. When this twenty-two-year-old brunette's father died, she went to work in a factory. Finishing high school she won a scholarship, but preferred to work her way through the college of her choice. She washed dishes, darned socks, waited on table, and ran a hot-dog stand. Now a Wellesley senior, studying journalism with an eye to a writing future.



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#### NELLIE HOOVER

Nellie Hoover of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, entered by the Pittsburgh Sun-Telegraph. A brunette with blue eyes, Miss Hoover is a Phi Beta Kappa with a scholastic background including Sargeant Institute, the University of Wisconsin, and the University of Michigan. Now, at twenty-four, she is instructor of physical education for women at the University of Michigan.



ANICE CARLISLE

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GLADYS McCORMICK

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MARGARET COVIE

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Anice Carlisle of Houston, Texas, was entered by the Houston Post-Dispatch—and is a brunette dynamo. Anice attended Dallas grammar and high schools, and was graduated with B. A. degree from the College of Industrial Arts at Denton, Texas. Working as hostess in a furniture store, she wrote several ads, received recognition, and became the store's advertising manager.

Gladys McCormick of Denver, Colorado—entered by the Denver Post. A violet-eyed, brown-haired lass, seventeen years old and a junior at the Denver South Side High School. She majors in sports, writes fiction for school publications, plays the piano, leads the glee club and the community players and describes herself as very domestic. She can cook and make her own frocks.

Margaret Covie of Cleveland, Ohio, was entered by the Cleveland News. She is a young intellectual of twenty-two, brown-haired, green-eyed, and was educated at Ursuline Academy and Ursuline College. She is now editor of the Down Town News, a Cleveland weekly. Margaret scores in hockey, basketball and track sports. She plans a career as feature writer.





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BETTY BASSETT



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NORMA MAROHL

Betty Bassett of New York City was entered by the New York Evening Journal. Betty was born in St. Louis and attended grammar school there. When her father's health failed, the family moved east and Betty went to work at fifteen to support her mother and younger sister. Today, at eighteen, tall and black-haired, Betty is chief model in a New York style shop.

Norma Marohl of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, was entered by the Milwaukee-Wisconsin News. A peppy brunette and a plucky girl is nineteen-year-old Norma. She worked her way through high school by being cashier evenings at a movie theater. Now, as secretary for a furniture company, she is saving money to enter college, where she hopes to study physical education.

Janet Chandler of Los Angeles, California. Entered by the Los Angeles Examiner. Beautiful, blonde, seventeen-year-old Janet plays bits in the movies. The sole support of her family, Janet as a child worked nights in a music store. Unable to attend school before she was nine, she is now studying to enter the University of Southern California, and become a dietician.



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JANET CHANDLER



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VIRGINIA RIGBY



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MERYL SANDERS



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ELAINE VOLLMAN

Virginia Rigby of Providence, Rhode Island, was entered by the Boston American. Just nineteen years old, this blue-eyed blonde New Englander is a senior at Miss Teller's School, in Providence, where she is studying kindergartening. Virginia excels at athletics and has written a book for children on English cathedrals which has become a national text-book on the subject.

Meryl Sanders of Chicago, Illinois. She was entered by the Chicago American. Eighteen years old and the perfect ash blonde type, Meryl is a freshman at the University of Illinois. She is working her way through by acting as secretary to the professor in charge of the Chemistry department, and plans to become a teacher. Meryl is a prize-winning athlete.

Elaine Vollman of Sacramento, California, was entered by the Sacramento Union. This brown-eyed blonde of seventeen was born in Walnut Grove, California, and is a senior at Cortland High School, preparing for college. Elaine is editor-in-chief of her school annual, has won her letter in basketball, and on the track, and has been an officer of her class each year.



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FRANCES BRODER



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MARJORY MAE SMITH

Frances Broder of Ithaca, New York—entered by the Syracuse Journal. At nineteen, blonde and gray-eyed Frances is a sophomore at Cornell University, College of Home Economics. During her summer vacations, Frances works as a playground instructor. Now, while studying to become a dietician, she runs the family household, and manages very expertly indeed!

Marjory Mae Smith of San Antonio, Texas, entered by the San Antonio Light. Born in Marlin, Texas, this red-head with freckles and blue-green eyes attended local schools and financed her education at Baylor University by working as the business manager. Now this dashing twenty-one-year old is the busy secretary of San Antonio's Junior Chamber of Commerce.

Margaret Sanford of San Francisco, California—entered by the San Francisco Bulletin—is the brown-haired, brown-eyed secretary to a physician. She swims, golfs, plays tennis and has sold covers to small business magazines. At nineteen, Margaret is completely self-supporting and is wisely investing her money in real estate, which shows good common sense.



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MARGARET SANFORD



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#### HELEN BRENTON

Helen Brenton of Tacoma, Washington. Entered by the Tacoma News-Tribune. A brunette of nineteen, and a freshman at the College of Puget Sound, she is studying the liberal arts. To finance her education, Helen instructs fourteen piano pupils. She has won medals for typing, writing, oratory and painting and has twice won the state essay contest. This talented girl hopes to become a physician in due course of time.



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#### GWGLADYS KEER

Gwladys Keer of Washington, D. C., was entered by the Washington Times. Gwladys worked her way through high school by being a salesgirl and waitress, through State Normal School at Slippery Rock, Pennsylvania, by being a press agent, and through New York University by teaching typewriting. Today, at twenty-four, Gwladys is in complete charge of the membership division of the American Forestry Association.

**A**S PUBLISHER of SMART SET Magazine I have introduced to you—through the preceding pages—eighteen Typical American Girls. And as Publisher I wish to say that the magazine has tried, in this Quest for the Typical American Girl, to give an object lesson in fairness and good judgment.

The Quest has not—as you might think from the foregoing photographs—been a beauty contest. Beauty throughout has been secondary. Character, courage, intelligence and wholesomeness came first.

The Typical American Girl! She is the nation's real arbiter of style and fashion—and not only in clothes, either. In furniture and automobiles and games and manners. She creates her own back-

ground—and she moves, charmingly, against that background.

Emil Ludwig sailed away from this country, recently—declaring that the United States is ruled by its women. Maybe he is right—I for one hope that he is!

For our women are particularly worth while. And any country that they have a hand in ruling must be worth while—because of them.

We are paying honor to the Typical American Girl—we as a magazine. And as a nation! But we feel that we can in no way honor her as she, herself, honors us!

JAMES R. QUIRK



# THE EDITOR'S PAGE

## *Little Acts of Courtesy Are Like*

# Towers Against *the* Sky



**T**HIS is a fast-moving, breathless age. We hurry from morning until night—touching only the surface of things, skimming rapidly over the joys and sorrows alike. Not taking time to do those gracious things, those fine things, that go under the head of courtesy. Running away from the duties and obligations that are apt to eat up the minutes.

Not realizing that our hurry—our ecstasy of haste—will vanish as the dust vanishes when a bit of cloth is brushed over it.

Not realizing that our small acts of courtesy—our bits of graciousness—will last. That they will rise from out of our lives until they are as beautiful as towers against the sky. As beautiful, and as arresting, and as fine.

**I** ONCE saw a girl get a coveted position—out of a great group of applicants—because she forfeited her place in the line and ran forward to pick up the package that a rather plain old woman had dropped.

She didn't know that the old woman was the mother of the firm's president—and that he was watching. She only knew that the woman was old, and that it was a part of her code to be deferential towards age.

I once knew a girl who was not invited to a Yale prom because she kept a young man waiting, on a windy, rainy corner, for thirty-five minutes. She had met the young man rather casually—she didn't know that he was a senior at a great university, and that he had thought her charming enough to be his guest. She only knew that she had wanted to dally over her shopping—and she was too complacent about herself to feel the need of making an apology. She never knew about the party she missed—but I did! *Should I have told her?*

Once I saw a sophisticated young lady—with a clever way of turning a phrase and of building an epigram—conversationally torture a boy, who was very shy, for a whole eve-

ning. The plain girl who was kind and who—tactfully—took him from the clutches of the girl and her guests—received ten pounds of candy and a dozen orchids the next morning. For the boy—hiding his twenty-four karat gold under a bushel of reticence—was the son of a multi-millionaire.

**T**ODAY, at luncheon, I listened to a lovely lady who talked about her mother.

"My mother," said this lady, "is loved by everybody. There's nothing my mother wouldn't do to make the way easier for her friends. And—for that matter—easier for the most casual passers-by! It doesn't matter whether it is a dress to be fitted, or a letter to be written—whether some one is ill or sad or lonely. Whether it is food folks need or money or love! My mother will give them all that she has to give. *She is never too busy to be gracious!*"

**H**OW many of you girls are too busy to be gracious? How many of you remember to say those necessary words of thanks and of appreciation? How many of you pass along that compliment from the boss? How many of you have neglected to write that bread and butter letter? How many of you have apologized for the thing you said or did so hastily? How many of you have been the first to offer friendship to the new girl in the office—the one who is shabby and has only one serge suit?

How many of you are just skimming over life? Like those funny little bugs that skim over the surface of a summer brook? (Incidentally, I never saw one of those bugs get anywhere; did you?)

And how many of you are building beautiful structures of courtesy and graciousness? Towers that will rise, in mellow beauty, to the clouds? That will last?

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

# MURDER



*"WAS I asleep?" questioned Linda. "I don't see how I could have slept—I haven't slept for days! And yet," her hand trembled in Ryker's clasp, "I must have dreamed that crash. Maybe—I'm still dreaming—"*

# Yet to COME~

*This Was the Mysterious Fate That Threatened a Lovely Lady. And Then Three Modern Musketeers Came Riding to Her Aid*

By ISABEL BRIGGS MYERS

Illustrations by DELOS PALMER

IF YOU frequent the theater at all, you have watched the curtain rise on at least one play from the pen of Peter Jerningham. If you missed "Butter Side Down," you certainly saw "Storm." And if you haven't already seen "Challenge," you will before the year is out. The critics agree that "Challenge" is the best thing he has done.

I know better. Being his secretary—and more than that, his friend—I have good reason to know better. The finest proof of Jerningham's genius is something the critics never heard of—his solution of the murder of Malachi Trent.

It was Jerningham's wish that no one should ever hear of it. And we who had shared with him those three perilous days and nights at Cairnstone House, recognized his right to dictate. We agreed that no one but Jerningham himself should ever lift the curtain of secrecy behind which the grim drama had taken place. And having so agreed, we fled thankfully from that house where Death had made himself at home.

Jerningham and I, too weary for speech, came back together through the November dusk, to the peaceful sanctuary of his bachelor apartment in New York. We had been expected. There was a roaring blaze of hickory logs awaiting us in the great fireplace. Without a word, we made for the two huge chairs on either side of the hearth, and stretched out at ease, to let the warmth and the security and the blessed sanity of the place soak into the chilled marrow of our bones.

I WATCHED Jerningham's face in the glow of the fire. One by one the lines etched there by the last three days softened. The tiny muscles around his eyes began to relax. His mouth lost some of its grimness. But even his favorite pipe could not banish the air of deadly fatigue that enveloped him, nor the bandage that crossed his forehead, nor the black silk sling which took the weight of his right arm from his broken collar bone.

"Mac," he said at last, with a deep breath of satisfaction, "there's nothing like a roaring blaze to exercise the powers of darkness. Cairnstone House is fading already. In three weeks I shall doubt if it ever existed."

"Then I'll hire you a stenographer tomorrow morning," I declared, "so you can record what happened while it's still fresh in your mind. If we wait till my hand is fit to run a typewriter, you'll have forgotten a lot of the fine points."

Jerningham frowned.

"And why," he inquired, "do I want a record of this horrible business?"

"Because some day you'll need it badly!" I prophesied.

"The story will come out sooner or later, and if it doesn't come out exactly straight there'll be the devil to pay. In your shoes, I'd publish it immediately, and be done with it."

All the grimness had returned to Jerningham's face.

"I'll take my chances," he said. "If we publish, we'll never hear the last of the Cairnstone House. We'll see it on the front page of every paper, meet it on the lips of every acquaintance, eat it at every dinner table, hear it in the intermissions of every play, and dream it every night! No, thanks! I've had all I can stand now!"

"You're taking it too hard," I protested. "There's no need to feel like that."

"Perhaps I won't, after a month or two," he half apologized. "I'm going to do a lot of intensive forgetting. Pretend to myself I never watched the blood running from your fingertips, or staked other people's lives on my own hunches, or heard a scream in the night!"

In spite of the fire, he shivered.

"It's lucky 'Challenge' has two more weeks of rehearsal," he said. "I'll be so busy I shan't have time to think. Perhaps I'll come out of Jordan cleansed of my foolishness and readier to follow your advice. But in the meantime—" he half grinned at me, but there was an undertone of appeal in his voice—"in the meantime, if you don't want to see me in the psychopathic ward, don't mention Cairnstone House in my hearing."

"All right, old man," I promised.

But in that agreement we reckoned without the gentlemen of the press.

IT WAS three days later that we returned through the early dusk from a rehearsal, to find a young man awaiting us in Jerningham's apartment. He introduced himself as Collins, of the Associated Press. Jerningham's face stiffened, and I saw the two men taking each other's measure.

"Mr. Jerningham," Collins said without preamble, "I want to know who murdered Malachi Trent."

"Who murdered him?" Jerningham parried. "How do you make a murder out of an old man's fall from his library ladder?"

"I have strong reasons to believe he was murdered," the young man persisted. "You were there. You must know all about it. And I want the straight of it from you before I stir things up."

Jerningham laughed and shook his head.

"I know those strong reasons," he returned. "You compound

'em of one part hunch to nine parts hopefulness. Of course a murder, even a murder that never happened, makes a better story than any accident. But I'm too busy with my own brand of invention just now to help you out with yours."

"It's not invention, Mr. Jerningham, and you know it," Collins objected. "I went up to Cairnstone House yesterday, on the chance that there might be a human interest story connected with the death of an eccentric old millionaire. Nobody else had interviewed the local people, so I had the field to myself. It was a rich field. The local doctor, for instance, told me he'd been called to Cairnstone House on four different errands within three days after Mr. Trent's death."

HE looked significantly at Jerningham's bandages.

"Yes," said Jerningham. "That was Dr. Lampton, of course. But Dr. Lampton himself certified that Mr. Trent's death was caused by the fall."

"He did," conceded Collins. "But he has since come to consider it extraordinary that so many other accidents have followed on the heels of the first one."

"Extraordinary, perhaps," Jerningham admitted. "but just what light do my broken collar bone and broken head cast upon Mr. Trent's death?"

"That's what I'm asking you," Collins declared candidly. "Nothing sheds much light, so far. But a lot of facts cast significant shadows."

"For instance?" Jerningham prompted.

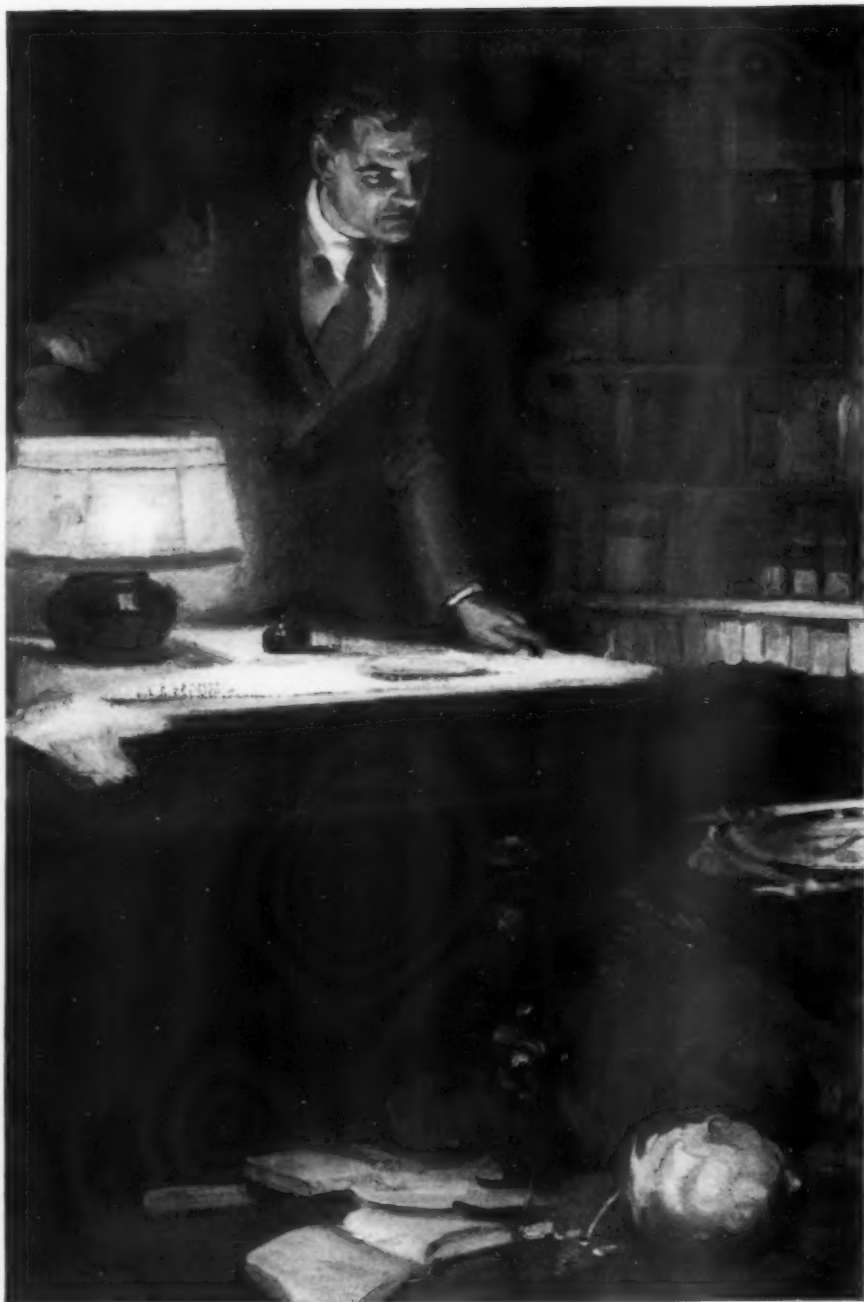
He seemed positively to be enjoying his inquisitive young visitor, and I gave silent thanks that three good nights' sleep and three engrossing days of rehearsals had so nearly restored him to his old self.

"For instance," Collins responded, "the fact that Cairnstone House is closed, and every member of Trent's household has disappeared without leaving a forwarding address. And the fact that Trent's attorneys declare he died intestate, and have already taken out letters of administration, in spite of the strong rumor that he made a will just before his death."

"There's another rumor," Collins continued, "about an enormous ruby which Trent swore he'd keep as long as he lived. His attorneys, however, haven't found it. At least, it's not mentioned in the inventory of his goods which they've filed. Finally——"

He paused significantly.

"Finally, there's Dr. Lampton's story—and the stories of the



They seemed to be both frozen and fascinated, as they stared at something that lay, limp and grotesquely sprawled, on the floor between them

two clergymen of the village. Taken all together, they make an incredible tale."

I groaned inwardly. Collins was in a position to put two and two and two together, and make at least a dozen.

"I fear," Jerningham said dryly, "you have been inciting some otherwise virtuous people to gossip. The clergymen should have given you a text from Proverbs. 'The simple believeth every word, but the prudent man looketh well to his going.'"

"I've done a lot of looking," Collins assured him. "The





more I look, the darker the thing gets. The darkest fact of all is that Malachi Trent's death was followed so soon by another death under the same roof."

Jerningham's face was inscrutable.

"The second death," he observed calmly, "was a suicide." "You mean," Collins corrected, "you told Dr. Lampton it was a suicide. Just as you told him Trent's death was an accident. Whereas, candidly, both the accident and the suicide were—murder."

There was a little silence.

"Candidly, and not for publication," said Jerningham at last, "they were."

Collins drew a long breath.

"Gosh!" he murmured reverently. "The Murders at Cairnstone House! It'll be the scoop of a lifetime!"

here on your hearthrug right now."

"All right," Jerningham decided suddenly. "You can have it on one condition."

"Just name it!"

"I'll trade you the story for two weeks' peace," Jerningham offered. "I'm in the last fortnight of rehearsals on my new play, and I can't be bothered now. But I'll have a full written account of what happened ready for you in two weeks, if in the meantime you keep the papers off the subject and off me. Is it a bargain?"

"Gosh, yes!" Collins promised fervently.

"Only remember," Jerningham warned, "if you get impatient and let the thing break too soon, I'll hunt up your worst enemy and spill the whole tale to him. Now make yourself scarce till the morning after our first night!"

"If you get it," Jerningham amended.

"You're going to give it to me," said Collins simply.

Jerningham's mouth quirked up at the corner.

"When I didn't even give it to the police?"

Collins nodded gravely.

"Yes. For the sake of the story, if for nothing else. If you won't give me the inside dope, of course, I'll have to go ahead on my own. I'll spring the best murder mystery I can concoct from what I know. And after me—the deluge. Sunday editions—tabloids—special features—sob stuff—and none of it, probably, within a hundred miles of the truth."

He was watching Jerningham's face with keen appraisal.

"You're a craftsman," he finished. "You won't enjoy seeing a fine yarn garbled. You'd rather give me the whole tale and let me tell it straight."

Jerningham laughed.

"True," he said. "And only a straight story will satisfy the police. Still—"

He fell silent, considering, but Collins was no respecter of silences.

"Why did you keep it from the police in the first place?" he inquired.

"Because I thought," Jerningham answered, almost absent-mindedly, "that it was our one chance to prevent the second murder."

"What!" Collins cried. "You mean you saw it coming?"

"From a long way off," Jerningham replied. "We didn't know who the murderer would be, or the victim. But we did know there was murder yet to come."

"And when it came," Collins demanded, "why didn't you report it then?"

Jerningham's mouth grew stern.

"We saw justice done," he said, shortly. "There was no need of the police."

**A** MOMENT'S silence. Then Collins leaned forward.

"If you don't give me that story," he said, "you'll have me committing murder myself, right



"It is the vengeance of Kali," said Ram Singh, and his face was like a lean and brownish mask. "Trent sahib is—dead!"

"Scarcer than bow legs in the 'Follies,'" Collins agreed jubilantly, and took himself off.

**H**ARD luck," I commented, as the door closed behind him. "None the less, I'm glad you're going to write it."

Jerningham calmly lit his pipe.

"I haven't the slightest intention of writing it," he returned imperturbably.

"What?" I demanded. "You can't go back on a promise like that!"

His mouth twisted in mild irony.

"Listen to the 'Keeper of the King's Conscience,'" he drawled, with the affectionate insolence which is the accolade of his deepest intimacy. "You're stepping out of character, Mac. What the devil did I engage you for?"

"Lack of sufficient sales resistance when I asked you to," I hazarded with a grin. "I don't know why else!"

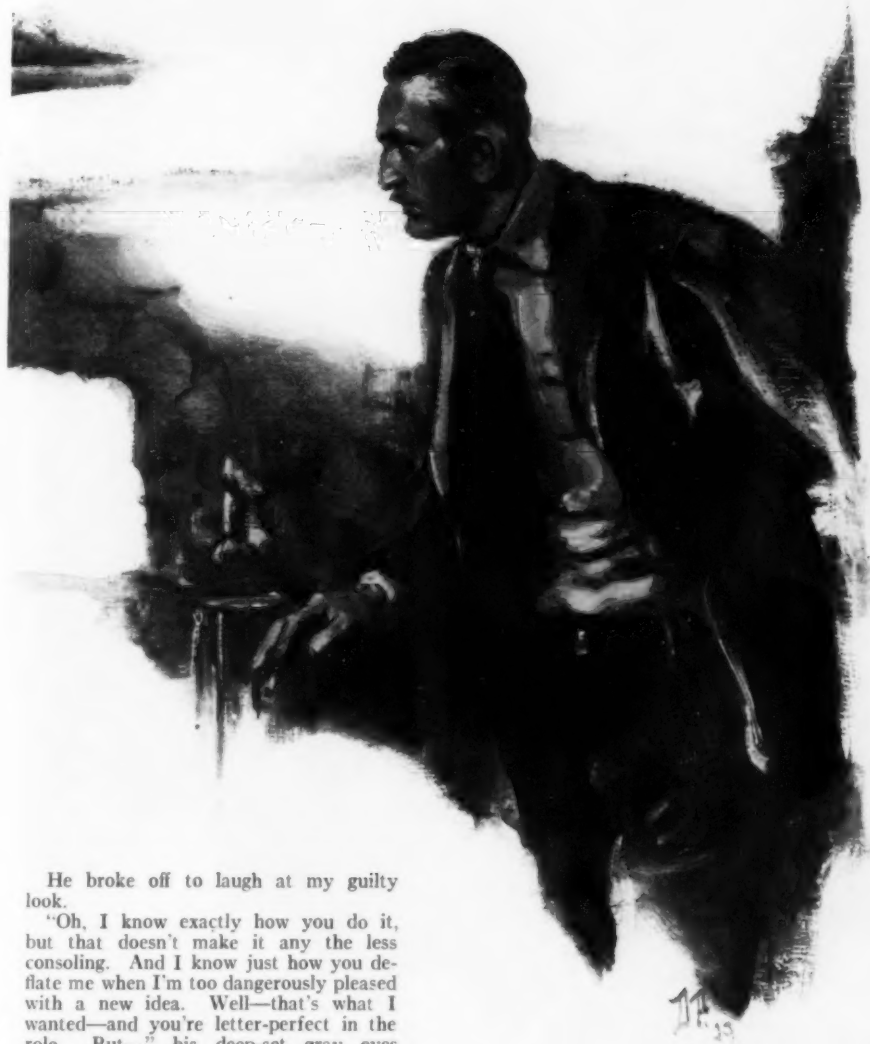
The question carried me back of a sudden to a day three years before, when "Butter Side Down" was rocking Broadway with laughter. After distant hero-worship of the most brilliant of the younger dramatists, I had gained entrance to this room at last, and watched Jerningham lounging in this same big chair, and asked no more of my luckiest stars than to be chosen as the assistant in the workshop of this man's mind.

Jerningham snorted.

"Don't be an idiot," he bade me. "You've always known I couldn't get along without you. You must have known it from the looks of this place that first day you tracked me to my lair!"

He swept a glance of wry reminiscence about the great comfortable room, which only my continual vigilance saves from continual inundation. When Jerningham is alone, the rising flood of books, papers, magazines and personal belongings, engulfs everything, and the bills from his morning mail and the manuscript from his midnight labors go down into oblivion together.

"Utter chaos you found, didn't you?" he chuckled, remembering. "And me swamped in the midst of it, yelling for help. I knew what I needed, all right. Somebody to type my stuff and answer my neglected letters and clear my desk. Preferably somebody who could drop everything and listen when I wanted to talk—and then go off and attend to the cantankerous details of life when I was through. If I were very lucky—somebody with tact enough to bull the market of my self-esteem in times of depression—"



He broke off to laugh at my guilty look.

"Oh, I know exactly how you do it, but that doesn't make it any the less consoling. And I know just how you deflate me when I'm too dangerously pleased with a new idea. Well—that's what I wanted—and you're letter-perfect in the role. But—" his deep-set gray eyes twinkled as he returned to the attack—"did I, or did I not, engage you to hound me into doing my duty against my will when I don't want to?"

"You did not," I admitted. "You most explicitly engaged me to take your duties out back somewhere and wring their necks."

"Exactly," said Jerningham.

"But just the same—" I persisted doggedly.

"Sometimes you're astonishingly dense, Mac," he interrupted. "I've been trying to break it to you gently that you're going to write the tale yourself."

For a moment I was speechless.

"But I can't!" I said.

"Oh, yes, you can," he returned heartlessly. "Better than I! We've got to give 'em every last, least detail, or they won't believe us. And that's your specialty. You have a most extraordinary faculty for remembering the irrelevant and the trivial, as I may perhaps have mentioned before—"

"Yes! You've mentioned it every time in the last three years that I've had to remind you of a fitting at your tailor's or a luncheon engagement that you didn't want to keep!"

"Quite so! I've always regarded a memory for details as a frightful waste of gray matter. But I here and now apologize. Your memory saved the day for us at Cairnstone House. And it's going to save the day for me now."

"Thanks," I said, dryly. "But you've got a memory your-

self, you know, if you use it."

"Not a photographic one like yours, with every detail of the background neatly filed for reference. I only remember the most important figures, silhouetted against whatever I was thinking at the time. When I try to put in details, half of 'em are pure invention."

I laughed in spite of myself.

"I must admit," I said, "that your recollection of anything is always better than the truth."

"Or worse," he amended. "And this time, the truth is bad enough. No, Mac, the job is up to you. Get everything in—get everything straight—make 'em believe it and the half of my kingdom is yours!"

So I have done my best—alone, for Jerningham would not even be consulted. I have put down everything just as it happened. I can swear to all the facts before a grand jury if need be. But whether or not it sounds like the truth, I do not know.

IT WAS early in the evening of Armistice Day, 1928, that Malachi Trent was killed at his country estate, Cairnstone House, some eighteen miles out of Philadelphia along the Baltimore Pike. Had he died at any other date in November, Jerningham and I would never have known it.

But Jerningham had had for ten years a standing engagement for Armistice Day. So the evening of Sunday, November eleventh, found us driving down the Baltimore Pike on our way back from a three-day hunting trip in the Poconos with ex-top-Sergeant Carl Nilsson, Jerningham's erstwhile comrade-at-arms in the 83rd Company of the

4th Marines. And since all three of us were ravenous from a day spent in the open, we stopped about seven o'clock at a small tea room, five or six miles from Wawa.

While we waited to be served, I contemplated with silent enjoyment the contrast between the two men, whose friendship is only strengthened by the differences between them. They were dressed substantially alike in corduroys and high leather boots, hunting shirts and leather jackets, but there the resemblance ceased.

Jerningham is six feet one, with the lean and lazy grace that comes from beautiful muscular coordination, and the keen gray eyes and mobile face that suit his eager spirit and eternally questing mind.

Nilsson is one of the Vikings, a superbly built blond giant, broad in the shoulders and lean in the waist, blue-eyed and square of chin, slow of movement except in emergencies, slow of speech except in wrath, slow of thought as compared with Jerningham, but moving steadily forward from one solid conclusion to another—and impossible to halt unless by the force of logic better than his own.

Nilsson admired tremendously, without admitting it, Jerningham's quickness of insight that is forever running rings around his own plodding mental processes. [Continued on page 82]



**S**AY what you will, the average girl wants romance—wants true love and marriage! Furthermore she wants the course of her true love to run smooth—wants her marriage to be a success. Evangeline Adams says that this is not a matter of chance, that there are laws—governed by astrology—laws that make for happiness and contentment. This may sound as intangible as crystal gazing—but it's merely a question of knowing your stars



# If You Want a Man— The Stars Can Help You Get Him

*Evangeline Adams, America's Greatest  
Astrologist, Discloses the Secret In An  
Interview With*  
**ALICE BOOTH**

**S**O MANY letters come to me—happy letters, pathetic letters—letters from all sorts of girls, letters from girls of all ages. Some of these letters are full of the triumph every woman-person feels when she first realizes her power to attract and sway men. Some of them are loaded with the heartbreak every woman-person knows when she sees the man of her choice—the man who was to spend his life at her side—the man who was to be the father of her children—sees him slipping away day by day, while her frail hands strain uselessly to hold him a little longer—only a little longer.

So ignorantly they strive, some of these children—trying to win a heart with the lift of a mascaroed eyelash, to dazzle a man with rouge, to weave a spell with the twinkling of trim knees.

And it may be done. Every girl knows that. It may attract, it may hold—for a time. But there are other curved eyelashes, other innocent lips, other flashing, high-heeled slippers, other slim, swaying waists. No woman can afford to depend solely on her beauty. For the world is full of beauty—and bloom-time passes with the passing of the years.

How much, after all, Pretty Young Things, do you know of this man you are breaking your heart for? How well have you studied him? How intimately do you know his mind, his soul, his character? Have you ever studied to mould your mind to his one-tenth the time you have worked to suit your step to his in dancing? Have you ever worked to dress your character in accordance with his as you have worked to dress your slim young body to his taste? Have you ever tossed away a prejudice he despised as quickly as you would discard a hat he hated?

**T**HIS is the trouble with all women. They love with their hearts and not with their heads. Their eyes are blinded by love. They see it as magic—as mysterious enchantment—and they fail to realize that heart seeks heart in response to certain definite laws. And the woman who wins the man she wants, the woman who holds him through the years, is the woman who has studied him and laid her plans; the woman who has gone about her house of life intelligently, expecting no miracles, working no miracles, but realizing with the Orientals, that "every man's fate he has bound on his forehead."

Some things can be changed, but not many. And the happy girl, the happy wife, is the one clever enough to distinguish which tendencies are too deeply embedded ever to be removed—and

adaptable enough, sympathetic enough, to accommodate herself to those immutable characteristics.

What a man is, is written in the stars which are ascendant at his birth; what he may become is bounded only by the infinity of love surrounding him. And if you would know what manner of man is this person—so close as to seem a part of you, and yet always and forever a distinct entity—the stars will tell you. It will then be your task to use that knowledge for your own happiness and for his.

Of course, only a general outline can be given of the character usual for the sign under which the person was born, unless the hour of birth and the year are known. The planets just rising at the hour of birth have a marked influence on the personality. And certain planets—such as Jupiter for money matters, and Venus or Neptune in love—influence the destiny according to their position. But the average influence of the sign follows these broad laws:

## Capricorn—December 23 to January 21

Men born under this sign or having it rising at their birth, are usually intensely conservative. Their energy is great, and their capacity for work inexhaustible. They are intensely ambitious, but center on the steps to a goal, which they mount one at a time, rather than on the goal itself. This devotion to the daily task would be appreciated by a woman who seeks steadiness and constant industry for the sake of her children. Here is a husband who will pursue his profession with unremitting care.

In dealing with money, a man of this type will be incapable of excess, and in business as in domestic matters, will be meticulously honest. But all his attention to details will concentrate on his pennies. As a husband, he will always see that due provision is made for his wife and children—and out of exactly the same mental twist will probably want an accurate account of the housekeeping money.

The true type of this sign always takes readily to domestic life. Being conventional in all his ideas, he makes the ideal sober citizen, which is for most women the ideal husband. He can always be trusted to play his part as a respected citizen in the community, to look to the future of his wife and children, and work all his days with industry and perseverance.

To win this type a girl should carefully avoid all conspicuousness and display.

A man born under this sign will always take things seriously, and will judge her, in any misunderstanding, by strict fairness rather than by the power of her emotional appeal. To get along well with him, she must be prepared to deal with him as honestly as with another girl. In return she will usually find him dealing equally honestly with her. This is not the type of man who can be lied to in the small matters of broken engagements and so on. He is jealous through his sense of right and wrong, not through his emotional hurt, and therefore a girl will find him perfectly able to judge her on purely intellectual grounds. She will not be able to reinstate herself through emotional appeal, as she would with a more passionately jealous man.

This Capricorn man makes a good father in the sense of dealing fairly with his children and providing adequately for them. However, he is inclined to be rigid and uncompromising in his demand for keeping the rules he lays down. In justice to him, it must be said that these rules are usually good rules.

A mother will need to treat her children tactfully and sympathetically to counterbalance the severity of their father's training.

The one danger of vice in the man of Capricorn is the liability to indulge in liquor—not convivial jovial drinking, but sad, melancholy drinking, which is the hardest thing to break up. The clever girl will avoid ever turning the man in the direction of this dangerous tendency.

Girls born under the dominance of Taurus and Virgo will be generally sympathetic with and congenial to the Capricorn man, but girls of the Aries, Cancer, and Libra signs will tend to confirm him in his tendency to become self-centered and morbid.

#### Aquarius—January 21 to February 20

A man born under this sign will be moderate in every way, leading an equable, temperate life. He is industrious, but his industry must be inspired by some motive or ideal, and not merely the instinct for pure toil.

This man has the kindness of the Taurus type without his blind devotion, the courage of Leo without his contentious qualities, the scientific spirit of Scorpio without his passionate intensity. His general all-round disposition and aptitudes make it difficult for him to specialize in any one subject.

Common sense is one of the ruling characteristics, and fanaticism almost never exists.

Girls born under the Scorpio sign are often antagonized by the calm moderation of men of this type. Impulsive girls, who throw themselves headlong into every enthusiasm, may even be contemptuous of the practical sense and calm progress of the Aquarius man. Yet his good advice is exactly what is needed to modify their intensity, and they will profit amazingly by his guidance if they will only accept it instead of trying to inflame his calm disposition to match theirs.

The Aquarius type is habitually kind, although some women may miss a certain fiery intensity in the emotional force. Nevertheless this is a good steady type to depend on, and the Aquarius man's attitude toward money is singularly adapted to smooth living in the home. He is neither generous nor mean, never flings his money about and never hoards it. He is always willing to spend it when he sees any real benefit in prospect, and if he is cautious with it at all times, it is not from miserliness, but simply to conserve his power of using it wisely.

The Aquarius type is a pleasant conversationalist. Although cheerful in tone, he never avoids serious subjects, but dis-

cusses on them with the same balance and poise that characterize all his life.

The Aquarius man is slow to fall in love. Romanticism seems to him silly, affected—and then, too, he is more apt to lose himself in a great cause than in one individual. The girl who wants a man of this type must have unlimited patience but the man will be well worth waiting for. She must also never expect exaggerated expressions of devotion, nor mistake calm expressions of affection for lack of feeling. The general amiability of this type will lead him to do everything possible for the day-by-day happiness of his chosen, and his love will be steadier, and last longer, than the more fervid expression of a more emotional type.

As a parent the Aquarius man is fine in every way. His influence is gentle and reasonable, and he has the rare art of correcting faults without being tyrannical. His genuine affection for his children avoids the grasping love which so often antagonizes them, and he is a good father as he is a good friend.

People of the sign of Gemini and of Libra are naturally sympathetic and helpful to those born under Aquarius. People born under the signs of Taurus, Leo, or Scorpio may make the Aquarius type nervous and irritable. A girl born under these signs will have to use the greatest care to avoid disturbing the calm and balance which make the Aquarius man so desirable.

#### Pisces—February 20 to March 22

This sign is aptly symbolized by two fish swimming in different directions—for the Pisces people are restless physically and mentally, and are natural wanderers. There is a great deal of variation in the type, and it is hard to tie it down to any fixed laws.

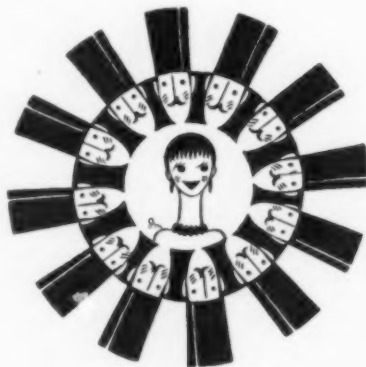
Generally there is a weakness for luxury, self-indulgence. And it is of the utmost importance for the woman who plans to spend her life with a man of this sign to avoid for him drugs or drink. In the higher types the tendency for excess may express itself in a passion for religion or art.

This type is extremely suggestible, and the truth, to him, will be what he feels about a matter for the moment. Quarrels will be easy, and a girl may be shocked to find a man seemingly convinced of things that are not so. It is not deliberate falsehood—but simply a sincere belief in what emotions or prejudices may dictate at the moment. Knowing this, it will be easier to settle any difficulties that arise.

The Pisces man will always act on an impression rather than on actual judgment, and therefore is often maddening to persons accustomed to view the facts and decide rationally on them. But in many of the subtler, more mysterious things of life, this propensity to act on feeling rather than logic amounts almost to intuition. In some ways this type has the soul of genius, although it may never be translated into action.

**I**N MONEY matters a man of this type is not a good husband. He is apt to spend recklessly, and his generosity is as badly calculated as it is free. The wife of the Pisces native may bridge this gap in his wisdom by taking advantage of his generosity to get the money of the household in her own hands, and herself provide for her own future and the future of her children.

In speech and writing the Pisces man is apt to be very charming. He talks volubly, and with great cheer and humor. Many a girl has been won by his skill and delight in being the center of every party.



### When It's A Matter of Choice

**Many a young woman's head has been in a whirl because she didn't know which man to choose from the mob scene. There's no reason—if you can do a little research in the matter of birthdays—why you should be in this predicament! The stars are impartial, and will answer most of your questions.**

She will find him no less entertaining in the home, if she marries him. For although he is not apt to take on himself any great share of the tasks and responsibilities, he will always be a cheerful and amusing member of the household.

Lack of ambition is sometimes a handicap to him in the way of business success, but it has a compensating element, in that he will, through the same want of initiative, remain a faithful husband, content with his own home and his own family. His devotion even exceeds that of the Taurus man, but is a little more calm and constant.

This is the type of man who makes the most delightful husband in the world—although he may never find it possible to pay the bills. He will always be a kind and devoted husband, a loving and indulgent father. And to many a woman these qualities will take the place of financial ability. If a girl has given her heart to one of these men, her only recourse is to enjoy the delightful days and let the morrows take care of themselves.

Surely a lifetime of happiness is worth more than a lifetime of financial success shared with a cold unsympathetic type of another sign. There is no better dinner companion than a Pisces native, whether man or woman. He never forgets his skill in entertainment, and colors even his friendships with a romantic tinge.

A girl of this type makes almost an ideal wife, for her deep affection and pleasant ways will always make her home a delightful place to be, and her ultimate value will not be judged by her skill in making money.

Girls who have fallen in love with a man of this type must beware of allowing themselves to be hurt if he laughs at them or pokes fun at them in public. Like all born entertainers, the Pisces native takes his fun where he finds it, and has not the slightest intention to wound by his humor. He is not hurt himself at being made the point of a funny story, and he is unable to comprehend the sensitiveness of others.

Cancer and Scorpio natives are the natural complements of the Pisces type. While natives of Gemini, Virgo, and Sagittarius will impose their influence so dangerously that the Pisces person will need to practice self-preservation, or he will become vacillating and lacking in will-power and ambition.

#### Aries—March 22 to April 21

The Aries man's salient characteristic is pride.

The girl who loves an Aries man will do well to fix this in her mind, and never offend that pride, for she will not be forgiven soon.

The man of this type is capable of remarkable energy as long as things are going smoothly, but sudden opposition will speedily break down his endurance. Fear of defeat, fear of injury to his pride, will contribute to his speedy abandonment of the contest.

The girl of this type must pay great attention to her own bearing if she wishes to be attractive to men. Her pride and ambition and dominating force will repel the average man, although a person of higher intellect will appreciate her for the very qualities a man of less intellect will deplore.

The Aries man of the active type has a great deal of initiative, but little persistence. He is usually headstrong, impulsive, and excitable, with the usual connotation of intolerance to differing beliefs or systems. On this ground, too, the woman who wishes to live in harmony with an Aries type, must defer to his prejudices and avoid antagonizing his will.

With this initiative and action go the sister characteristics of optimism and enthusiasm, with too little counting of the costs. A man of this type is apt to marry in a hurry with little or no discussion of the future. He sees no obstacles and consequently fears none. And due to an unequalled fertility in expedients he is usually successful. When one plan fails,



**Evangeline Adams, in her studio. She is one of the busiest women in the world—and she takes her business very sanely and seriously. Her advice has brought happiness to many—and diverted unhappiness from an equal number!**

he is pretty sure to be ready instantly with another.

With regard to money the Aries man is strictly honest. He has the qualities desirable in a husband—generosity and free-handedness.

Although he usually resents the ties of home and soon breaks away from it, this is usually the result of an attempt at parental domination. In a home which he can dominate, he is much more constant and conventional.

In the matter of love the Aries man proceeds on the most rigidly conventional lines. His pride will not permit him to risk a rebuff, and any girl who attempts to put an Aries man through his paces will soon find out her mistake. He must always be treated with respect as well as affection, and any other method will surely end in failure.

**W**ITH his children he is usually kind and generous, but not truly sympathetic or considerate. He is apt to make too many rules, and to retreat into his fortress of pride when they are not regarded.

In friendship as in love, the Aries man is apt to rupture all relations in a sudden rage. If this happens with a more serious-minded person, the breach will be permanent. A girl born under the Aries sign must take the most careful thought to avoid breaking an engagement in a [Continued on page 120]

*Because Their Hearts  
Were Like Driftwood  
on the Tide, They Were*

# W o m e n



*Alison encouraged Daisy, her little maid, to talk. It was from Daisy that she picked up all sorts of information about the mysterious Mr. Brown. The information had a way of hurting and yet Alison sought it, passionately, and half welcomed the hurt*



# at Sea

By

DOROTHY BLACK

Illustrations by ADDISON BURBANK

ALISON DUVESANT'S clothes and jewels were the envy of every woman aboard ship. Her husband, Jacob Duvesant, was considerably her senior. He was said to be the richest planter in Ceylon, where he had been looked upon as a confirmed bachelor. So that it came as a considerable surprise to people when the news got around Colombo that he was returning from nine months' leave at home, having taken unto himself a young wife.

Alison Duvesant was only twenty-six. To be twenty-six, and possess diamonds like hers! She had the best cabin on board, Jacob had one next door, forming a sort of suite such as only near-millionaires can achieve on East-bound liners. Less fortunate folk, penned three in a cabin downstairs, with one window among them, and that not much larger than the neck of a bottle, used to sigh when they thought of the Duvesants.

The cream of the joke was unknown to most people on board. Alison had traveled on the S.S. Royalshire before—as nursery help to Mrs. MacMorrison. Mrs. MacMorrison was the wife of a clergyman who had been stationed for a while in Ceylon. She always had a baby on hand, and one promised. Alison had had a nursery ticket, which entitled her to meals with the stewards, and a bunk in a large cabin which she shared with a Chinese ayah, a Eurasian nurse, and the two stewardesses, who discussed symptoms all night long.

Alison had not been altogether pleased, when on coming aboard at Marseilles with her husband, and her lady's maid, and all the fur coats, rugs and air cushions, common to those who travel in luxury, the first person she had seen at the top of the gangway had been none other than Mrs. MacMorrison, as usual with one baby on hand, and one promised at an early date.

Whether Mrs. MacMorrison recognized her or not, Alison could not say. She merely looked the other way, and hoped not. Mrs. MacMorrison was traveling without a maid this time. But the middle-aged spinster who had a face like a horse and was always hovering on the outskirts of every game hoping people would ask her to join, which they never did, was helping her with the baby. She had nothing else to do, being middle aged as she was, and bound for Rangoon where she was going to be a sister in the hospital.

Alison had it all from Daisy, her maid, a nice North Country girl who enjoyed seeing the world once she had got over her first homesickness.

On rough nights in the Mediterranean, Alison saw Laura Champneys battling with slippery soap and a slippery child, in a bathroom where everything kept sliding. And she would be reminded of that nursery bunk, and the smell of yellow soap, and those meals with the stewards, some of whom had had the

*Alison, the Second Woman, Had  
Everything That Money Could  
Buy. But She Wanted Love*

audacity to try and flirt with her, and she would say to herself, "There, but for a colossal bit of luck, go I."

As the voyage proceeded, Alison came to the conclusion that Mrs. MacMorrison did not recognize her, nor the reverend either. No woman could have been noble enough to know what she knew, and say nothing. And it was clear to Alison that nothing had been said. There wasn't, in Laura Champneys' eyes, the vestige of that look one woman gives another when she knows something about her.

So Alison walked the upper decks in clothes that made other women envious. And Mrs. MacMorrison was anchored securely to the lower deck, trying to open tins of condensed milk with nail scissors. Alison knew just how, and she never could get quite out of her head the words, "He hath put down the mighty from their seat and hath exalted the humble and meek." She was almost sorry Mrs. MacMorrison did not recognize her and realize the truth of the above, which Alison had once quoted to her in tragic circumstances, but, on the other hand, it was better that she did not recognize her.

Alison had not been a success as a nursery help. Though refined, she had been inefficient. The MacMorrisons had sent her home in disgrace and she had met Jacob Duvesant the night before she sailed. She had abandoned all hope of doing anything by that time, but she smiled at him shyly from her nothingness at the bottom of the bishop's table. He had always seemed a splendid figure to her, riding by while she pushed a pram completely full of little MacMorrisons about the race course. She knew that he was very rich. She knew that he was brother to a Baronet. To be sure, he was oldish and far from good looking. But he was the richest and the kindest hearted man in Ceylon.

He had fallen in love with her at sight, though such a thing never entered her head at the time. The winter had passed in misery in Ealing, and she was busy looking out for another situation as nursery governess. And one spring day, there was Jacob at the door of her mother's little house in his Rolls Royce, asking if he might ask her for a drive. You could have knocked her over with a feather. You could have knocked the whole Parker family over with a feather. The difficulty had been to prevent her father saying, "Take her, my boy, and God bless you," before Jacob Duvesant had asked if he might.

AFTER that it was nothing but shopping and love and kisses. The former atoned for what the latter cost her. She went to big houses where but a little while ago her only access had been through the servants' hall. If people knew about her, in Jacob's world, they did not care. Presently she began to forget that she had ever been a refined young lady seeking a situation.

Jacob Duvesant adored her. He had never hoped, looking at his own face in the glass and realizing its drawbacks as only a clever man could—that any woman who was young and fair would marry him. He had fallen in love with Alison because she looked so lost, so pathetic and helpless, at the bottom of the bishop's table. She was little and blonde, much what he remembered his mother to have been in her youth. And he thought, "It would be fun to give that kid a good time."

So they were married at St. George's, Hanover Square, and Alison hoped Mrs. MacMorrison saw the pictures in the papers for it was shucks to her. Jacob's friends and relations were all very kind to her, for they were intelligent people and realized that a man of his porcine appearance could scarcely



Alison had to dance with Jacob. To hold him at arms' length while he tried to waltz. And all the time Alec Brown stood there, with his whole soul in his eyes

pick and choose. His mother, who in her youth had been little and blonde, though few would have guessed it now, went so far as to say Jacob might have done a great deal worse.

Alison settled down to the life of luxury as if she had been born with a silver spoon in her mouth. She had almost forgotten she was ever a refined young lady seeking a situation, until she saw Mrs. MacMorrison, and realized that the ship was the S.S. Royalshire, the same one she had had a nursery bunk on, when she came out as nursery help.

She thought once, "It ought to make me kinder to Miss Champneys knowing what it is to have a slippery brat in those little tin baths, with the soap lost and everything sliding all over the place."

It didn't. It only made her inexpressibly haughty, lest the idea should come to Miss Champneys that Alison was no better than herself. For such is life. And she was thankful Mrs. MacMorrison did not recognize her. She did not want to have anything to do with any one who reminded her of those years she preferred to forget.

So there they were, pacing the upper deck together, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Duvesant. And Alison's clothes spoilt the fun for Fenella Quayle, and Jean Adair, and all the other women at sea. She often thought about that other voyage, and she remembered one of the presumptuous stewards who had tried to flirt with her. A very young man, inclined to stoutness. She had snubbed him mercilessly. She remembered his eyes.



They had been the nicest thing about him. Brown eyes with thick black lashes, that had light tips to them, as if some one had touched them with a brush dipped in gold dust. When she had finished snubbing him, the look in his eyes had been like the look in the eyes of a dog whose master has thrashed him.

She sat in her deck chair, her hands clasped behind her head, her delicate silk clad ankles stretched out. She watched the other women, curiously, and wondered about them. Every one seemed to be having a gorgeous time. Fenella had a devoted swain, young John Tiller, a man Jacob knew about in Ceylon. Young and good looking. People said that Jean Adair was engaged to David Field. Jacob knew him, too, and said he was a good fellow.

Only Maris Templeton walked alone. She was a tall girl, with that high bred look Englishmen like to suppose is found only in Englishwomen. Her wrists and ankles were unbelievably fine and slender, her dark hair perfectly groomed. She walked with her nose in the air, her head held high, nor, during the whole of the voyage, did she speak to another woman.

"Stuck up," was Alison's mental comment.

The captain passed, on his morning walk around the deck. A handsome man, the captain, but he thought he was God aboard ship. Alison thought he needed taking down a peg. He was always finding fault with Fenella, who after all, was merely young and full of fun.

She thought, "How funny a ship is. [Continued on page 124]

# In Defense of the

*Some Proof to Show That She's a Victim of the Old  
Sex Superiority Complex*



The driver speaks (and how!):  
"Yah! You mighta known it was a woman driver!"



# Woman Driver

By

ELIZABETH CHISHOLM

I HAD been holding my breath all the way uptown—for the driver of the taxi in which I was taking my morning exercise was intent on giving me a thrill. He dashed around each vehicle that would have momentarily blocked our path; he ignored pedestrians and traffic lights; he scorned elderly men with canes and young ladies pushing baby buggies. He almost tried to climb trees—or so it seemed to me!

"I'm not in a hurry," I ventured once. And a moment later, "You'll get a ticket if you go beyond a red light." But the driver—whose name, on the license plate was Clarence Montcalm (only he didn't look that way!)—paid no attention to my well-meant remarks. He was too busy, trying to pass a car that was just in front of him.

Unfortunately the car in front knew its rights. Unfortunately for Mr. Montcalm's disposition! It insisted on keeping both in line and on the proper side of the street. It did not, by any sign, show that it was aware of my driver's frantic efforts to pass. It kept just ahead of us for a matter of nearly seven traffic-jammed blocks—progressing at a smart pace, but at one quite within the city speed limit. And then, suddenly, at a very crowded crossing, the traffic signals changed. And the green, straight-ahead light became a red, stop-short one. And the car in front stopped. But only after a slim hand, in a well-fitting chamois glove, had appeared over the car's side to signal for that stop.

My driver swore what amounted to a mighty oath. Clutching his steering wheel in one hand he jerked his taxi to the side (the wrong side!) of the car which had been in front of him. What did it matter—to him—that I clung fast to the side of the taxi in an added burst of terror? What did it matter that he was disobeying a signal, that he was endangering the lives of those people that are called pedestrians? What did anything—be it life or limb or the pursuit of happiness—matter to Clarence Montcalm? So long as he passed the car that stood, to him, as a barrier against progress?

It was as we flung ourselves past the car that he leaned out and hurled his supreme insult into the face of the girl who drove that car—a girl who looked back at him calmly from the shadow of a Knox hat.

"Yah," yelled the taxi driver, "you mighta known it was a woman driver!"

Right then and there I decided to take my pencil in hand in defense of the woman driver who has need of a defender.

KNOWING that figures talk—and I'm not doing a Ziegfeld now—I sent a series of questions to eleven state license bureaus. The questions had to do with those things that are called vital statistics. I wanted to get this business of safe driving, of good driving—male versus female—as straight as possible. Out of the eleven states I had eight courteous, but not very helpful answers—for the eight of them protested that they kept no records segregating male and female drivers. Three states, however, did keep these records. And I hope that the figures they show will impress Clarence Montcalm. Only, I'm afraid, somehow, that he'll never read this.

The New York State Department of Taxation and Finance told me that it was unable to differentiate between the men and women who were licensed motor car operators. This was a bad beginning—but my spirits rose when I saw that said bureau had enclosed a report on the motor accidents that had occurred during the year 1928. In this report I saw that, of the drivers involved in automobile accidents, 103,897 were men. And that

4,319 were women. This sounded so encouraging that I was ready to shout aloud in joy. Until I realized that, without doubt, the number of men drivers was also far higher than the number of women drivers!

However, the fates were kind. I did find some concrete help. It came to me out of New England, from Connecticut and Massachusetts. For, in these two states, they keep their driving sexes segregated.

I learned that, in Connecticut, there are 270,098 male operators of automobiles—and 67,525 females. Or, in round numbers, about one woman driver to every four man drivers. And the motor accidents? Listen! There were, during the year 1928, 41,847 committed by men and only 3,724 by women. Or, again in round numbers, one woman motor accident to every eleven male accidents.

I wonder if this gives all women drivers the kick that it gives me?

And, in Massachusetts?

In that state—where they once burned witches—there were, during the past year, 740,000 men drivers and 130,000 women drivers. Or about one woman to every five and a half men.

And get this:

Of the 816 operators of motor vehicles who were involved in accidents only 48 were women. The percentage here is—let me see: Well, I should say roughly (very roughly) about one woman-driving accident to every seventeen male accidents!

You can work your own percentages from this start if you're a woman. If you're a man, you'll probably be willing to let it pass.

Connecticut, Massachusetts and New York. I'd say—so far as the number of drivers and accidents were concerned—that they were fairly representative states. I think, almost, that the figures they give might have some bearing on the figures that could be shown by other states. Don't you?

AND so, the next time a taxi driver yells:

"Yah, you mighta known it was a woman—" the next time I see a near-sighted husband take the wheel from the hands of an alert and capable wife—I'm going to speak my piece. The next time I hear men talking about the stupid questions that their women ask about gears and transmissions and four-wheel brakes—I'm going to interrupt.

And I'm going to say:

Women (as a rule) are better drivers than men. They think faster—and of nothing else than the business of driving. That thing called intuition—which men deny, but which women possess—is an ally when there's an indefinite driver in front. Long practice at looking into small mirrors keeps them well aware of the road behind. They, again as a rule, aren't as reckless with their own bodies as are men. A motor accident, scarring a face or crippling a limb, is more to be feared by a woman than by a man—for a woman's looks, no matter how clever she is, are her greatest asset, while man's appearance takes second place. A woman, for this reason, is less apt to take risks than a man. Also—say what you will—there is a latent mother instinct in each woman heart, which leaps to the protection of others—and makes her cautious.

I (again going back to the personal equation) haven't been very keen about driving since that day when a youngster roller skated out in front of my car. I missed him at the cost of a fender and a very small tree—and by only an inch!

How many men have lost their zest for driving because of a near calamity?

# Her PEARLS and

*Only the Jewels Were  
Important to One Man  
—But the Other Man  
Had Different Ideas*

THEY were going up a long hill when the headlights of the car which had been dawdling behind flared whitely upon them and a minatory blast demanded passage. Gail pulled to the right and the car roared alongside. Instead of passing, however, it slackened speed and nosed them over towards the sloping shoulder. Bannistar uttered a warning cry; Gail swerved to avoid a crash and the two cars came to an abrupt stop, their front wheels in the ditch.

A man leaped to the running board at Gail's shoulder. "Get out the other side!" he ordered harshly, and stopped her engine and switched on the parking lights.

It was too violent to be a police gesture and after the first instant of panic Gail realized that it was a holdup. Dudley Bannistar was already getting out and Gail, gathering her evening wrap closer about her bare shoulders, followed him.

A dim figure with a handkerchief across the lower half of its face confronted them. "Stand there facing the woods," it commanded, "and don't start anything you can't finish!"

Gail's first thought was for her pearls and she fumbled at her throat with the vague notion of hiding them. The voice ordered her to keep her hands at her sides. She obeyed with a note of nervous laughter. It was all tremendously exciting and she hoped she wouldn't miss anything. An eventless evening was being relieved with a vengeance.

The holdup car dimmed its lights and pulled in ahead of hers. Behind her Gail heard a profane exclamation, then whispers, then silence as a faint radiance stole upon them. Another car was ascending the hill.

"Step back further," said the voice.

The light increased and Gail saw their captor move to Dudley's side as if to screen them from observation. Then she heard the approaching car slacken speed, heard the squeak of brakes and a genial voice hailing them from the top of the hill. "Want any help?" She recognized the voice. It was Thatcher Dent's! What, she wondered, was he doing here?

The man beside Dudley answered curtly. "No, thanks. Only a flat."

Thatcher Dent! After all he was an assistant District Attorney. Here, she thought, was aid. And heedless of consequences she turned to escape. She had gained the front of her car when she was seized by the shoulder and snatched violently back. "Be yourself!" muttered the harsh voice, and Gail felt a pistol against her side.

She heard Thatcher Dent's starter spin impotently several times. Then, "What d' you think of that?" he exclaimed. "My car won't start now!"

The holdup man walked to the rear and Gail heard his harsh voice saying, "Let me try."

Evidently he was accomplishing something because Dent's lights shifted and Gail knew his car was backing down hill. It came to a stop behind her own and its lights were extinguished. Then she heard the holdup man say, "Put up your hands!" "All right, Handsome," Thatcher answered. Being smart, she thought. Then the holdup man again. "Step back there with the others. And don't start anything you can't finish!" Apparently a favorite phrase with him, she reflected. Anyhow he'd bagged Thatcher who now took his place beside them. What a gorgeous joke! But where did he get that perfume?



She was startled by a hand groping at her throat. She repulsed it indignantly and received a stinging blow on the ear. "Cut that out!" said a voice. Another voice this time, thin and waspish.

She did not resist as she felt the clasp loosened and her pearls deftly removed. "Any of you birds follow us and you'll get plugged," said the thin voice, and Gail saw two figures in overalls, one tall, the others short, with handkerchiefs across their faces, hurrying towards the holdup car. Its engine began racing as they approached and Gail knew there must be still another actor in this nocturnal drama.

THEN she saw Dudley Bannistar move from her side and steal after the pair. She saw him raise his arm, heard the shot and, as they turned on him, another. The tongues of fire seemed to dart straight at the tall man who instantly charged on Dudley and closed with him. Their shadowy forms writhed convulsively until Dudley staggered backward and

# Her HEART

By  
CARRINGTON  
PHELPS



Illustrations

by

RUSSELL  
PATTERSON

touched his forehead solicitously. "Here's a sweet young lump already. We'll get a doctor."

Bannistar shook his head. "No doctor—bit dizzy—"

"Hit you with a blackjack, didn't he?" Until now Thatcher Dent had not spoken and they turned as if for the first time aware of him.

"I guess—it must have been," said Dud.

"It was perfectly mad of you, Dud," said Gail. "Courageous, of course, but perfectly mad! Why, they might have killed you!" She got in and threw on her bright lights. "What if they did rob us?"

"Did they get to you too?" asked Dudley. "What did they take?"

"NEVER mind that, Dud! Let's be thankful you're alive." She reached forward and found the key gone. "Where's the key?" she asked. "Have you the key, Dud?" He shook his head. "Then they took it. And this car is out." She frowned.

"Two in the morning, eight miles from home and no motor key!"

"I'll be glad to drive you," said Thatcher Dent.

"But I thought your car wouldn't go, Thatcher!"

"I faked it," he said. "When I saw you jump into the lights and a man haul you back I knew something was up. So I turned off my ignition."

"You mean all that time you were only pretending it wouldn't run?"

"Something like that," he said dryly.

Well, it was sporting of him, she decided. Chivalrous was the word, only it had lost its meaning. Pretty jolly sporting. Still if he'd known what he was stepping into he mightn't have been so impulsive.

"Better report this at once," said Dent. "That gang is probably burning up the road for New York, but the police may be able to head them off. Besides they took my watch and it makes me sore."

"I," said Bannistar slowly, "lost four hundred dollars, and

The tall chap had collapsed in a chair. Evidently he was hurt, but Gail could not help feeling a hysterical desire to laugh. And then a heavy step sounded on the porch and a trooper entered the room

then dropped down in front of Gail's feet, silent and inert. The tall man said aggrievedly, "Who does this guy think he is, Jesse James?" And the two ran forward again and leaped into their car.

As it sped away Gail knelt and took Dudley Bannistar's head in the hollow of her arm. "Are you hurt, Dud?" He muttered unintelligibly. She turned to Thatcher Dent and asked him to hand her the flask from the side pocket of her car.

She held it to Dudley's lips, and after a moment he mumbled thickly that he was quite all right. "If I could—get up—"

With Thatcher's help Gail lifted Dudley to his feet and into her car. "How badly did he hurt you?" she asked, and

my gold cigarette case. I say, Gail, what did they take from you?"

"My pearls."

"Good Heavens!" cried Bannistar. "I should say we had better report it at once. Why, they're worth a fortune, aren't they?"

"They were worth a lot," she said. "Father will buy me another string, I daresay. Take the right at the next fork, Thatcher."

THEY drove in thoughtful silence until they came to the garage. Bannistar entered the office to notify the police while Gail arranged to have her car brought home at once. Dent was getting some gasoline when they came out. They



Gail came to a door. She called, "Thatcher," and seemed to hear an answer. It was dark and sinister inside, but she moved close

re-entered his car and a few minutes later turned into a driveway, swung through broad lawns and pulled up before an enormous house.

Dudley Bannistar seemed still somewhat uncertain on his legs and Gail took his arm and they went up the steps together. She unlocked the door, switched on more lights and led him back to the library where he dropped gratefully into a chair. She put a pillow behind his head and turned to find they were alone. She went back to the front door. Thatcher Dent was standing beside his car, a lean, smartly dressed figure, entirely at his ease and considering her with an expression she couldn't quite fathom.

"Why didn't you come in with us?" she asked.

"Got a touch case tomorrow, and it's tomorrow already."

"It's nothing of the sort." But she knew it was, as she knew

she was under deep obligation to him which was distasteful. "Besides I was going to offer you a drink."

"Well, of course—" He smiled artlessly, but he seemed still to hesitate. An absent-minded idiot, she reflected, waiting for him to make up his mind. "All right," he said. "I guess I will, if I may."

They went back to the library where Gail produced bottles and glasses. As they discussed their adventure she observed this somewhat inscrutable gentleman from the District Attorney's office, whose attitude towards her, ever since her sub-deb days, had been that of secret amusement. And yet he had a curious attraction for her. She had never greatly liked him, never greatly disliked him, and he seemed unaware of her half the time. Which alone was funny since she'd always had to be on her guard against men simply because one wasn't what they called a beauty for nothing. In any event she had never understood him.

Tonight, for example, his watching her constantly from the side lines but not dancing once with her epitomized his technique, if it was technique. Always performing the gestures of a punctilious devotion, he had never yet given her the faintest hint of a really emotional interest. He puzzled her. He was different.

Dent was saying, "This holdup was pretty cool, when you think of it."

Dudley Bannistar laughed. "Wasn't it? I got quite a kick out of it, or I'd say a punch that would floor a mule."

"It was rather splendid of you, Dud," said Gail. "If utterly fantastic. Please don't do it again, will you?" She looked levelly at Dent. "You did a decent thing, Thatcher, in sticking by like that."

Dent's nod was abstracted. "I was wondering, Gail, about the value of those pearls."

"I've only a vague idea. Father gave them to me for Christmas two years ago. Why?"

"Well, don't you think that gang must have known you were wearing them tonight, and must have planned this holdup deliberately?" He gave Bannistar his naive smile. "Didn't they search you for a weapon, Mr. Bannistar? They did me."

"The smaller man did, but he missed my pistol." Bannistar tapped the side pocket of his dinner jacket. "It's gone!" he exclaimed. "I must have dropped it on the ground. No matter." And he picked up his glass again.

"You don't suppose, Gail, the police have any track of them yet, do you?" Dent said. "How about telephoning?"

Gail indicated the instrument and Dent rose and called up the barracks. They heard him give his name as one of the holdup victims and inquire for news. A pause followed during which Dent made affirmative noises. Evidently he was getting something.

PRESENTLY, Dent said, "Look for two men and a woman. A tall man and a short one in everyday clothes. No! Everyday clothes, *not* overalls. They're probably hiding near-by, waiting until daybreak for the getaway. Thanks." He slowly replaced the receiver.

This, thought Gail, was becoming interesting. The apparently detached Mr. Dent was exhibiting an unexpected decisiveness.

"But I thought the two men were mechanics," said Gail. "Weren't they wearing overalls and caps?"

"Yes," said Bannistar. "That's what I told the police."

"I think," said Dent, "they had on ordinary clothes beneath. I caught a glimpse of a shirt and tie on the big chap. They wore good shoes, too."

"And why d'you think one was a woman, Thatcher?" asked Gail.

He roused from his absorption. "A woman?" he groped in his pocket and finally dumped a cigarette stub out on the table. "I picked that up where her car stood. You can see for yourselves there's lip rouge on it. She was driving for them. Didn't





They went back to the library, Gail and Thatcher and Dudley. They grouped themselves around the table and tried, coherently, to discuss their adventure. It wasn't, somehow, easy to be coherent

you get a whiff of her perfume out there. It was terrible!"

Gail laughed. "I thought it was from you, Thatcher."

"The police," said Dent, "have found the holdup car deliberately wrecked against a tree. They say it was stolen. The crooks can't get far across country with a woman along, d'you think? Evidently they weren't hurt, though they tried to make it look like an accident. I'd say they were near-by. Perhaps I'm wrong, though."

"Why should they deliberately wreck the car?" asked Gail impatiently. Dent's theories did not seem to carry great conviction.

"Well," he said, "if we put ourselves in their places we'd know the alarm would soon be sent out and the roads watched for miles in every direction. There's so little traffic now it would be easy to spot us, don't you think? It would be pretty dangerous driving a stolen car with the loot from a holdup in our pockets. Better to wait until morning, with plenty of traffic, and get away in our own car. We'd have our own car, of course. We wouldn't use it for the holdup. Too easily identified. We'd steal another and afterwards one of us might drop the other two somewhere, take the car and crash it and then walk back to his pals."

"Walk back where?" asked Bannistar.

"That," said Dent, "we don't know. This is only theory."

"Interesting theory, though," Gail said. "You seem astonishingly observant, Thatcher. I really wouldn't have suspected it of you."

Dent flushed slightly and got to his feet as she rose and turned to Dudley Bannistar.

"I don't want to seem rude, Dud," she said, "but with that whack on the head you really ought to get some sleep if you're taking an early train."

Bannistar agreed to this and bidding Dent a cordial good

night followed Gail out of the room. She showed Bannistar to his bedroom. For the first time since the holdup they were alone.

"Curious, Mr. Dent happening along like that," said Bannistar.

"Yes," said Gail. "That's what I thought."

Bannistar smiled. "Queer egg, but I like him. Fancies himself a sort of amateur detective, I imagine. Dreamy kind of a bird, what?" He chuckled. Then he took her hand. "I say, Gail, you were a brick tonight. Sorry I got a brainstorm, but when I saw how they were humiliating you I lost my head. You'll forgive me? I was only thinking of your safety, you dear person."

She patted his hand. "Don't do it again, Dud. Good night."

SHE went downstairs again to find Thatcher standing beside the mantel.

"Oh!" he said. "You're back! I wanted to talk to you." He held a match for her cigarette. "Mind if I ask a few impertinent questions? In one way it's none of my business. In another way it's a lot. It's partly about Mr. Bannistar."

She didn't see how Dudley Bannistar could possibly concern him but impelled by curiosity she said, "Not at all."

"Your father is worth about eight millions, isn't he, Gail, and you're his only child—and heiress? I'm wondering how long you've known Mr. Bannistar—if you'll pardon me."

She was far from pardoning him but she said, "About three months."

"Mind telling me how you met him, and who he is?"

"I met him at a cabaret, with some friends of mine. He's a broker, I believe. Why do you ask such questions?"

"I'll tell you if you'll tell me how [Continued on page 111]

# Dressmaking Goes *into* Reverse



From this dainty modernistic desk Marion Prince directs her \$500,000-a-year business

*For Marion Prince  
Has Changed the  
Old Order by Sell-  
ing Seattle-Made  
Frocks in New York*

By

KENNETH  
W. BARR

**E**IGHT years ago a pretty University of Washington sophomore co-ed yawned gracefully behind a shielding palm and exclaimed:

"Oh, I don't want to go to college any longer! Life is too slow! I must get busy and do things!"

She dropped her books and went to work.

As the result of that yawn eight years ago, today Seattle, Washington, can boast one of the most sensational and most promising industries on the Pacific Coast: a dressmaking establishment that is selling Seattle-made dresses in New York City, "the dressmaking capital of the world!"

The other day Miss Marion Prince, the erstwhile co-ed, now the charming head of the flourishing firm of Marion Prince, Inc., manufacturers of hand-made sports and afternoon dresses, pointed to a recent photograph of herself on her desk and laughed engagingly. It was a tinkling, care-free, contagious laugh, not at all the sort one would expect from a young woman on whose slender shoulders rested the destinies of a \$500,000-a-year business. The photograph seemed to laugh back at her as if it understood perfectly. Then her smiling eyes swept on through the open door of her office into a huge workshop where scores of women were busy making the dresses she designed, and she told the secret of her phenomenal success in a few sentences:

"**I**T HASN'T seemed like hard work. Really, it's been fun! You were surprised when I laughed at the picture. It's characteristic. I find it much easier on one's disposition to laugh than to take work too seriously. That's my recipe for success. Be confident! Don't worry! And before one realizes it, the formidable problems have solved themselves and everything is lovely again."

Strange, but this energetic ex-co-ed doesn't regard her accom-

plishment—building up a \$500,000-a-year business in nineteen months—as almost a miracle. She tells about it with a simple matter-of-fact-ness that throws the listener off guard!

"I was told I was lazy when I decided not to return to the university to complete my sophomore year. But I had taken an art course and worked during odd moments and in the summer at a millinery shop. There I first learned to design the pretty things I had always wanted, and never could afford.

"After leaving school I worked for a dressmaking establishment for a while. A little later I opened my own shop. It wasn't much of a shop, but it grew slowly into quite a little business. In it I had my first chance to try out an idea which had been growing for a long time—namely, that of putting handmade dresses on a quantity production basis. I believed that there were many discriminating women of moderate means who were tired of wearing uninspired, machine-made dresses; who wanted something with a touch of individuality. Then, too, it had long been my conviction that flannel, at that time an almost extinct material, should be revived for sports dresses.

"Pretty soon friendly patrons began to urge me to drop the retail business and manufacture on a large scale. At first I only laughed at them. Then I began to think, 'If these women are so enthusiastic about my dresses, why not others?'

"**W**ELL, several years rolled by, and then one day a friend said, 'Why don't you get in touch with Lou Harri-man of Los Angeles, the best dress saleswoman on the Coast?' After many failures, I managed to interest Lou; she demanded a dozen samples, and with a parting: 'Now I don't promise you a thing!' she began canvassing the coast states.

"Two weeks later she had sent us orders for \$2,500 worth of dresses. I almost had heart failure! How was I to make \$2,500 worth of dresses in the [Continued on page 118]

# Typical American Girl Week

*It Stood for Seven Crowded and  
Glorious Days in New York*

**T**HE eighteen Typical American Girls have had their week in New York City as guests of SMART SET Magazine. To paraphrase a certain Roman—they came, they saw, and they conquered—the city! All of New York, from its Mayor down, joined in making their visit the sort of a time that only happens once in any girl's life. The week was packed from beginning to end with new experiences and new thrills.

It would be hard to go into the details of the various happenings of the week. It would be hard to tell just how the individual girls took their holiday! One of them had never ridden on a street car before. Many of them had never seen (or heard) a subway. The shops, the skyscrapers, the hurry and bustle of the nation's greatest city amazed them. But most of all, they were surprised and delighted at the hospitality and recognition which they received.

We think that you would be interested in the program which they followed from Monday, the 13th of May, when they arrived in the city—through Sunday, May 19, when they left town. So we will give you the program without any trimmings—in fact we don't think it needs trimmings! You can see for yourself just how the girls' time was taken up.

Of course, there are a great many things that you cannot see—the diamond and sapphire watch that each girl wore on her wrist as a special token of SMART SET's friendship. The meetings with theatrical stars, with noted authors and artists, the flowers and favors which were theirs. You'll have to fill in the spaces between lines, but we think that you can do it!

**O**N MONDAY, the 13th, the eighteen regional winners and their chaperons arrived and registered at the Hotel Montclair, at Lexington Ave. and 49th Street, which served as their headquarters during the week. During the morning, official individual photographs were taken—and there was a short time out for small private shopping tours. At noon there was a luncheon at the Hotel Montclair, followed by newspaper and news reel photographs which were taken on the roof terrace of

the hotel. This lasted until four o'clock, when the girls and their chaperons were given a tea in the Pall Mall room of the Ritz Carlton. At 6:30 SMART SET gave a staff dinner for the girls and their chaperons in the Grill Room of the Montclair. It was then James R. Quirk, Publisher of SMART SET, spoke, giving his definition of the Typical American Girl and his welcome to the magazine's guests.

At 8:30 the entire party visited "Pleasure Bound," and after the performance went backstage to meet the stars.

**O**N TUESDAY, until 11 o'clock, the girls were given time for shopping, but after eleven they were taken to Columbia University, where Dr. Harry Dexter Kitson gave them the Otis Mental Ability Test. We might say, in passing, that the girls covered themselves with honor in this examination.

At one o'clock they were the guests of the Cunard Company at luncheon on the Tuscania, and because of the rain—which prevented their visiting points of interest around the city—they made a complete inspection of the Berengaria, another of the Cunard Company's great ships.

At exactly 4:15 the party was received by Mayor James J. Walker, in the reception room of the City Hall. Mayor Walker refused to be photographed shaking hands with any one girl—he said, to him they were all typical!

After dinner at the hotel, the party visited the theater and saw "Spring Is Here," in which Glenn Hunter is the star. They visited backstage before the curtain went up, and made the acquaintance of another theatrical group.

**W**EDNESDAY morning was open for shopping and private tours, but at 12:30 the girls were the honor guests at a luncheon given to three hundred by SMART SET, in the Hotel Biltmore—a luncheon at which the Publisher, Mr. Quirk, presided.

After the luncheon party the national jury, composed of Rosamond Pinchot Gaston, Kathryn [Continued on page 117]



Reading from left to right (back row): Helen J. Brenton, Tacoma; Marjory Mae Smith, San Antonio; Frances Mary Broder, Syracuse; Mary A. Gilmore, Rochester; Anice Carlisle, Houston; Norma Marohl, Milwaukee; Janet Chandler, Los Angeles; Margaret R. Sanford, San Francisco; Dorothy McDorman, Baltimore; Betty Bassett, New York; (front) Gladys McCormick, Denver; Margaret Covie, Cleveland; Gwladys Keer, Washington, D. C.; Edna Peters, Miami; Meryl Sanders, Chicago; Nellie Esther Hoover, Pittsburgh; Elaine Vollman, Sacramento; Virginia M. Rigby, Boston.

*ONLY the Eyes of Love Are Able to See the  
Complete Courage That Sometimes  
Lies Beneath*

*Illustrations by*  
W. D. STEVENS

"No! No!" cried Eldredge.  
"I don't want to ride!"  
His terror was so naked, so  
undisguised, that both  
Roger and Isabel stared





# FEAR

By  
HAZEL  
CHRISTIE  
MACDONALD



HAVING wakened, Isabel lifted her arm and looked at what flashed on the finger of her left hand. It was a tremendous diamond, square-cut and exceedingly assertive, and for some reason, it brought to Isabel's mind all the men she knew and could have had: Philip Merrivale, Michael Kallister, Neill. Having thought of all these, she at last thought of Roger, who was black-haired and tall, and aggressive, and who had given her the ring only the night before.

"Mrs. Roger Shippan Morrison," said Isabel to herself. "No, I could not have done any better, really. The others all had something the matter with them."

An hour later, she was downtown, in the office of her attorney, where people waited with that expression of watchful

anxiety to be seen only in the offices of lawyers and doctors and dentists. Mr. Tyndall, little and old and very famous in the annals of the law, came out of his inner sanctum.

"Isabel Mortimer, my dear Isabel Mortimer!" he exclaimed, and then all the waiting people knew at once who she was. Isabel Mortimer! Beautiful and capricious Isabel Mortimer! A golden girl, against a golden past! But Isabel and little Mr. Tyndall went into the inner office.

Here the latter became very formal. Isabel, too became grave; she was not excited; she was never excited. But she was appreciative of this moment, which she had lived over, in her mind, many times. She acknowledged that it was a moment deserving of formality. Mr. Tyndall put on his glasses.

"I shall begin first, by congratulating you on this birthday, which is not like any of your others," he said. Isabel nodded, and wished he would hurry. He did. "I have here a number of papers—the most important being, of course, your father's will." He seemed moved by some recollection, but Isabel did not stir.

"It is my privilege, to turn over to you, my dear, on this, your twenty-seventh birthday, your legacy—your very, very great legacy!" He pushed forward a box. "Your mother's jewels." Pushed forward another. "Your father's—" he said. Then he indicated a sheaf of typed sheets.

"A list of the securities in which your fortune is involved," he told the girl. She glanced at it, looked up.

"I know I am worth a great deal of money," she said. "Have you any idea precisely how much?" He smiled and shook his head.

"The amount fluctuates, my dear Miss Isabel," he replied, "as the value of these investments rises and falls. But I think you are quite safe in considering yourself the mistress of at least thirty-five millions of dollars!" Isabel rose.

"Thank you," she answered. "I merely wished to see if my fortune were such as to demand the purchase of Trenholme. I see it is." Mr. Tyndall smiled.

"Although Trenholme is one of the four finest homes in America," he said, "I would not consider it an extravagance, in view of the circumstances."

"I shall buy it today," the girl told him. "After I have lunch—and by the way, I am lunching with my fiancé, Roger Morrison." Mr. Tyndall lifted his eyebrows.

"Ah, so you have made a decision at last?" he inquired. "Well, well! A likable fellow, very likable. I doubt if you could have chosen more wisely, my dear."

"That," said Isabel, holding out a hand, "is exactly what I thought!"

AND then she went away, and drove uptown, where she picked up Roger. Together they went to another office, where, with the signing of a paper, Isabel became the owner of Trenholme.

"And now," said Isabel to Roger, when they had lunched, "we shall go to Haskell's and see about having Trenholme done over."

So Roger, who was agreeable to going to any office but his own, climbed into the limousine beside Isabel, and Nicky, the

wolf-hound, and they went to Haskell's where Isabel was received as became a client who had a million-dollar house to be redecorated.

"I shall not," said Mr. Haskell, "speak of the great pleasure it gives us to receive the commission to do Trenholme, my dear Miss Mortimer. As for the person to send out there, we have decided that our Mr. Eldredge will be the most satisfactory." He pressed a button and some one entered the room and bowed.

Mr. Eldredge was older than Roger by a good ten years. Isabel thought she had never seen a face so cold and pale. Indeed, it was only when Trenholme was mentioned that he smiled.

"Trenholme?" he said. "Oh, that will be delightful. But it will have to be done as it should be, of course." He looked full at Isabel, and she made the astonishing discovery that her name had meant less than nothing to him.

"If it is the matter of money you mean," she said, "it is unlikely that Mr. Haskell and I will have any difference of opinion as to how costly the proceeding should become."

Mr. Eldredge appeared to be relieved. It was settled that he should go out to Trenholme the following week, after which he bowed again and went back through the door by which he had entered.

"I consider him just too esthetic for words," said Roger, when he and Isabel were once more alone. "I suppose you will spend ten hours a day together, but having seen him, I'm quite easy in my mind. I wouldn't be surprised but what he starts the day reciting poetry to you."

"How absurd," said Isabel. "I shall explain to him, of course, that I don't care for poetry."

ISABEL did not meet him at the station, when he came, five days later. He was not, of course, an employee, strictly speaking—but still, she did not meet him. He was all in gray when he arrived, and had a flower in his lapel. Isabel, looking at him, had an impression that he thought about his clothes—thought consciously about them, that is, and it irritated her. A man should wear the right thing, of course, but he should not think about it. He should be carelessly correct, like Roger. But then Mr. Eldredge was not Roger, Isabel remembered.

Together she and Mr. Eldredge moved into the entrance hall, and here he stopped.

"I have been here before—years ago," he said, "but I had forgotten it was so lovely." His face was ridiculously moved. Roger, too, had stopped short when he saw the entrance hall. But what Roger had said was, "I say, Isabel! What a gorgeous place to play practice chukkers in if this rain keeps up!"

Remembering Roger, Isabel threw open the door of a small room on the second floor. "This," she said to Mr. Eldredge, "is—is—well, whatever you call your headquarters when you're doing a house."

Mr. Eldredge put out a hand, and touched the paneling with the tips of his fingers. And Isabel saw that he touched it as another man would have touched the cheek of a beautiful woman.

They came to the threshold of the great drawing-room, where everything had been stripped away, and only a bare and tremendous area, flooded with early autumn sunlight, remained.

"I had thought," said Isabel, "of having this done in a warm rose." But Mr. Eldredge turned.

"But you couldn't, Miss Mortimer!" he exclaimed. "Why, it demands green, don't you see it?" Isabel looked at him and he went on. "The ceilings are so high, that the room at once becomes formal. But the Renaissance period is too cluttered and artificial, so we evolve a period of our own. Something allied to the German modern, but not so extreme."



"General Willoughby," asked Isabel, her back against the door, "what are you going to do with this man?"

Isabel continued to look at him. "I'll make you a sketch," continued Eldredge, "then you'll see exactly what I mean. I'll bring it tomorrow."

She was at breakfast the next day when he came. In knickers and a blouse, she was sitting at a little table eating; the



sunlight lay in a pool on her head. But Weir Eldredge, who loved beautiful pictures, did not, apparently, see this one.

"Here is the sketch," he said, and Isabel, looking down, saw a painted room, long and silvery-green, like the aisles of some forest. She laid it down.

"Are you and I to disagree this way, on every one of the thirty-three rooms of Trenholme?" she asked. He was so astonished he could only stare. "Because, while this is very beautiful," went on the girl, "it is not, you see, what I want!"

Immediately Eldredge picked the sketch up.

"Then I shall not, of course, attempt to make you like it," he said. "Indeed, if you wish, we shall leave this room till the last."

"I think it would be very wise," said the mistress of Trenholme. "Do whatever you wish with the guest chambers, but I think the drawing-room had better be along the lines I had in mind."

Then she went out and got into her roadster, for she had an engagement to ride with Roger, five miles away.

"Oh, Weir, oh, Weir, has my little dog gone?" inquired the latter, when she met him. Isabel frowned.

"I rather wish they had sent some one else," she said. "There are moments when Mr. Eldredge seems to believe that he, and not I, owns Trenholme!"

**B**UT by the next morning she had resolved to be magnanimous. "Have you time for a cup of coffee?" she asked, when she saw him stop at the entrance of the room.

"I have the time, thank you," he rejoined, "but I never drink coffee. I've learned it is bad for me." He smiled and apparently had not the faintest idea he was causing her any irritation. "The new materials have come," he continued. "Would you care to look at them?"

"Not especially," returned Isabel. "I'll see them eventually, you must remember."

But she stopped, a few moments later, when she reached the door of his office upstairs, and saw him standing with a cascade of amber satin over his arm. He did not see her for a second or two, and at the expression on his unconscious face, her lip curled. Then she spoke.

"Do you play bridge, Mr. Eldredge?" she asked. The question surprised him so much that it took him several seconds to focus his attention on it.

"I can play," he said, finally. "But not—not—that is, I do not get a great deal of time for bridge."

"Still, it is so convenient to know where one can get a fourth," said Isabel. "You don't mind if I remember you, when next some one is unable to come?"

"Not at all," he said, but, after she had gone, he continued to wear a curiously troubled expression.

**T**HE days went on, and slowly the guest suites began to emerge into finished loveliness. Roger, and the rest of the crowd with whom Isabel had paddled as a child at Bailey's Beach had got into the habit of driving over at about five in the afternoon. They usually bore Isabel off to town with them for dinner or the theater. There came, eventually, though, the night on which they decided to stay and play bridge. All but Tubby, who had an engagement with a young lady of the chorus.

"I can't break it," said Tubby, when the screams of anguish attendant on his announcement had [Continued on page 91]

*Proving, for One  
Thing, That It Is  
Difficult for  
a Man to Cease  
Loving a Woman  
He is Proud Of*

# A Love That 400



*Beatrice d'Este was married, as a very young girl, to the glamorous Duke of Milan. Her conquest of his heart was one of the wonders of the glittering Italian court—a wonder that has come down to us across the years. What was the secret of the charm that made a captive of this sophisticated man—and that held him fast, even after her death?*

**J**UNE 29, 1475. "A daughter was born this day to Duke Ercole of Ferrara and received the name of Beatrice, being the child of Madonna Leonora, his wife. And there was no rejoicing because every one wished for a boy."

January 3, 1497.

"But when the Duchess Beatrice died everything fell into ruin. That Court of Milan which had been a joyous paradise became a dark and gloomy inferno and poets and artists were forced to seek another road. The Duke, her husband, ceased to care for his children or his state or anything on earth and could hardly bear to live."

She was only five when they promised her in marriage to Ludovico Sforza, Duke of Bari, regent and afterwards Duke of Milan, known to all Italy as Il Moro.

He had asked for the hand of her older sister Isabella, but Isabella had already been betrothed to the Marchese of Mantua, and so Duke Ercole offered him Beatrice instead. And since it made little difference to Il Moro, so long as the alliance was with a princess of the house of Este and brought him the support and friendship of Ferrara, he accepted. After all, he was then twenty-nine, a handsome and magnificent twenty-nine at that, and could not be expected to care very much whether it was six-year-old Isabella or five-year-old Beatrice who would some day become his wife.

In the end, he would have backed out of the affair if he could have done so without angering and alienating the powerful and beloved Duke of Ferrara. For while little Beatrice grew to womanhood and was trained in all the arts and accomplishments of a Renaissance princess by her mother and her grandfather, the King of Naples, Il Moro had become more and more devoted to his official mistress, the exquisite and cultured Cecilia Gallerani. If he must marry at all—and in the court of Milan, so filled with lovely women, a man might well desire to keep his freedom—he would have preferred to marry Cecilia, who had already borne him one fine young son, rather than a child of fourteen whom he had never seen.

So while Isabella was married in state and went off to rule Mantua, little Beatrice stayed with her mother at Ferrara and awaited a most reluctant bridegroom.

**I**L MORO put out a feeler or two, hoping to break his contract with Ferrara, and marry the fair Cecilia. But he soon saw that he could not afford to do either. Like every powerful young prince of that time, he dreamed of a future in which he should conquer Italy and unite the ever-warring cities of Milan, Rome, Florence, Venice and Naples beneath his own scepter.

A great wedding celebration was therefore arranged



# Has Lived Years

*The Twelfth and  
Concluding Article  
of a Series, Entitled  
"What Every Woman  
Wants To Know"*

By

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

and through the bitter cold and terrible storms of winter, traveling in unbelievable discomfort and constant danger, Beatrice d'Este came to the city of Milan which did not know her and to the husband who did not want her.

As she stood at the altar in her dress of white satin stiff with pearls, her heart must have been throbbing with fiery emotions, as she looked at last upon the face of the man about whom all her girlish dreams had been woven. Yet she must have trembled a little, too, for almost the first words she ever spoke to him were her marriage vows, and he was in truth more magnificent, more irresistible than she had dreamed. Still, trembling was not a habit of the house of Este.

Perhaps he had not wanted her. But she loved him from the very first moment and desired that he should truly love her in return.

No wonder she loved him. The ladies of Italy found it very easy to love Ludovico. He had a voice of music; he was versed in all the ways of a lover. His eyes were the eyes of a dreamer, under the smooth waves of his dark hair. If his mouth was a little cruel, it was often smiling and always sensuous. The proud chin, the aquiline nose, the haughty carriage, made him very handsome. Above all, he had the beguiling sweetness, the seductive kindness of the Italian with women.

And Il Moro?

Used to the "camellia women" of Milan, with their mysterious languor, to the stately and gorgeous Cecilia, he looked down upon a dark and tempestuous young thing, a girl like a "clove-carnation." He saw an irregular little face, framed in dark curls, lighted by dark, desirous eyes—a face that was almost babyish in its softness. His Duchess, Beatrice d'Este.

**I**T WAS by no means the custom of those days for a husband to love the wife chosen for reasons of state and expediency. Nor was fidelity the order of the time. Isabella d'Este shared with most Renaissance ladies the doubtful defense of indifference where the unfaithfulness of husbands was concerned.

But Beatrice d'Este eventually won the love of Il Moro, who "loved her as no other Renaissance lord loved his lady." Moreover, his fidelity was a matter of amazement to his contemporaries.

Cecilia Gallerani was married off to an ancient nobleman of the Milanese Court and, save for amourettes of the most trifling character, she had no successor. And when his wife died in the very flower of her youth, on another cold and bitter winter's day just six years after she came to him, Ludovico's grief was so profound and so inconsolable that his ministers were in despair over the affairs of his Dukedom and his friends feared for his reason.

How she accomplished this, how she became the



*Ludovico Sforza, Duke of Milan, had known the affection of many beautiful women. He was not anxious to marry a shy youngster with great wistful eyes and tiny dancing feet—it was, with him, a political move. And yet, so history says, he grew to love Beatrice "as no other Renaissance lord loved his lady."*

*His fidelity was amazing*

idol of the most splendid court in Italy, the guiding star and inspiration of the learned men and poets and artists who surrounded her husband, is a thing every girl must wish to know. For Beatrice d'Este was only a girl herself—not yet fifteen when she married, only twenty-one when she died. A girl much like the girls of today, flowering early into womanhood and with a mind and heart that seemed beyond her years.

Her triumph was brief, but it was a triumph both in marriage and in her career as a duchess—for it was a career to be Duchess of Milan in those days—which no other woman in history can ever surpass.

Across the gorgeous but violent tapestry of the Italian Renaissance—that great period of the revival of learning and the re-birth of art after the long darkness of the Middle Ages, that great period in which lived and flourished Raphael, Da Vinci, Titian and Correggio, Michelangelo, Donatello, Bramante, Ariosto, Columbus, Galileo, Copernicus, Machiavelli, Dante, Petrarch and Boccaccio—across this tapestry two feminine figures move consistently, the sisters of the house of Este.



# 3

## Reasons Why She Was Loved

**T**HEY called the golden Isabella, sister of Beatrice, *la prima donna del monde*, the first lady of the world, and no doubt she was. "Among all the princesses of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, Isabella d'Este was undoubtedly the one who most strikingly and perfectly personified the aspirations of the Renaissance," says Eugene Munz.

A lady of great accomplishments, a wife of unquestioned virtue, a mother of consistent devotion, a diplomat of polished skill, history shows that she won endless admiration but little love.

Rachel Annand Taylor, to whom we owe our greatest modern understanding of the Renaissance, calls her the "Queen of Diamonds but never the Queen of Hearts."

But Beatrice was different. *La più zentil donna in Italia*, the poets called her—the loveliest lady in Italy, and what could be a finer tribute? Living at the end of the fifteenth century she is yet a perfect model for the girl of the twentieth century.

**A**T NO period of history were girls as attractive, as cultured and as advanced as they are today. Yet it seems doubtful if we can show one girl to compare with Beatrice d'Este. Like the modern girl she went in for everything and whatever she did she did with her whole heart.

It was above all things that joy of living, that zest, that vivid enthusiasm that made her almost irresistible, that quickened the court life of Milan to something new and joyous, and quickened the heart of Il Moro to love her.

"There was something of the chase of the well-beloved in his (Il Moro's) mood, and when Beatrice came, enchanting by her youth, her laughter, her wonderful zest for experience, and the splendid courage which was as natural to her as breathing, she certainly conquered his heart."

Rachel Annand Taylor says in her dazzling volume, "Leonardo the Florentine," "The allure of her soft, irregular,

babyish face, her infantile absurdities and wild games, alternating with splendid courage and steady companionship in troubled times, her passionate way of being child, lover and mother, playmate and ambassador with equal fervor, never ceased to hold his attention. She was his mascot, his fortune, his prestige; she seemed to have taken from heaven his sumptuous red star and to carry it in her little hands stiff with rings. She had courage, mirth, pride, vanity, love, and she had a sweet voice."

Infinite variety, indeed. As infinite as Cleopatra's. Like Emma Hamilton, she succeeded in identifying herself with her man's highest ambitions and aspirations—she was his red star of success. That weapon which the Empress Josephine used to such good effect, was also in her arsenal—a sweet voice.

All these things she had. But she had something more.

Man, as a rule, is capable of being attracted by almost any pretty and relatively attractive woman. He can be stirred by any girl who is superficially charming, as most girls are today. The test comes when that original attraction progresses to the place where it meets his critical faculty, his instinct of self-protection.

Then he says to himself, "Is this worth while? Am I going to get enough out of it to pay for what I give up? As I get deeper into it, will it prove good? Can I trust my future life, my happiness, to this girl?"

That is the time when most men experience a sense of panic—that state of panic to which most young men will admit they have been prey at sometime during the process of falling in love. Then, if they are to be really won, if they are to go on happily, they must find in the girl those things which reassure them, convince them that it is worth while. The next step, therefore, depends entirely on the girl. It is at this critical moment that she either wins or loses the game, almost entirely according to what she then offers.

**L**UDOVICO was attracted to the dark, vivid, joyous girl who was his wife. That much was probably to be taken for granted, men being what they are. He probably expected to kiss her, laugh with her and pass on—back to Cecilia, back to the languorous drifting that had been his love life for thirty-nine years.

But he did not pass on.

When the moment came, his critical faculty told him that Beatrice had more to offer him than all other women put together. First his senses were ensnared by her ardor, her grace, her sweet voice. Then his heart yielded to her courage and her sweet variety. And at last his mind ratified their love because of her companionship and her accomplishments and her splendid fulfillment of her role as his wife and his duchess. Her character and her gifts bore the test of his critical faculty and Il Moro wandered no more but loved her "as no other Renaissance lord loved his lady."

**T**HE list of these gifts will not only amaze us as we note them, not only show us why Ludovico was conquered, but will give us the finest criterion by which to estimate what is needed when this test comes in a modern love affair.

And each item of the list, if you will think about it for a moment, can be checked against our own times, has its modern counterpart.

Dancing, for example. Her dancing, so we read in all the letters and chronicles of the times, was a thing to marvel at. She had been instructed in the art by Messer Lavagnolo, who was considered the greatest teacher [Continued on page 114]

*I Tried to Bring Perfection  
to South Kidney, So*

# I Turned My Garage into a Beauty Shoppe

*By*

DONALD OGDEN STEWART

*Drawing  
by  
HELEN E.  
HOKINSON*



**T**HIS is the story of one couple's unfortunate fight to bring refinement to a small town. We had come to South Kidney, Ohio—my wife and I—primarily because we had found that we were spending over eight hundred dollars a month in New York for flowers—flowers for our friends' birthdays, flowers for our friends' tonsils, flowers when they sailed for Europe, flowers when they had babies. It may have been that we selected the wrong friends or it may have been that the climate in New York is peculiar—but the fact remained that after eleven months we were faced with the fact that we must choose between paying the rent or asking our friends not to have any more babies—and as a compromise measure we moved to South Kidney. We felt that flowers ought to be cheaper in Ohio.

They were. Everything was cheaper—including rent. For eighty-five dollars a month we got a lovely house. We had a garden, and grew our own flowers—at least, there was plenty of room behind the house for a garden and all it needed was a little spading and a few seeds and we would begin saving three or four hundred dollars a month just on roses alone. And there was an empty garage. Everything seemed perfect.

As a matter of fact, everything *was* perfect—for a while. I got quite a bit of spading done on odd Tuesdays, and we planted seeds of American Beauties, gardenias, orchids and lilies, and it just seemed a question of time before we could again begin writing out cards—"Many happy returns," or "Oh, what wonderful news," (the first being for birthdays, of course) when something unforeseen happened.

Not to our garden. That, in a way, was the trouble with our garden. Nothing ever seemed to happen to it.

Nor did the house burn down. Nor the garage. It was something much worse than that. It was something so unbelievable that even now as I write I can hardly understand how such a condition was allowed to exist in this so-

**"You didn't tell me you were married.  
The other hand, please"**

called civilized country. But when my wife came home that sunny afternoon and told me about it, I realized from the look in her face that she was speaking the truth. And the truth was that in the whole village of South Kidney, Ohio, there was no place where she could get a "permanent."

Our first thought was to return immediately to New York—a thought which we at once put out of our minds as cowardly. We weren't quitters, we Stewarts—and, besides, we didn't have the money to return to New York. We had spent too much for seeds. So we just pulled our belts a little tighter, smiled grimly at each other, and determined to make a go of it. And on the third day the thought came to me, "Why not set up a Beauty Shoppe of our own?" The more I thought of it, the more I became convinced that not only was it a necessity—it was a duty. We owed it to South Kidney.

**T**HE difficulties, as we faced the problem, seemed almost insurmountable. In the first place, we couldn't think of a good name. There was something not quite right about "Ye Olde South Kidney Beauty Shoppe" and we racked our brains for a substitute. Finally my wife luckily hit upon the French equivalent for the less elegant English name of the village, and in a few minutes I was happily at work on a large sign, "Ye Olde Rognon du Sud Beauty Shoppe." Not bad for a starter.

We selected the garage, naturally, as the proper place for the shoppe, but then arose the problem of what to do after our clientele arrived. Neither of us had had any experience at anything except the receiving end of the business, and we decided that perhaps a little practice would not be amiss. So we found (after a certain amount [Continued on page 119])

# Miss Fix-It

*Have You One of  
These in Your Home  
or Office? If So  
You'll Appreciate  
This Story*

*By*

MABEL McELLIOTT

ONE thing you couldn't say about Mildred Ruth Schwartz—that she shirked her job. No, Miss Schwartz was the most conscientious of all the girls in the big law office of Reilly, Kerrigan, Schabelitz and Reilly. She had, unlike the other girls, believed all you heard in business college about doing an extra bit of work, not being a clock watcher, and so forth.

Miss Schwartz was not a clock watcher. She believed firmly that to succeed you must cultivate an earnest spirit of helpfulness, including every human soul in the place, from office boy to the firm's senior member.

While other girls spent stolen moments in the wash room, adding master strokes to the portraits old Ma Nature had originally provided for them, a smear of lipstick where it would do the most good, a brush of powder fore and aft, Miss Schwartz bent earnestly over her desk, or flitted about, intent on good works. She was short and plump, wore brogues and lisle stockings and sober blue serge skirts. Her hair had not been cut and she confined its limp waves within the restraint of a net.

When all the rest of the girls swished in and out, clad coquettishly in tubelike garments of green and blue and scarlet silk, Miss Schwartz remained staid and satisfied with her sobriety. Didn't she know better than to dress unsuitably in a business office, she used to ask her chum, that kindred soul, Miss Sybil Baumgartner?

She wasn't smug about it. She was just sure that she knew better than the rest of the girls. They didn't want to get ahead, be successful, as she did. All they thought about were dates, parties, that kind of thing. She was going to be a real

business woman. That's where her helpfulness came in. If you made everybody see how thoughtful, indispensable you were, you were bound to get ahead.

Thus Miss Schwartz.

AT A quarter to eight one morning in June, she arrived at the office. No one else was there, the regular arriving hour being designated as eight-thirty, and the actual starting point of the day some thirty minutes later. But Miss Schwartz liked the sense of power, omnipotence, really, it gave her to be the only human soul in the place.

She opened the outer door with the key which Mr. Henning, the cashier, had given her. He wouldn't have trusted any of the other girls with a key, but even Mr. Henning knew that





Illustrations by  
R. F. JAMES



Elise was examining, with very acute interest, the perfumed blue envelope. Henry watched her, nervously

Mildred Ruth was different. Hadn't she helped him in a thousand ways? The first of the month, for instance, she always went over the vouchers with him, although it really wasn't her job. She enjoyed seeing what Mrs. Reilly paid for a mink coat, and it was interesting to know what the cook and second maid at the senior partner's establishment drew down every month. All the senior member's house bills went through the office. Helping out—while of course all of the office work was awfully important—why, helping out was really fun, if a girl just went at it in the right way.

It was a lovely morning, a drifting, cool ciel-blue morning in June. Just the sort of day to do good deeds and think helpful thoughts, as Miss Schwartz was doing. None of the other girls in the law office arrived at their desks imbued

with such high purpose as did Mildred Ruth Schwartz.

There was the mail, a tumbled, fascinating heap, on the desk beside the operator's switchboard. Without waiting to cast aside her sensible straw hat, Miss Schwartz sat down to sort and ponder over the letters. Bills—such an interesting looking communication from South America for Mr. Schabelitz. A square blue note for Henry Rood, Mr. Kerrigan's assistant. Ah, thought Mildred Ruth, tapping the blue envelope decisively against a switchboard key—Henry Rood was at home sick. She'd just forward that note to his home. Where was it he lived? Miss Schwartz was so efficient she didn't even have to consult the office file to learn Henry's address. She knew most of the office addresses by heart. So she wrote, in a neat, cramped hand, on the blue envelope—"Forward to

5 Willow Way, Ashton Gardens, Long Island—" and sent Henry Rood's letter on its way.

She went humming into the senior partner's office with a handful of envelopes. The cleaning woman had evidently picked up some valuable trifle in Mr. Reilly's private wash room, because in a twist of yellow paper beside the hand basin Mildred Ruth Schwartz discovered a ring, and a scrawl: "I found this, pls return to oner, Mrs. a. Glick."

This, decided Miss Schwartz, was far too valuable to lie about until such an hour as Mr. Reilly might come ambling in. She would take care of it herself. Mrs. Reilly had probably stopped after the theater last night, with her husband, and had left it there. Mildred knew about the theater because she, in her eternal spirit of helpfulness, had telephoned Mrs. Reilly that the tickets were arranged for. The ring was an exquisite affair of platinum and diamonds, with one insolent pigeon blood ruby centered in the general blaze of opulence. Mildred Ruth put it into her handbag.

She went into her own beloved coop, stripped off gloves and sober jacket, and hung her hat fondly on the top flange of a dismal mahogany clothes rack. Birds out in Ashton Gardens and in other places were singing psalms to the ciel-blue day and inviting all humans out of doors, but Mildred Ruth Schwartz was happy where she was, thank you very much! She had her proper niche and she knew it.

WHEN Mr. Henning, the cashier, came in at nine-fifteen, rather nervous and out of breath, she was already typing out neat vouchers to go with the first-of-the-month checks. She had paper cuffs fitted sedately over the sleeves of her severe white blouse. Her near-sighted eyes, her powderless brow and nose, all fairly shone with earnestness and good will. She stepped in and out of the vault briskly; she rattled the cigar box holding petty cash to remind Mr. Henning they'd better write out a check for current expenses that very morning; she remembered to run downstairs to the sub-station for stamps.

When Mr. Kerrigan rushed out at lunch time, she heard him mutter a hurried direction to Miss Todd, his secretary—something about holding that South American until he came in. She knew the fellow? Oh, all right. Mildred Ruth saw Miss Todd put on her own chic hat thirty minutes later, and sally forth in search of sustenance and a few choice bargains, and she resolved virtuously to wait around until Mr. Kerrigan's important caller arrived. She, herself, would see to it that his will was done in that quarter.

A Latin looking gentleman in spats and a cream-colored hat arrived at twelve forty-five, and was thereupon duly seized, welcomed by Mildred Ruth Schwartz, and ensconced in the antique Spanish chair Mr. Kerrigan kept for notables. Mildred Ruth took his card. He was Don Sebastian something or other. She provided him with the Wall Street Journal, a Christmas number of Vogue and True Confessions. On second thought, she ran back and offered him some cigars from

Mr. Kerrigan's private stock for special clients. These he took.

Just as she was preparing to go out to lunch—a mere matter of washing her hands and tightening her net until the waves sat at a primmer angle—Mildred Ruth heard the cultivated voice of Mrs. Harmon St. Denis Reilly in the inner office. Miss Spillberger was saying, "No, Mrs. Reilly, he hasn't been in. He went straight down to Criminal Courts Building, telephoned he'd be here at two o'clock."

Naturally, Mildred Ruth bethought herself of the ruby ring. It was just as well to let Mrs. Reilly know in whose tender care it had been reposing all this while. She intercepted that lady, all soft chiffons and subtle scent, at the outer door. "I've been taking the best care of this," she said. Miss Schwartz prided herself on just the proper blending of respect and cheerful friendliness, when addressing her employer's wife. "I said to myself, when I picked it up in Mr. Reilly's room

this morning—I get down first, you know—that I knew you'd be back for it pretty soon. Too valuable to lose," finished the helpful one, shaking a playful finger.

It was funny, she thought later, Mrs. Reilly had hardly said thank you at all—just pushed the ring into her bag and fluttered into the elevator. Those society women had no manners. Didn't everybody say so?

Then, secure in the consciousness of a morning well spent, she went out to lunch.

HENRY ROOD had a nice little place in Ashton Gardens. Only fifty feet front, of course, but it was nicely landscaped and there was a flagstone walk and, especially in June when the tulips lingered on and the pansies had just been set out, it was pretty nice.

Henry thought so and Elise, his wife, agreed with him. Elise and Henry were a happy young married couple. Henry had been a popular bachelor and Elise had been jealous of a lot of girls, but after you've been married for three years, Elise said, and knew your husband as well as she did, jealousy was just plain "dumb." She didn't have any cause to be jealous any more, and Henry was glad, because when Elise got that bee in her bonnet, there was no living with her. What an imagination that girl had!

Henry was sitting in a deck chair in the garden at the rear of the house, admiring his peony plants and dipping his head every now and then to read bits of fascinating information in a garden guide. He was getting over

a rather severe attack of ptomaine and this was his first day out of doors.

Mr. Reilly and Mr. Kerrigan had been awfully decent—hadn't bothered him with office business. It was good to have an interval of perfect peace from work, even if you had to be sick to get it. Henry frowned, suddenly remembering the persistent office telephone calls of that Wilks girl, who had known Elise at dramatic school, and who persisted in vamping him at odd hours. Of course, Elise didn't know anything about it—good enough! Henry felt foolish about it. He was too soft hearted, that was what Elise always said. Maybe that was why he'd been unable to be actually rude to the girl when she had started making eyes. She'd met him at lunch one day at his favorite restaurant, and after that it seemed as if she were always crossing his path.

At that precise moment the postman ambled along Willow

## You Tell 'Em

By BERTON BRALEY

WELLESLEY, Vassar and Barnard and Smith,  
Bryn Mawr and Radcliffe and all the rest of 'em.

How do the facts coincide with the myth?

What is the truth to be frankly expressed of 'em?

How does a college girl look to the eye?

How can you tell 'em, alone or collectively?

Do they have brows that are loftily high?

Do they talk Latin and think introspectively?

Listen, I'll slip you a bit of a hunch:

Some aren't so pretty, and some are much prettier;

You'll find a dumbbell or two in the bunch;

Then you'll find others decidedly wittier.

Some are exceedingly fluffy and gay;

Others are given to matters more serious;

Some of 'em act in a kittenish way;

Others are stately and proud and imperious.

Some of them cuddle, and others do not;

Some love athletics and others don't care for them;

Some dream of love in a vine-covered cot;

Others think life holds a prize that is rare for them;

Some of them silly, and some of them wise,

Some fond of truth and some given to lies;

Each looks at life with a different slant.

"All that is true of all women," you claim,

"How can I tell a collegiate dame?"

That's the joke, Buddy—you can't!



Mildred Ruth extended the ruby ring in an efficient, helpful hand. "When I picked it up in your husband's room," she said cheerfully, "I knew that you'd be back for it"

Way. He deposited two circulars, a bill, and a square blue envelope at number 5. Then he blew his whistle in a shrill, defiant blast. Elise, who was just coming out with a glass of milk for the invalid, paused and swept up the litter. She examined all with interest, especially the communication last named. The handwriting looked vaguely familiar.

So it was that Henry read, with considerable embarrassment, a note from the ubiquitous May Wilks, under the very large, very blue and very suspicious eyes of his young wife. "Darling," began May. And it really didn't mean a thing—May was the sort of girl who calls every man she has a bowing acquaintance with, "Darling." "Darling, so sorry to hear from the telephone girl that you are ill. Do get well soon. Have so missed you at our favorite luncheon place."

Useless for the luckless Henry to protest the truth, as Elise's accusing eyes devoured the words of the note he proffered her. "Serpent," hissed Elise! "Wasn't she here for tea a week ago Sunday, nice as pie. Making passes at you! I'll fix her. Darling! Darling!" mocked an enraged Elise.

Poor Henry. The perfection of the day, his peonies, the loving, trustful atmosphere of his home, all were destroyed. "I think," muttered the poor fellow, tottering on unsteady feet back to the shelter of his own room, "I think I'm probably due for a relapse." And under his heel he ground the blue note which the helpful Miss Schwartz had forwarded.

**Y**OUNG Mr. Kerrigan, bubbling with joie de vivre, came spankingly out of the House of Records and sprinted up Broadway towards the office. The gray canyon below the Woolworth building was full of June, and Mr. Kerrigan was

full of it, too. He expected to start on his vacation the following morning, trout fishing in the north woods. He panted to be up and away. Lucky he'd avoided testifying in that Merrick Road case. He'd been smart enough to slide out of it, and once out of town, they could never bother him.

If only the Senor What's-his-name arrived that afternoon with the records in that Brazil mine business, he could clear his desk and get out of New York with a good conscience. He fairly burst into his own office, and slammed down his brief case. That everlasting Miss Schwartz, all round eyes and smiles, had cheeped something at him about the South American gentleman, as he passed by. Even so, he wasn't quite prepared to be served a summons by Don Sebastian, an erstwhile dancing master, who had taken up process serving.

A summons in the Merrick Road case! Good-by fishing trip! June in the canyon below the Woolworth Building looked suddenly gray to young Mr. Kerrigan, as Don Sebastian, smoothing his cream-colored hat, passed smugly out.

**H**ARMON ST. DENIS REILLY rode up into Westchester on the five-thirty in the club car. Iron gray, perfectly tailored, he was the artist's idea of the perfect man of affairs. A chauffeur in a buff-colored touring car, with a separate, intricate windshield for the special protection of the overlord in the rear seat, awaited him. As the car swept under the porte cochere of an imposing fieldstone villa close by the boat-flecked Sound, cool and reassuring murmurs met the ears of Harmon St. Denis Reilly. There was the chirp of birds, the plash of mermaids at the semi-circle of beach beyond; above and over all there was the [Continued on page 95]

# LOVE'S OLD

*Eric Was Certainly a Glutton for Punishment. That's Why the Old Song Sounded So Pretty To Him—At First*

**E**RIC WIMPLE had shrew trouble. He was out to cure it. For ten years he had suffered from shrew trouble and he was looking for last straws.

Since the day Eric was married, his shrew—that is Mrs. Wimple—would say to him:

"You love me, dear, don't you?"

"Sure I love you, honey," he would answer. "Of course, I love you."

"Eric, do you really love me?"

"Ah, Cele, darling, there's nothing I love more. You're the sweetest, most gorgeous, divine thing in the world. Your hair! Your eyes! Your ruby lips! Your white—"

"That ain't love, Eric. It's just the animal in you. I know, Eric. You saw some blonde in the subway. That's why you're carrying on. It ain't me. You're thinking of the blonde."

"Honey, how can you say such a thing? There wasn't a blonde in the whole nine cars!"

"Oho! So then you were looking for blondes? Dare deny it!"

"But darling, I tell you you're the only woman—"

"Right now, maybe!!"

"Whaddaya mean, right now maybe?"

"Just at the moment, while I'm still young I feel I can trust you. But I know. You men are all animals."

"But honey, dear—"

"Eric, you're true to me, aren't you?"

"Why, Cele, of course I'm true to you?"

"Eric, are you really true to me?"

"Sure, I'm really true to you. Want an affidavit?"

"But you won't always be true!"

Somehow at these words Eric felt a slight thrill. But at her very next ones the thrill gave way to a decided chill.

"If I ever catch you," she snapped, "I'll break your neck!!"

"Now lookit here kid. There'll be plenty of time to worry about that when I—"

"Oho! So you are expecting to? You admit it brazenly! I suppose you'll have the crust to bring the blonde huzzy right into my very home! Oh, I've known men to do that and their poor wives sit by in silence. But I won't I tell you, Eric Wimple, I won't!"

"For Pete's sake, Cele, who said anything about a blonde?"



Eric's wife objected to him riding in a taxi with another woman



# SOUR SONG

By

MILT GROSS

(Drawings, Too)



Romance! Eh what?

"Well, then, it's a brunette!" She stopped short. "A brunette—" she repeated vaguely, as if searching her memory. Then suddenly, with great satisfaction, "Now I know! It's all clear now!"

"Know what?"

"Now I know why you were so darned anxious to see that Lon Chaney picture. You kept pestering me, didn't you, ha? It wasn't Lon Chaney at all. It was that brunette in the picture! Eric Wimple, dare to deny it! Come to think of it, I noticed you all during the picture. Oh, you may think you're wise—but you can't put anything over on me!"

"LISTEN, what do you want me to do? Go around with a pair of blinders? I can't help it if there happens to be one or two women in the subway when I decide to ride home. I can't have 'em arrested if they look at me."

"Oh, don't flatter yourself that any woman can see anything in you! I'm not worried about any of 'em falling for you! It's just that you're one of those simps that any woman can spin around in her little finger. You—a he-vamp! HA! HA! HA! They made John Gilbert and they made Ramon Navarro and then they said, 'Now we'll make some funny ones' and they turned you out. All work and no play, you know, makes a dull—"

But Eric was beginning to seethe. "I'll show her," he muttered. "She'll go too far. She'll drive me to it. Some night, I just won't come home for supper."

that they care for you. As far as they're concerned you could hang yourself (off a door-knob, you runt) but they just use you for your money. And fool that I am, I put everything in the bank on your name! Saving it all for your second wife, I suppose. Oh, yes, the house'll be all nice and clean when I get back. You'll see to that. You'll have some one clean out all the empty bottles and Heaven knows what else! Well, now that I'm gone you're happy that you don't have to have your mail addressed to the office for a while—"

Eric read no further. Calmly he rose and with a well directed kick sent the table and its paraphernalia flying. Then he said, "I'll cure her. Once and for all, I'll cure her!"

He dug into his inside vest pocket and got out the slip of paper with the telephone number on it. "Idlewild 0084." "Idlewild," he repeated softly. Sounded like the Hanging Gardens of Babylon. Languorous! Ravishing! Just like its owner—a fair, pale flower. Perfumed ivory cheeks! Lips like roses! Framed in the seductive setting of splashing fountains, ferns and thick carpets of the hotel patio where he had first gazed upon her.

Eric's mistaking a tumbler of gin for water at a business luncheon in the hotel had had something to do with the meeting. He was a bit vague on the details but remembered waking up next day with her phone number.

"I'll do it!" he muttered. "I will call her!"

He sidled into the drug store and sneaked into a booth, first making sure the ones on each side [Continued on page 96]

Came the summer and away went Cele, having gotten three tirades ahead of schedule to hold Eric till the mail could bring him another from where she was stopping. It arrived post-marked Lake Hopatcong, N. J., just as he sat down to his dinner of ginger ale and a tin of sardines.

"Dear Liar," it read, "Just got your last pack of lies and you're crazier than I think you are (if possible) if you expect me to fall for that line. Now that your wife is out of town, no one is happier than you. I suppose you're stepping out, having a wild time with all your girl friends. Not



# The Ultimate Woman

By ACHMED ABDULLAH

"I'M GOING up to my room," said the Russian Grand Duke, "to get some of my own cigarettes. And if in the meantime that little girl should come again—"

"What has she to do with you?" Owen Townsend interrupted, sitting down at a small table on the veranda of the Grand Hotel.

"Not a thing," admitted the Grand Duke. "Isn't my type. But she seems to have a great deal to do with you—at least your thoughts—"

"I fail to see—"

"But I didn't fail to hear. You talked about her most of the day. Take my advice—"

"And shut up?"

"On the contrary. Speak. But to her. Not to me. Walk over to her table. Make your prettiest bow. Introduce yourself. And if—not too blatantly—you can mention that you're the Owen Townsend, millionaire, American diplomat, polo player and what-not, half your battle is won."

"I'm not in the habit of speaking to girls I don't know."

"And yet three weeks ago in Paris—wasn't her name Yvonne?"



Illustrations by  
CLARK AGNEW

It wasn't, thought Owen, the sort of place one would find at home. Perhaps, for the first time in his life, the American was aware of his Puritan blood and morals

### *She Happens, Just Once in a Lifetime, to Every Man—If He's Lucky!*

"That was a horse of a different color," came the answer. "A brunette," mocked the Grand Duke, "while Miss Chalmers is a blonde?"

"Don't be an ass, Boris. The girl in Paris was French—and obviously a bit—er—different."

"While Miss Chalmers is an American?"

"Yes. And decent—straight—"

"Ah!" exclaimed the Russian. "How I envy your national—what's the word?—oh, yes—nerve!"

"Nerve?"

"Precisely. Calmly claiming that feminine virtue follows your flag—like trade."

"I claim nothing of the sort. But I'm willing to believe the best of an American girl until I know the worst."

"Then what about Miss Chalmers?"

"You know nothing about her!" Owen flared up at him.

"But I can add two and two. Here is this young girl—arrives yesterday—lives alone in a Constantinople hotel—"

"Our girls are emancipated."

"Please let me finish. Saw who called on her last night?"

"Tcherkess Sabri Pasha."

**F**AMILIAR with his reputation in Paris, aren't you? The naughtiest Pasha in all Turkey. There was a story about a notorious demi-mondaine who refused to be seen with him—said it would hurt her social standing. And this same gentleman calls on the irreproachable Miss Chalmers. Comes again today for lunch. Again before dinner tonight. Brings her flowers. Buys her a cocktail in the grill room. Kisses her hand—"

"Snooping round to find out things, were you, Boris?"  
 "Yes. And eavesdropping. I love snooping and eavesdropping. I heard her say, 'I'll drive over tonight.' Heard his reply, 'It might be more discreet during daytime.' Then she said with a laugh, 'No. Tonight. Since I'm selling out I might as well get a real kick out of it.'" The Grand Duke paused; went on, "What do you think, Owen?"

"You're no judge of human nature. Why the pure delicacy of her features, her wonderful, serious eyes—there's magic in her eyes—clean woodland magic—"

"I know all about that," said the Russian. "Seven times, in the happy days before the Bolshevik revolution, I ruined myself financially because of a woman. And the last time for just such a girl with—what was your lyrical way of putting it?—woodland magic in her eyes. Foxes, too, are woodland creatures—and snakes—and—"

"Oh!" cried the other exasperatedly. "You're beginning to bore me. Do run along and get your cigarettes!"

The Grand Duke laughed. He and the American were old friends. So they insulted each other freely. He walked away, while Owen ordered after-dinner demi-tasse and Chartreuse and watched the men and women who poured from the dining room—heard a froth of greetings in English, Italian, French, German, as rapidly scribbled addresses were slipped into narrow hands. A half dozen love affairs were positively finished, another half dozen tentatively begun.

"Constantinople!" he thought—and made a grimace.

THE trip had been the idea of the Grand Duke who had been complaining that the side-car cocktails at the Ritz bar in Paris were making him bilious.

"Cut out the cocktails," Owen had advised.

"Impossible as long as I frequent the Ritz."

"Cut out the Ritz."

"Impossible as long as I live in Paris."

"Cut out Paris."

"Now you're talking. Shall we leave tomorrow?"

"We?"

"You and I. We like different types of women and the same brands of champagne. Ideal traveling companions."

"But I've work to do here."

"The Ambassador will be able to spare your massive brain for a couple of weeks."

"I guess so. Where'll we go?"

"Ever been to Constantinople?"

"No."

"You'll like it. Splendid place."

"Unsanitary, I understand."

"Don't be so brutally Anglo-Saxon! It's romantic—gloriously romantic! I'll be your guide."

Boris had described Constantinople in glowing terms, and Owen had imagined he would find a city of zigzagging, medieval, fanatical alleys; of cluttered, crimson-and-silver bazaars; of veiled women and bearded, hawkish, turbaned men stalking along with a threat and crackle of steel; of poignant drama lurking around every corner; of squat mosques topped by lance-shaped minarets—in other words, a gorgeously illustrated, de luxe picture book Constantinople.

But the Grand Duke, having left Paris to get away from the Ritz side-car cocktails, was now making an intensive study of the same cocktails as shaken up behind the bar of the Grand Hotel. He replied with a maddening, dilatory—"Tomorrow!" to all his friend's suggestions to step out a bit, cross Galata Bridge, and investigate the mysteries of the Orient. Thus, instead of a picture book Constantinople, Owen had so far only found a hodgepodge of a town that was more like a shoddy backstairs of Fifth Avenue, Mayfair and the Boulevards.

But he was not altogether disappointed. For though it was stucco and spangles and tinsel, it was somehow amusing.

"Quite amusing!" he reflected, watching the other veranda tables gradually crowding with people.

"Hollywood with a dash of Broadway!" was his silent, cynical comparison. "Superbly staged—and everything unreal, faked! Still—quite, quite amusing. Worth the price of admission!"

Besides, there was the girl!

He wondered if she would come out on the veranda tonight; wondered, a little guiltily, if the Grand Duke could be right about her.

"Oh," came his unspoken wish—a rather naive wish for a modern young man who prided himself on his diamond-hard sophistication—"I hope she isn't!"

And then a clear, chilly voice cut into his reverie:

"I've been debating with myself if I should tell you!"

He turned. He saw Miss Chalmers coming from around a bank of potted palms in back of him. He was startled; rose; upset his glass of Chartreuse. Good Lord! Had she been there long? Had she overheard his conversation with the Grand Duke?

The next moment he knew. For the girl, walking up to his table, continued, "I will tell you!"

"Wh-wh-what?" he stammered.

"That my morals, or lack of morals, are neither your business, nor your friend's!"

In the next fraction of a second three thoughts flashed through his brain.

His first—seeing her so slim and lissome, in a frock of two-toned lamé gold that, blending with the gold of her bobbed hair, brought out the ivory sheen of her small, oval face and the depth of her bluish-black eyes—his first thought was:

"How lovely she is!"

His second thought was:

"Doesn't she look angry!"

And his third:

"Why should she be angry at me? At Boris? Yes. But I took her part, defended her. I'll tell her so."

He bowed.

"Are you angry at me, Miss Chalmers?" he asked.

"I'm furious."

"At me?"

"Don't repeat 'at me! at me! at me!' as if you were a silly parrot. I heard every word you two said."

"Then you know I insisted that you—"

"Oh, yes. You announced you'd keep on thinking the best of me—until you knew the worst."

Heavens, he thought, had he put it just that way? No wonder she was furious. He'd have to square things somehow. Maybe he'd better start, formally, by introducing himself.

Again he bowed. "If you'll permit me, my name is—"

"I know! You are *the* Owen Townsend—millionaire, diplomat, polo player and what-not. And now that's off your chest your battle is half won. Didn't you say so?"

"I didn't!" he expostulated. "Boris did!"

SHE paid no attention to his denial. How big he was, she thought. Twice her size, and not bad looking—and so fussed—like a little boy caught in the jam closet! She'd make him still more embarrassed, and she went on:

"And do you know what else you are—besides being *the* Owen Townsend? I'll tell you. You're a gossiping old hen!"

"But—"

"Two gossiping old hens, you and your friend! Tatting, whispering, like the rocking chair brigade on the porch of some Maine summer hotel!"

And then, knowing less about women than he imagined he did, he made a grave error. For he apologized, which, naturally, convinced her that she was absolutely right in being angry, and made her yet more so.

"I shall never forgive you!" she declared.

### Announcing A New Department—

Every one wants to know which fork to use, and how to use it. Every one wants to know what words to say—and how to say them. Conversation, ordering a meal, writing a letter, acknowledging an introduction—they are all arts!

Helen Hathaway, latest contributor to SMART SET'S Service Section, will give you advice on these arts in her forthcoming talks on etiquette. Her first article will appear in the September issue.



"Do you know what you are," said the girl "besides being the Owen Townsend? I'll tell you! You're a gossiping old hen and you love me"



"Let's talk it over. Won't you sit down and smoke a cigarette?"

"No!" She stood there, a tiny, golden doll, a head below him, eyes blazing with a deep-blue flame. "Sit down at *your* table—smoke *your* cigarettes?"

"Why not?" He, too, was getting angry, because he knew that, unless he kept his hands where they were, in the pockets of his dinner jacket, he would take her in his arms, because he knew, at that moment, that he loved her, and—masculine logic—why should anybody he loved be so unreasonable? Didn't seem quite fair.

"What's wrong with my cigarettes?" he demanded.

"Everything's wrong with them!"

"Why?"

"Because they're yours!" A childish thing to say. At once she realized it; therefore, femininely, immediately, switched the issue. "Trouble with you is you don't know how to treat an American girl. You—with your French girls. What was her name—Yvonne? I'm no Yvonne."

And then, since he was in despair, he blurted out:

"You bet you're no Yvonne," he lied deliberately, "nor are you half as pretty as Yvonne. I never did give a whoop for blondes!"

There was but one thing for her to say, and she said it in rising accents that caused people at neighboring tables to look up and laugh.

"I hate you! If I were a man I—oh—I'd box your ears!"

And she walked off, head in the air, little heels clicking like castanets on the mosaic floor, while he stared after her, thinking, "Now I've gone and done it!" then he heard an English drawl, "My word! Gave you the jolly old raspberry, didn't she?"


Owen took a step towards the speaker.

"Shut up," he growled, "or I'll sock you one in the jaw!" Crude language for a young American diplomat, but it did the trick.

"Sorry!" said the Briton.

Owen left the veranda. In the hotel lobby he came face to face with the Grand Duke who greeted him with a jovial, "I've been snooping again! I know [Continued on page 127]"

# The Loyal Lover



Illustrations by  
JOHN ALONZO  
WILLIAMS

Mildred, as she marveled at Wally's rudeness, told herself that he didn't seem to belong in such a pleasant family group. She found herself wondering why her pretty cousin cared for him

**A**LTHOUGH she really was an American, Mildred Putnam was on her way to America for the first time since she was seven. The trip was being made in fulfillment of a promise she had made to her Uncle Martin just before his death at the old manor house in Devon.

The promise concerned the distribution of his vast fortune. Half of this was to go to Mildred, but the other half was to be divided between Uncle Martin's sister Ethel's children, Janet and Mac Holliday, if Mildred found these young Americans worthy of it. In case they were not, the money was to go to Ranulf Wycombe, an impoverished young nobleman, whom Mildred had known all her life, but would not promise to marry before she left England. She liked Ranulf, of course, but somehow she believed in love at first sight, and how could you fall in love at first sight with some one you had known all your life?

One other person was to receive a bequest from the will if she were deserving—Louise Bartine, Aunt Milly's grandniece,

but Mildred would have to find out her married name and where she lived, because Uncle Martin did not know. He had only heard stories of certain indiscretions concerning her which he did not want to believe.

**O**N SHIP Mildred met two women, Lola Redding and her daughter, Wilhelmina, and was surprised to discover that they had been in Devon to see her uncle, not having heard of his death. They also knew the Hollidays. Mildred wondered during the whole trip if Lola could be Louise Bartine. She hoped not, because there was something about her Mildred did not trust.

However, she forgot the Reddings in the excitement of landing, for as she walked down the gang plank, she had the queerest sensation. She saw a handsome stranger and when he looked up at her his face brightened and it was as if they felt between them a bond of friendship. Then it was all over and Mildred was whisked along in a taxi to her hotel.

By  
MARGARET  
WIDDEMER



MILDRED gave herself a couple of days alone in the city. She telegraphed her cousins when she would arrive, and then gave herself up to a feeling of being lost—happily lost, dropped out of time and space in a new world. She wanted a breathing space for dreams and adventure before she began on the next phase of her life.

If in the background of her mind Mildred looked a little as she went about in busses and taxis, to theaters and strange little restaurants, for the dark lifted head, the serious face flashing suddenly to laughter, of the man she had seen standing on the dock, she scarcely admitted it to herself.

"I don't really want to see him again," she told herself. "If I did he might turn out to be something dreadful. As it is—"

She did not quite say to herself what it was. But she knew.

*Mildred Comes to the End of  
Her Long Journey—And to the  
Beginning of a New Adventure*

Something to keep, somehow—something not quite like anything else that had ever happened to her.

In the meantime she had to see Uncle Martin's American lawyer, and get clear in her mind again the terms of the will, which had been probated also in America.

He was pleasant enough, and it did not take long. A small, adequate fortune was to be left to both Janet and Mackenzie Holliday if Mildred considered either of them worthy of it after a summer spent with them. If she did not, either share or both went to Ranulf Wycombe, to be applied to the re-establishment of the Wycombe estates. Mildred herself had the bulk of the estate, of course, a stable return from bonds giving her an income of about three hundred thousand a year. There were bequests to charities, mostly English, naturally, as Uncle Martin had been an expatriate so long.

A CODICIL dealt with Louise Bartine. There Mildred was to use her discretion. If Mildred found her in need of help, and worthy of that help, a yearly income was to be given to her for life. If she was not in need, or if she was not a desirable beneficiary, the money went, instead, to a New York hospital.

"Your uncle had great faith in your judgment," the lawyer said, looking at her through his horn-rimmed glasses.

"I know. I wish he hadn't. But there was no other way," Mildred answered a little nervously.

"I am sure he was justified," the lawyer added courteously. "You think you have all the data now? This is informal, in a way. He requested, as you know, that the terms of the will remain unknown until autumn, by which time you will have made your decision. I gather that your aunt and uncle do not know that Mr. Putnam was at all well off."

Mildred had not realized that. Oh, dear, romantic Uncle Martin with his Cinderella ideas!

"But that isn't quite fair to my cousins," she said gravely. "If they are in a position where the support of an additional person is hard, they can't be as nice to me as they might want to be."

The lawyer smiled. "I think your uncle's confidence in your judgment was justified," he said. "You need not trouble about that. Mr. Holliday makes a good income and lives in a very ample way."

There seemed very little more to say. She went back to her hotel, and took herself to the Statue of Liberty, and then went to a musical comedy. Being in America in itself was exciting. And before her lay the people Uncle Martin had always talked about, her own people, after all.

SHE was prepared for the magnificent distances, and she found herself enjoying the Pullmans, which English travelers had said were so garish and so theoretically comfortable and yet really uncomfortable. But she had to make the last day of her trip in a queer little day coach. Pullmans evidently drew the line at altitude. No more suave porters or pivoting chairs or little tables to play solitaire on, but red velvet seats with curious, movable backs, and a conductor and brakeman who considered themselves on an equality with such of the passengers as they liked and as obviously superior to the ones they didn't like.

It was fortunately cool in the car as they went higher and higher up the mountains. Her seat after all was not bad. The people around her were comfortable and gay. They were not in the least subdued by any consciousness of being in public places.

There were not many people in this car. There was a group not far from her, consisting of a stout woman, a slim girl and a usual-sized woman. They were all overdressed and all eating chocolates from a gorgeous box and all screaming without effort above the noise of the ascending train. Mildred could

not help hearing most of the conversation, which seemed to have to do with the young girl's engagement. These were typical Americans, she supposed with a certain distaste, but she listened with interest.

"What I say is, he's so understanding!" the young girl was crying aloud to the whole car. "He reads such deep things. What he says is, 'Gladys, you just give me a little parlor to sit in and an improving book to read aloud to you, and I don't care for these silly jazz pleasures!'"

"He's so responsible!" the mother screamed beamingly to the auditor in her turn. "He talks about automobile tires all the time. He sells them!"

Mildred turned her face away. She didn't want to laugh where they could see her. And her turn brought her full in view of the man across the aisle behind her. Their eyes caught, and they smiled irrepressibly together. It was the dark man of the dock.

Mildred caught her breath. She hoped she did not color. As for him, after that one quick glance of unconscious, gay sympathy, he went back to his magazine staidly.

She did not suppose that even in America, the land of the extremely free, men spoke to girls without being introduced to them. At least gentlemen did not in Uncle Martin's America, and that of Mr. Whitney wasn't one she wanted to find. . . . And yet . . . this man with the steadied eyes and the laughing mouth was going where she was going, for a little way at least.

If she only knew what a girl of this year could do without going too far? Uncle Martin's grandniece, of course, could do nothing.

The plush of her seat was hot. She rose and threw her raincoat over the upholstery, and as she rose she felt, suddenly, that the dark man who laughed was as acutely conscious of her as she was of him. Nothing she did escaped him. She could see herself, mentally, with a wave of thankfulness. Tall, slim, well and quietly dressed, with the widely set long eyes she knew were noticeable, and the golden brown hair that flared out in rings against her close-fitting hat, with a color in her cheeks that was a deep, clear pink from English mists, and unmistakably real.

ONLY about an hour more. The wind was blowing cooler, fresher, already, from the hills. She watched the green of the woodland with its flashes of sharp silver water between. It was beautiful. The reaches of forest the train ran between had an air of being limitless, of going on for miles. Always the air came sharper and sweeter and stimulated her as if some new exciting thing had happened.

She glanced into the glass alongside her, the glass which reflected the man who had laughed when she did. She hoped impulsively that he too felt the thrill and joy of this exciting air. But it did not seem to her, as she looked, that it vitalized him as it did her. His head had dropped against the seat back, and his eyes were shut as if he felt tired.

She stared more openly now. The overdressed people were still eating chocolates and shrieking intimacies; a hot, untidy woman with a lunch-box across the aisle had pulled herself into a semblance nearer tidiness and was reading a magazine with a flaming colored picture of a movie star on the cover. Except for these Mildred and the man were the only people left in the car. It was nearly like being alone with him. She looked at him with the same curious feeling she had had before of having known him always.

One hand, brown, blunt-fingered and capable, lay half clenched on the seat arm. Even relaxed like that he looked as if he were fighting something.

The train stopped. Gladys and her mother and the other woman got off. The woman across the aisle read avidly on, turning pages with a slow, eager absorption. Mildred looked at her time table; three-quarters of an hour more before she arrived at her own station. Two stations between. The train started again, with a long grinding of brakes as it pushed up the hill.

She glanced again at the dark man, knowing that she must stop doing it or he would open his eyes suddenly and see her. But as she did so she realized that there was more the matter with him than fatigue, or even sudden sleepiness. He had seemed so strong that it had not occurred to her that anything could be wrong. But she saw now that he was breathing irregularly, and that his lips were bluish. As she looked the

hand on the seat arm clenched tightly and he visibly struggled to breathe.

She sprang up in a moment without a thought of self-consciousness, pulled open her bag that had the little traveling medicine case Lady Wycombe had insisted on her carrying wherever she went. She was grateful for it now, though she had smiled a little at the gift secretly. One of the vials held brandy. Yes, just enough to give him. Or the ammonia—better give him that first—

SHE put her arm under his head, still with the queer sense of familiarity, spoke to him quickly, urgently, as she would have to Ranulf or Phyllis.

"Here. Lift your head a little more. Smell this— Now drink this—one more. That's good. Better now?"

His eyes had opened, and were staring at her with the same look of amused recognition.

"Drink this water or the brandy will burn your throat," she went on gently.

He spoke for the first time, smiling.

"Not it. It's as mild and lovely as Mount Vernon's sister."

The lunch-box woman had come over and was hovering about with a paper cup from the water cooler, and she looked as if she thought he were delirious. But Mildred laughed, for the queer old phrase happened to be one of Uncle Martin's, and it made the man seem more her friend than before.

He pulled himself upright, frowning.

"What a fool to faint away like an old woman! I beg your pardon for being such a bother."

"Why, you must have been in a faint all the time I thought you were asleep!" Mildred said.

"It—well, it's not a faint exactly. I got my heart shaken up and gas in my lungs about ten years ago, and the altitude came too fast for me. I'm all right," he added a little crossly. He evidently wasn't the kind who liked being made a fuss over.

"You mean," said the lunch-box woman, her curiosity in full sway, "you was one of our wounded heroes?"

The dark man frowned.

"Yes, he was," Mildred interposed for him. "But that was some time since. He'll be quite all right in a second now."

She managed to get the woman back to her seat, though she continued to stare at her wounded hero eagerly.

Mildred herself sat down across from him, quite calmly.

"How does it happen you are going into the mountains if mountains are hard on you?" she asked. "Wouldn't you be better off on the flat?"

"That's just it," he said, with a wry smile. "It is simpler, of course. But they tell me I can get acclimated to thinner air. If I can stand it by degrees, I'll be actually all right, not just something that walks around pretending to be a strong man in low altitude. But I'm sorry to have made a show of myself like this."

"But it's only me!" Mildred said, before she thought.

"But somehow it's all right with you," he said almost in a breath with her words. He caught himself up and made it light by adding, "The other lady's so thrilled!" He glanced over to where the woman sat unwillingly reading, but unquestionably concentrated on him still, hungry, provincial curiosity written on every curve.

IT WAS so, anyway; with them it was all right. "But you shouldn't go any farther into altitude," Mildred said hastily, scarcely knowing what she said.

"Oh, I'm not. It's about the same level here for a long time. I have a little shack four stations further on. Jim will meet me with the wagon."

"I leave a station before yours," she said. "I shall have to turn you over then to the tender care of the—other lady!"

His eyes brightened with fun at this. Then suddenly his face changed again, as if her careless words had suggested something he wanted to forget. Well, no wonder, with that trial to carry always!

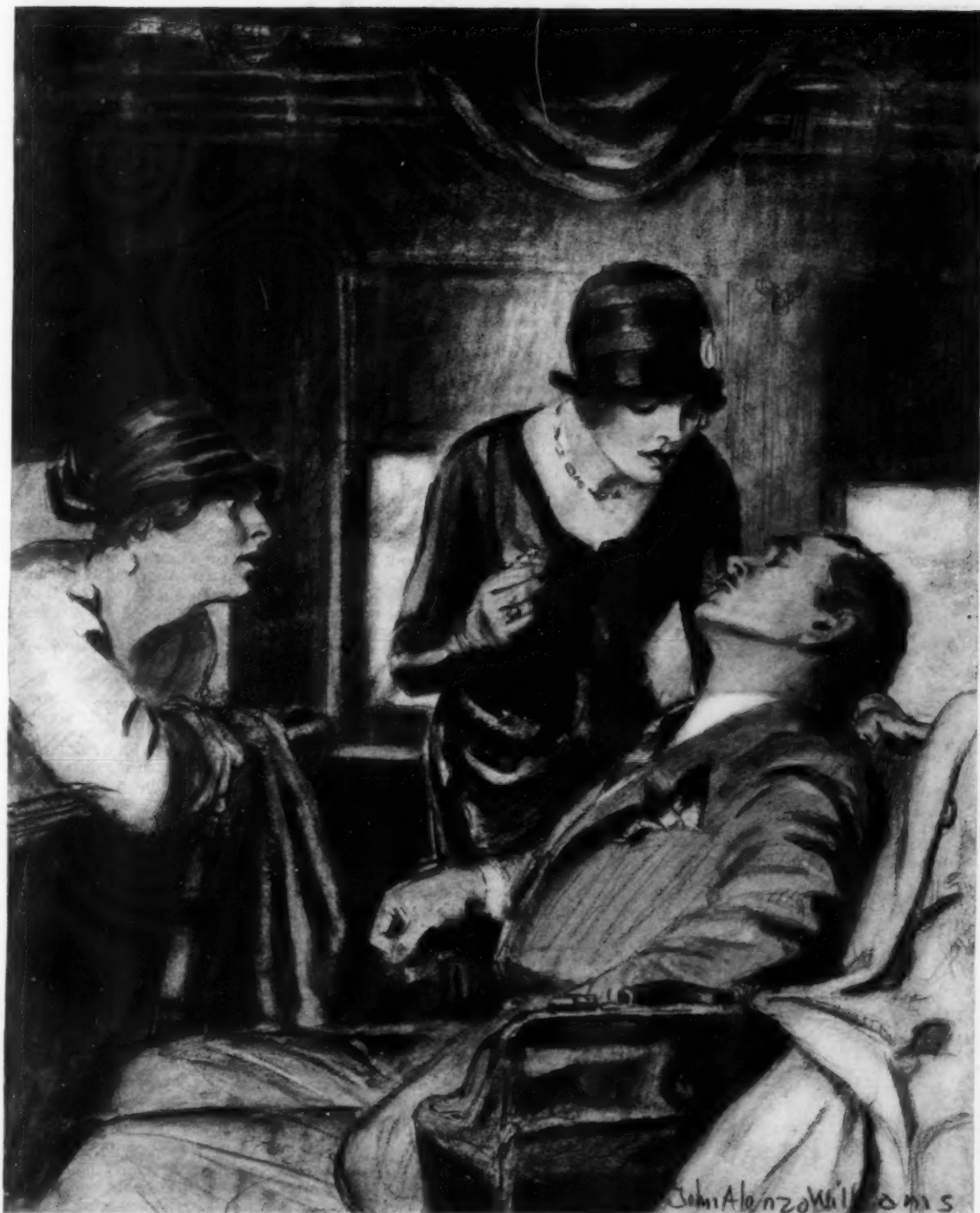
"Is it getting you again?" she asked with careful casualness.

"That? Oh, no. I feel fine. . . . You're being met, I hope. Otherwise you'll have a bad time getting wherever you're going."

"I think there'll be an equivalent of Jim and the wagon," she told him. "I telegraphed ahead."

She was on the point of impulsively [Continued on page 131]





While the other woman stared and gasped, Mildred put her hand under the man's head. As she did so she noticed that his hands were clenched—that he was visibly struggling to breathe. "Here," she said, holding the vial to his pallid lips, "try to drink this. It will help you. You'll be better in a minute, I'm sure"

# What \$100 Did for

*How to Be Your Own Fairy Godmother—In One Simple Lesson*



Winnie before the great transformation scene, a pretty girl with a positive genius for bringing out her bad points; a charming girl completely extinguished by a dull dress, a drab hat and a meek manner

## HOW THE HUNDRED DOLLARS WAS EXPENDED

1 ensemble suit	\$29.50	Tips	2.00
1 hat	6.00	1 make-up lesson	5.00
1 pair of shoes	10.00	1 chiffon dinner dress	16.00
1 bag	4.95	1 slip-on sweater	3.00
1 pair of stockings	1.55	1 pleated sport skirt	4.95
1 pair of gloves	2.00	1 telephone call	.05
1 permanent wave	15.00		\$100.00

THE idea originated with the distinguished publisher of this magazine for young women.

"Take a girl and a hundred dollars," he said to me, "and see what it can do for her personality."

I was like the noble six hundred in the famous poem. Mine not to reason why. Mine but to do and buy. Still I liked the idea.

But when I got thinking about it, I saw there were two elements to the story—first finding a girl to be glorified and then deciding just what personality is and how a hundred dollars can affect it.

Now if sex appeal is, as some sage has remarked, the promise of being loving, personality is, certainly, the promise of being interesting.

And in what outward way does a woman reveal an inward and spiritual quality of being interesting?

Right. She reveals it by her clothes, her grooming and her poise.

Once I asked a famous movie director what he thought was the difference between personality and beauty.

"Beauty is something you look at," he said. "Personality is something you watch. Often a beautiful girl is completely devoid of personality but I have never known a girl with personality who didn't have some moments of beauty."

Thus, when this job was handed to me, I began looking for a girl whom I could make well groomed, well dressed, well poised and the possessor of the quality you love to watch—and all for the sum of one hundred dollars.

I found her in an employment agency.

I was sitting back in a corner watching girls coming to apply for office jobs when the elevator opened and my ideal girl stepped forth. She had such a meek, drab little figure topped by such a piquant, yearning little face that she attracted me instantly. Yet there was nothing extraordinary about her except her positive genius for bringing out her bad points. She was about five feet three, a medium blonde and weighed possibly a hundred and ten pounds. But as she stepped to the railing and waited for the busy head of the agency to take notice of her, she was the typical example of the girl who, even after great thought and care, succeeds in buying all the wrong clothes and totally extinguishing her own charm.

Look at the first picture in this article and you will see her as I saw her that day.

HER dress would have passed sanction with the narrowest Mrs. Grundy. It was neat, modest and correct enough, goodness knows. Of navy blue crepe, it had little white cuffs and a neat bit of a white lace collar. It was the kind of dress mother used to make and yet everything was wrong about it from the personality angle.

The length was non-committal, something no skirt length should be. It was neither long enough to be original nor short enough to be smart. The sleeves were so wide they wrinkled down the arms. The belt was tied where it made the hips look broadest. Briefly, it was dowdy.

The same was true of the girl's hat. It was felt and simply trimmed, good points both, but she wore it on the back of her head in such a way that it looked about as smart as a janitor on a polo pony.

Her shoes were plain—and dull. So was her handbag which was too big for chic, anyhow. Her gloves, which she carried, had atrocious embroidered cuffs of blue kid. Her only costume accessory—if you could call it that—was a string of pearl beads, mild as milk and just about as snappy.

Still, even as she stood there, she had all the elements of being a strikingly pretty girl, a girl with real personality.

I went over and explained my mission.

# One Girl's Personality

By JOAN EMMETT

"I'd like to take a hundred dollars and spend it on you," I said, "perhaps all of it on clothes—perhaps not—but at least to see what could be done with you."

The way her little face lighted I knew I had awakened a dream within her.

"A whole hundred dollars on me?" she cried.

"A hundred cold," I said, "spent to make you as captivating as possible. It won't take more than two days."

"And it may change my whole life," she said. "Oh, do let me do it."

So we started forth.

We began at a photographer's because I wanted to get her while she was still the skin you love to retouch. As we left the studio she told me her name and her real ambition. Her name was Winnie Rawley and like some two million other girls in America and all countries including the Scandinavian she had a secret yen to get into the movies.

"We'll make that an ideal then," I said, "and if we achieve it, even for a few days' extra work, we'll know we did give you personality."

NOW it is an amazing thing that so few girls realize that the very way they stand expresses their attitude toward life. That afternoon Winnie stood before the camera in a complete attitude of hope undirected. Her general air was that of a faithful horse attached to a vegetable cart. Anybody could have driven her in any direction. When she sat down, she slumped and gazed wistfully out at nothing whatsoever. And when she took off her hat, my worst fears were confirmed. She had one of those stiff, hard marcel's in a bob that was at once too long and too full about her face.

Hence we started our campaign on the basis of a permanent wave, a lesson in make-up and at least one correct ensemble costume.

Personally I think the ensemble mode does more for personality today than any other single factor. Personality is in itself an ensemble of effect! Appearance without appeal or appeal without appearance gets no further than a new dress with an old hat or smart shoes with darned stockings. One takes the attention from the other until the effect of each is negated. But give a girl the right hat for the right dress and the right shoes for both, plus correct gloves and bag and you become interested in her just as you become interested in any other perfect thing. And that interest is based on the fact that perfection is always rare.

It took Winnie all morning to get her permanent wave. It cost fifteen dollars plus a two dollar tip, one dollar to the chief operator and fifty cents each to his two assistants. But when she emerged from the final "setting" her hair was like a golden cap above her childish prettiness and her back hair which she had been wearing in an inconsequential little "bun" was waved in soft ringlets which clustered about the base of her head charmingly.

SIMPLE as it is today and important as it is, not many girls know the art of a good make-up. Winnie was untutored in it. Thus we went next to a make-up expert that she might know, once and for all time, the correct method for her own face.

The place we chose was no place of trick lotions, fragrances and cloistered booths. Rather it was a center to which opera stars and movie luminaries, stage actors and such retire for advice and guidance on their make-up problems.

The expert showed Winnie that her principal fault lay in choosing the wrong colors. Her powder was too dark for her fair type, her rouge was much too red. The make-up man blended the right powder for her by matching it with the tint of her skin on the inner forearm just below the elbow. Here, he argued, the flesh retains its truest shade and powder that



Winnie, the second, or what an ensemble effect can do. Her dowdy dress is replaced by a gay, printed model of correct length and size. A chic straw hat sits properly upon her pretty head. Her bag, gloves, and shoes make a unit of smartness. And all this was gathered for \$54.00



**Behold the butterfly or Winnie as living proof of the modern truth that no girl must be born beautiful to look beautiful. The secret of a good make-up is within reach of every one, and what a good wave can do is often little less than miraculous**

matches it will be extremely flattering to the face. Rouge, he said, should be one shade lighter than the natural coloring of the lips for street wear and two shades lighter under electricity.

Since she had an average skin, he taught the girl to use the lightest of cold cream bases, and then to apply the rouge on her cheeks—it was paste rouge—in a triangle of color radiating out from the base of the nose to the cheek bones and down to the base of the jawline. Winnie, her hair swathed in a towel, easily mastered this together with the fine art of rouging her upper lip slightly heavier than her lower one. Then she learned to pat her powder on with a large puff instead of wiping it off her face like dust off a table top.

Lingering powder she wiped off her lashes and brows with a tiny brush dipped in hot water and followed this by a dash of imported brown mascara—the imported variety is tear and laughter proof—on her lashes.

That make-up lesson cost five dollars and took an hour but one glance at Winnie and we both knew it was a wise investment. Her skin glowed translucent as a pearl. Her lips were like twin carnations and her eyes seemed twice as large as originally.

Which was enough for one day.

**N**EXT morning my experience with New York shops and shopping problems helped us when we sought to get Winnie a smart ensemble for a moderate price. There was no trouble fitting her. She was a perfect fourteen. It came down to a matter of selection. We finally decided upon the ensemble in which she is here shown because it was smart,

because it was practical and because it could be used in individual units and still be charming.

We bought a print dress because prints are good every season and always becoming; a print with a black ground because the season's better prints all have black grounds and moreover they save cleaning bills. But we finally decided upon it because the little two-piece dress worn without the coat made a delightful afternoon frock; the skirt worn with a sweater instead of the blouse became a dashing sports costume; the little coat worn over a dress of solid color created a "separate jacket" outfit so very important this year.

This jewel of an ensemble cost us a mere \$29.50.

Then we went after shoes. For two reasons we didn't get cheap ones. Cheap shoes are not good buys because they do not wear well and because, generally speaking, they are hard on the feet. Tired feet make a tired face and damage the pocket book since nothing eventually is more expensive than feet that have become misshapen.

Winnie has model size feet—four and a half B's—but we wanted to make them appear even smaller. We chose snakeskin pumps with tiny tongues and beige bows. The reason for the snakeskin is its smartness both for dress and sports wear. So another ten dollars bit the dust. Stockings in a matching shade cost \$1.55.

We bought an envelope purse of imitation snakeskin to match the shoes. That cost \$4.95. A pair of beige washable slip-on gloves cost another \$2.00.

Naturally we needed a perfect hat to top it all. We decided upon a black hat of shiny Paris Meme since every smart girl's wardrobe must contain one black hat and since Paris Meme is the newest of straws. We got an "off-the-face" model to keep Winnie to the "small headsize" appearance which is the first principle of current chic. We spent six dollars, making the whole ensemble cost us \$54.00. We still had \$24.00 to spend.

We dove into two bargain basements. In the first for \$16.00 we got a sleeveless printed chiffon dress, of rose and gold, that could do duty as a dinner or dancing dress. In another bargain basement we picked up a little slip-over sweater for \$3.00 and a gay, pleated skirt for \$4.95. In other words, we now had Winnie clad from top to toe from morning to midnight. She had a wave in her hair and a high light on her face. We added up. We had spent exactly \$99.95.

**WE WENT** to a real fashion photographer's to record the transformation of Winnie. The kid capered about, much too pleased with herself to stand still long. "I feel like a girl at a country club," she cried one moment and then the next, "Oh, I feel so gay. I'm going around to see all the casting directors once again before I settle on a typing job."

The man behind the camera was watching Winnie.

"Say," he said, "they need girls out at Famous Players for 'Glorifying the American Girl.' I bet they'd use you."

I thought of the \$99.95. "That's what we do with the final nickel," I said and tossed it over to her.

So Winnie rushed to the telephone, laughing excitedly. I looked at her and was proud of our work. In her ensemble suit, topped by her black hat properly pulled down on her head and with her new curls framing her pretty, eager face, she was adorable. And yet what had been done with her was no more than what could be done with any girl.

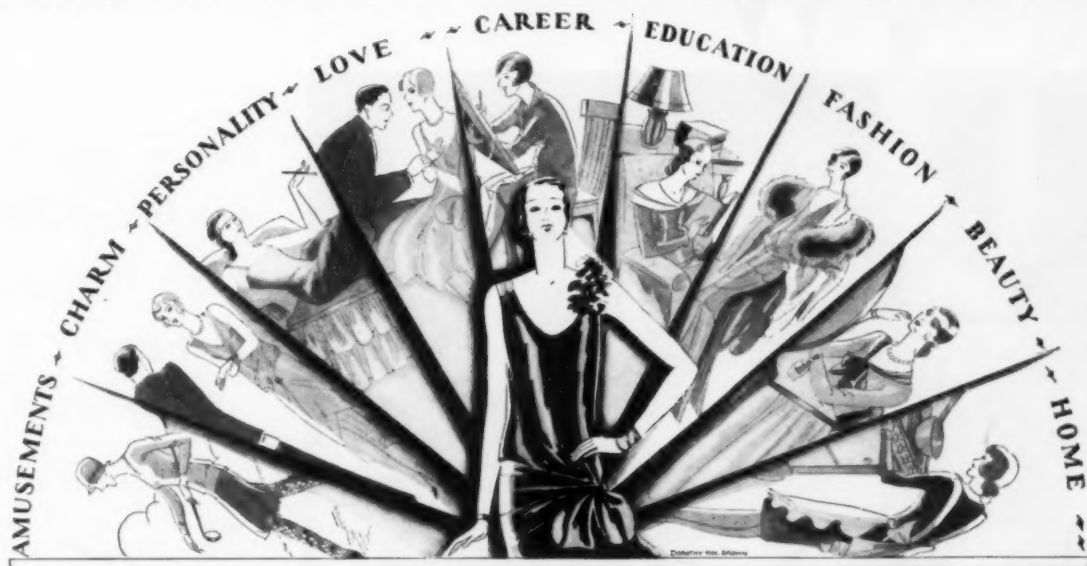
"Deposit five cents please," commanded the operator and the last of our hundred clanged away.

Winnie said, "Let me talk to the casting office," and I picked up my things and started home.

P. S. She got the job.



# Smart Set's Service Section



**L**AST month I wrote about the real thrills of life, about the solid, permanent values of love, friendship and ambition upon which a wise existence may be founded.

Now, without the shadow of a blush, I write advocating more and lighter foolishness.

Recently I visited several places where self-supporting girls were gathered together. And those places gave me the horrors. Delightfully furnished, clean as the first mornings of spring, filled with flowers, books, color and culture, there was, nevertheless, an atmosphere of dull seriousness about those establishments as thick as cream soup made by a bad cook. I heard very intelligent conversation in those quarters, very energetic and sophisticated conversation, and much, much talk about girls adapting the male standard.

I am all for male standards for women if we get the right ones. Men, I've always felt, know much more about living than women do. And why not? They have been living, during all the centuries when women have been mere links between the generations, clasping hands with their mothers on one end of their lives and with their children on the other.

But our evolution from this arbitrary destiny, our release into certain social freedoms, like smoking freely and going to restaurants unescorted and having jobs and holding them, is quite superficial man-aping. To some extent those things are an adaptation of the male standard, but I would like to see our generation of girls, taking to themselves some of the male standards of inner values. And foremost among those comes, I think, the male sense of watching out for a good time.

It is much more typical masculine than feminine wisdom to realize that gaiety is not only a sign of health but of bravery, and to know that the light hearted invariably come into their own. And it is also very male to regard work as good sport and sport as a good job.

In fact, the man who regards his day's work as perfectly swell fun with its battle of wits and energy, and his game of golf

## Let Us Play

by

Ruth Waterbury

Associate Editor

as something to be taken very, very seriously is the man who, almost always, is a success in life.

All work and no play makes Jill much duller than it does Jack. Yet too many modern girls, through the very sincerity of their wish to be efficient and admirable, work day and night and kill off their every chance at a well-rounded existence. They come home from their day's toil to spend the evening doing laundry or cleaning house. They rise too early mornings to do healthful things like deep breathing and hiking. Which is all very worthy and sensible, but alas, quite unsexuctive.

**PERSONALLY** I think it would be infinitely better for such girls' souls if they set aside at least one evening a week—or better yet—one whole day when the only thing they took seriously was being frivolous.

For the way to save our consciences on that is that all true frivolousness has its serious basis. The lovely young thing at the garden party garbed in a delightfully silly dress of chiffon and lace did not just happen that way. The dress probably represents many shopping trips and several fittings, but gowned in it, the beauty creates the effect of childish gaiety and every eye that lights upon her is rested thereby.

Similarly the girl who has a fund of amusing anecdotes to tell—and such a girl will have lots of occasions on which to tell them—was not born with these running through her head. She accumulated laughter-provoking yarns and remembered them, and with a carefully cultivated sense of stage management learned when and how to tell them most effectively.

The girl who has a beautiful serve at tennis or a mean twang on a ukulele or a slick game of bridge is the girl who has learned the male trick of working at play.

To the average guest at the average party the wallflower at the party's brim a simple wallflower is to him and nothing more. But the girl who has taken time enough from her job to learn how to be gay at her leisure is as surrounded at a party as a balloon ascension is surrounded at a country fair.

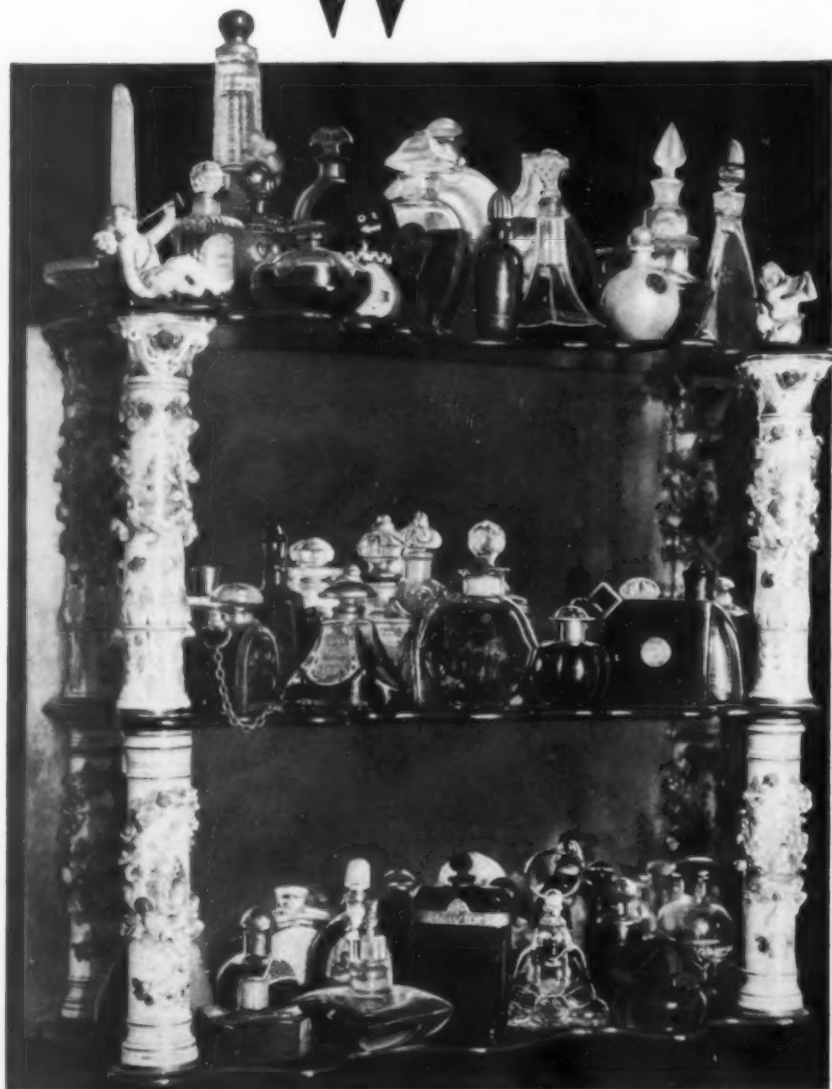
**T**HE modern girl does not need to gain power by strategy. She earns freedom without subterfuge. Yet this very honesty of approach sometimes makes her lean backward into too intense a sincerity and a terrible, terrible earnestness.

Whatever we do, don't let's forget that a sense of humor never fades and that a real gift for nonsense is a pearl without price. The first working women had to be very serious to make the world stop laughing at them, but we have come far enough along the path to be able to laugh at and with the world.

There are, thank heaven, many signs of this. This summer's clothes are the gayest in a decade with saucy prints and tiny bows. For girls who can't take a vacation, a perfect tan comes quite frankly out of a bottle. Permanent waves are softer and more plentiful than ever, and at every August gathering there are most visible proofs that girls have not forgotten that woman's chief job is still that of supplying beauty and charm.

Which is really just grand. It means we have rewritten the admonition of our childhood into a declaration of independence. It means that whenever we see ourselves going a little dull—shopping too conservatively for serge suits and flat-heeled shoes, or getting a little drab from too many helpful lectures or plain, sensible dinners—it means we refuse such moods. Instead of fiercely concentrating on our jobs we do our souls good by being a little flippant. We adapt the good sense of men to our own needs and learn, like them, to cry forth at the end of a real day's work, "Let us play."

# The WITCHERY of



Modern perfumes, gloriously bottled, are potent as ancient love philters. Each has its own message of beauty, mystery and allure. But learning to choose the correct ones requires both imagination and good taste

**W**HEN the first flapper, in the garden of Eden or whatever warm garden cradled the human race, twisted a rose in her hair she multiplied her beauty tenfold. Thousands of years later when her descendants in the North country touched a dash of perfume behind their ears—in the dead of winter when flowers were not in bloom—that was magic, the triumph of romantic, indescribable fragrance over the short growing season of Nature's blossoms.

It's odd how perfume came about. An ignorant sailor discovering ambergris, that queer substance from the whale, floating off the coast of Araby. A wild shepherd in the Atlas or Himalayan mountains using the dried musk of the musk deer for his own crude delectation. A country girl of long ago preserving flowers in alcohol. The odors of musk and ambergris are powerful, lasting, sickening when prevailing alone. But when used to carry the burden of violet, lilac,

the altars of a hundred gods whom man has worshipped. I think it's exciting to know, even as briefly as I have mentioned it, the history of perfume. In its making people of all ages have reached out for the soul.

Because of this very mystery and delicacy, it is often difficult for you to choose a perfume for your own use. The counters are so richly laden. The mildest odors, when you are allowed to sample them, sometimes overwhelm you if you inhale them greedily.

Choosing your perfume, you know, is like reaching out for a new side of your personality. It requires imagination and good taste. There are so many kinds of perfume made, simply because there are so many kinds of individuals, so many kinds of personalities seeking expression. Life is getting to be more complicated all the time.

I remember the story of the sweet old lady of fifty years ago. From a dear friend she had received a little bottle of a

*Charm Has No  
Aid More Subtle  
Than Perfume  
That Really Ex-  
presses You*

rose, heliotrope, they are exquisite and almost eternal in a closed room.

The Crusaders carried home from the East the poetic art of making perfume. The secrets of Egypt, India, Greece, China, Persia, Arabia—what a history, what a sweet career the art of perfume has had! Sandalwood, incense, myrrh, sweet gums, oils for the hair and oils for the feet. Even in the warm countries where flowers bloomed the year round princesses demanded fragrance more special than that of any blossom. The spicy tangs of roots and herbs had already been discovered, and wise men had brought from remote valleys the musk of the deer and from the shores of Araby the ambergris of the whale.

**Y**OU can see now how far from primitive that Northern princess was who dabbed a bit of perfume behind her ear. And since the beginnings of man, perfume has shared its service to the beauty of men and women with its service at

# PERFUME

By  
Mary Lee

simple French flower odor. She treasured it for a lifetime, using it only on very special occasions and then just a wee drop at a time. Finally a day came when she wanted to give a gift to a very close friend who was going on a long journey. She had nothing at hand for a present except her little bottle of perfume. When the dear friend opened it, far away, there was not a drop left in the bottle. Just a memory of the fragrance that was. Over the years it had all evaporated away. In her day, I'm sure, many a bottle of perfume wasted itself away in just that same manner. It was sweet and old-fashioned, I guess—but I don't like to think of an exquisite fragrance fading into the empty air where no one, not even yourself, ever really uses it.

**P**ERFUME is romantic, mysterious and aristocratic. In your grandmother's day, perhaps, when many good women probably thought that it was a little wicked, there was some excuse for keeping it in secret. But there isn't any reason for that now. It's the other way round. You don't want just one quaint kind of fragrance. I believe that you will enjoy the gay adventure of having a variety. Choose them according to your own preference. There should, for most of you, be a vague similarity about all of them, a keynote, something to link with your own deepest self.

Certain kinds of fragrance fit you best. You can't exactly choose them to fit your type—but you can decide whether you like the heavy, more Oriental odors or whether you prefer the simpler, less exotic bouquets. If the salesgirl will let you, touch the perfume on your finger, or the palm of your hand. That is the most certain test of what it's like. After all, perfume is properly used on the skin.

There are perfumes for occasions and perfumes for every day. Don't make the mistake of using a terribly rich and definitely formal perfume for sports or business. There are simpler fragrances just as exquisite and much less luxurious for every day.

**Y**OU will find yourself tiring of the same scent day after day. Try a new one. Later on, switch back to the one you had—or try still another one! Keep that delicious element of surprise. One secret of creating the atmosphere of beauty is keeping up your confidence.

A new perfume can be as stimulating to the vanity—I mean the right kind of vanity—as a new hat or dress.

I know a girl who is really sly about her perfume. She uses it lightly, as it should be used, and she never tells any one what it is. I know that it is always a lovely and widely distributed brand. But she has built such an aura of mystery about it that it actually smells unique, different, blended to order. So you see, with perfume too, we can say, "It's the way she wears it!"

**T**HE purpose of perfume nowadays is not to cover up faintly unpleasant odors. Once upon a time, I'm afraid, perfume was used for that very purpose. The facilities for good bathing, shampooing, thorough grooming have long been so common that there is no excuse for lack of daintiness. Your bath may be scented. Your soap has its own sweet,

clean fragrance. Your make-up certainly has its special odor. Even your nail polish has it. The witchery of perfume has been employed in a thousand little things which add to the graciousness of civilization.

After your bath, before you dress, add the special essence, the bouquet, which is to be yours for the day—or for the evening! Use an atomizer if you have one. The alcohol that preserves the odor evaporates all the more quickly, leaving the magic oil that holds the scent. Or touch just a dash of the perfume to your throat, your arms, behind your ears. Let it cloak you in magic. If you use too much it won't be magic; it will be cheap. Use just that right little bit to be vague, subtle, enchanting, tantalizing.

And here again let me remind you to use the right perfume, the one which expresses you best. You can choose from the heavy Eastern combinations to the clear, sparkling fragrance as indescribably light as the sunny air after a shower. You will find more than one lovely little bottle whose distilled magic is very like what you imagine the essence of your own personality would be like if you could sense it.

**T**O FEEL sweet and clean and fragrant is worth this exquisite last touch. You can't feel fresh, even though you are painstaking with your beauty care, if you slip into slovenly habits with your clothes. It's a lovely rite to hang up your things carefully, to send your soiled things to the

cleaner's or to have them laundered regularly—to keep your "undies" laid daintily in lavender or some other refreshing sachet.

If you don't get a sense of fastidious pleasure out of these little things, you have failed in the very foundation of beauty. Dirty gloves, you know, can spoil the whole effect of a beautiful make-up. A soiled dress can kill the effect of a dainty perfume. If you don't keep your underthings fresh and in good repair you can never hope to feel comfortably beautiful.

And if you can't feel beautiful, well, the chances are that you won't be!

One point I must take up. Many girls write me about the costliness of good perfume. This is unfortunately true and the only comfort in it is that good perfumes are less expensive over a long period than poor ones. Without the base of ambergris even the finest fragrance will evaporate. But because amber-

gris is very high-priced all perfumes employing it are a strain on the purse of the girl with a limited income.

My personal solution to this problem is to buy myself sample sizes of several perfumes. Sometimes I get mere drops of famous brands in twenty-five and fifty cent flacons. This gives me an opportunity to try them out, determine whether they suit me and whether I consider them worth their price per ounce.

When I discover one that satisfies me and doesn't evaporate too rapidly, I get thrifty and save to buy it in as great a quantity as possible. For remember, you do pay for those fascinating bottles and two ounces in one bottle frequently cost less than an ounce and a half in two. It has always seemed to me that the wise girl who refuses to indulge herself in sweets and pastries, should take the money she saves and put it in perfumes. They give one such a sense of luxury.

## Do YOU Want More BEAUTY?

**P**ERHAPS your skin isn't fair enough to satisfy you, or you don't know what to do about your hair, or you have never found the most becoming colors to wear, or you are troubled about the right diet. Mary Lee will be glad to help you on these or any other beauty problems. Write her enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address Miss Lee in care of SMART SET, 221 West 57th Street, New York.



# A Summer the Business

**F**ASHION reaches its dangerous age in August. At this time it is still too early for the fall styles to make their appearance and it is much too late to suggest anything new for summer. Yet just at this period, when the mode is a bit jaded, comes the finest shopping opportunity of the entire year. Not only are prices more moderate but if you select with sufficient care you will be able to hit upon the exact styles which are going to dominate fall and winter fashions.

And so in our tour this month we are going to be doubly careful—in the first place to avoid anything which smacks even faintly of outmoded summer fashions, and in the second place, by a process of elimination to select only those styles which are going to be featured in the coming autumn openings in Paris.

I do not mention Paris because I particularly recommend Paris clothes. As a matter of fact I much prefer the more reasonably priced American adaptations. But I think it is fairly well known that Paris is the source of authentic styles the world over, and it is invariably from among the themes shown at the semi-annual openings that fashion takes its final



*Gabor Edel*

A hat that would prove a crowning glory for almost any summer frock comes in white bakou with black velvet ribbon forming a modernistic design at the back. Extremely youthful yet smartly sophisticated

*Courtesy of Joseph*

The business girl in summer must be smart, chic and cool. This little suit ideally meets these requirements. Of Shantung in all favored summer shades, it features the tuck-in blouse, the yoke top skirt and the dashing cardigan jacket

*Courtesy of Best & Co.*

*Bradley*



# Wardrobe for Girl

By  
**GEORGIA  
MASON**

authoritative form, and determines what fashionable women shall wear.

I was struck by a peculiar and remarkable fact in making my preliminary survey of the shops this month. A new queen is rising in the world of American fashions—the smart business girl. Many years ago such women as Madame Recamier, Madame de Stael and Du Barry ruled the mode. Later, and for a wearisomely long period, the scepter passed into the hands of Queen Victoria. And what a tyrant she was! You can blame her for all the silly inhibitions that your mother stressed in her clothes. Ankles were taboo, and anything even suggesting the natural silhouette would have been denounced from every pulpit in the country. In fact if your memory can reach a decade back you will recollect the pompous beach censors and the outraged Grundys who loudly declared that modern fashions should have been consigned to the "demnition bow-wows."

Those absurd days are over now, and if you are at all grateful about it you can sing paeans of praise to fashion's newest aristocracy—the business girls of America. In every shop which I visited they were catered to. Every buyer and every designer to whom I spoke acknowledged that they rapidly were becoming the ruling force of the mode. And when you consider the fact that no dress style which has not the sanction of common sense can enjoy even a brief hour of Dame Fashion's favor, you will have to concede that the old order is



Gabor Eder

Ensemble your pumps and purses. At the left are pictured slipper and bag models developed in light green kid with darker green snakeskin inserts. Those right are of egg-shell kid trimmed with contrasting color bands

Courtesy of I. Miller

"Something with a Jacket" is absolutely essential to the young woman worker. This three-piece ensemble of Shantung is trimmed with bands of two-tone crepe de chine. Very practical, and like the suit across the page, quite inexpensive

Courtesy of Best & Co.

Bradley





For the dressy date, comes this sleeveless dress in brown and beige printed silk with attached scarf and matching jacket of plain, brown silk. Its lines are youthful and slenderizing

*Courtesy of Bonwit Teller*



*Gaber Eder*

Printed linen in tawny orange fashions this modestly-priced ensemble, formal enough for office wear, gay enough for the beach. The blouse ties with a soft, white bow

*Courtesy of Franklin Simon*

Supple two-tone rayon taffeta makes this lovely wrap for midsummer nights. In combinations of peach and gold, blue and pink, or lavender and orchid, it is particularly suited to bouffant gowns

*Courtesy of Mary Walls*



*Don Dineo*

changing—and changing rapidly. First Du Barry, then the much too good Queen Victoria, and now, if you please, "Our Miss Smart." It looks like another triumph for democracy.

THE silhouette which I am going to insist upon as the basis for your August purchases is what is known as the fitted line. Possibly this description is misleading. If you think that it means that your frocks and suits and coats are to cling to you like wet bathing suits you are mistaken. On the other hand, it must be obvious that the blousing type of dress will be excluded from our survey if we are to maintain this fitted line. What we must actually select are costumes which definitely delineate the salient items of the silhouette. In the bodice the bust contour must be suggested, and not too vaguely. The waistline must be definitely fixed, and its location should range between what is known as the hip-top line and what, in the dear dead days, used to be considered the normal line. But there must be nothing furtive about this line. It must be marked by a girdle, a tuck-in blouse or shaped vertical gathers.

I have decided to eliminate low waisted models from my recommendations this month because I can tell you definitely that the waistline trend is rising.

What about the hips? There has been such a sharp reaction from the Gibson

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Gabor Eder

For dinner, for dancing, for languid afternoons at very formal parties, comes this lovely gown of pink and green flowered chiffon. Note its hemline, its charming sleeves, its collar. The hat is of broad-brimmed black straw with a simple ribbon band

*Courtesy of Saks-Fifth Avenue*

Girl artificial hipline that Fashion has actually bent itself almost double in the opposite direction. Ever since the famous garçon mode captured every corner of the world of dress a flat, conforming hipline has been the ideal of the mode. Every style has its day, and the day of that particular theme is almost over. In all the smart shops which I visited, while it is true that there was no abatement of the conforming hipline, there was a sharp tendency away from the flat contour. The new hipline is moulded and, while it is not billowy, it no longer seeks to maintain an unnatural flatness.

I come now to what has been for many years the most discussed feature of dress. Of course, as you have guessed, it is the length of skirts. I feel that the business girls of today have acted very wisely in their decision on the skirt length. They might have continued to abbreviate the hemline even beyond the knees, and some of them, in their most extreme moments, did do that very thing.

They could have suddenly become discreet and demure and walked in the modest paths of their mothers.

But, like the wise maidens they are, they have done neither of these things. I think they stopped the curtailment of skirts at the exact moment when the voice of the last complaining Grundy faded into nothingness. The absence of criticism entirely took away the urge to continue this skirt shortening, and from that moment on the issue was destined to become an aesthetic one. Which skirt length lends itself most advantageously to a demure and graceful silhouette? Answer this question and you will know just how long the skirts of the

*Let This Department  
Show You How to Be  
the Best-Dressed Girl in  
Your Own Home Town*



Don Diego

Handkerchief linen is very chic; it launders excellently, and its price is most reasonable. This dress with its sailor collar—giving that precious little girl look—and its straight coat are polka-dotted in bright colors

*Courtesy of Stern Bros.*

next few seasons will be because they will conform to that type.

Practically every one of the better shops tacitly agrees that the knee-length skirt has lost both its charm and its allurements. It seems scarcely necessary to mention that hemlines which reach to the lengths achieved by our modern evening gowns can have no place in the wardrobe of our modern business girl.

Of course, when it comes to dancing dresses your skirts may reach to almost any length—there is even a vague suspicion that Paris is about to decree "the longer the smarter."

But daytime costumes cannot descend to such depths. At least not yet. And it is still necessary to maintain the general impression of the short skirted silhouette. Therefore, during the months that are to come, the smart damoiselle will let her skirts reach to two inches below the knees—no less, and possibly a little more.

I have taken note of this theme in the selections which I have photographed for this issue, and I do not think that any other single item of dress is quite so important as this just now.

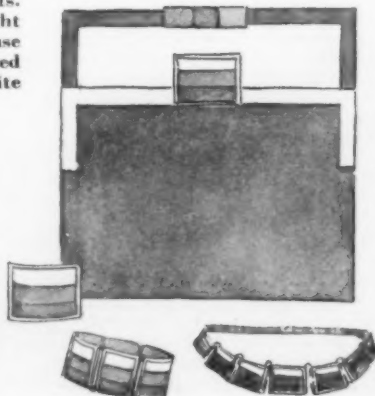
[Continued on page 102]

# PARIS Sends You



Parisians call it the "little dress"—the gown for dinner and dancing from which this "Wardrobe-in-One" starts. This "little dress" is of print, straight and simple. Slip off the overdress, use the plain foundation, add a flowered panel and it becomes an exquisite evening gown

The wise girl economizes on dresses to spend on accessories, especially when they are as dashing as this brown leather bag trimmed with three tones of—of all things—wood with a shoe buckle, bracelet, and necklace, bound in silver and joined with leather thongs to match



PARIS has planned just the kind of thing for you, the SMART SET girl, and I am simply bubbling over with excitement over the idea. It is called the "Boite de Surprise"—and a surprise box it surely is. But I re-named it, for myself, a "Wardrobe-in-One." Choose whichever name you like, or name it yourself, I know you will be fascinated by the idea.

For the idea is the thing that counts and it is just too ducky and practical and thoroughly darling for words. It is the surprise of the House of Ardanse, but I have a stray suspicion that the fact that Yvonne Davidson, the wife of the famous American sculptor, Jo Davidson, has become associated with this house may have some bearing on the practicability of the notion from an American viewpoint, if nothing whatever to do with the actual creation of the model.

That is another thing that makes you want to take out the flag and wave it every now and then, in this beautiful Paris that I adore—the joy with which they accept one of our ideas of practicality, or of a business method, or scientific household equipment. And then they do something entirely French to our idea, and it comes out beautified and embroidered until one would hardly recognize it—a true bit of international cooperation. But I started out to tell you about clothes, and not to philosophize on the pleasures of international co-operation or the joys of living in Paris.

Our "Wardrobe-in-One," as I can't help thinking of it, is really and truly four lovely, wearable dresses from one foundation, each perfect for the particular use for which it is intended, and not one of those pitiful makeshifts that so often result from the same notion. For, of course, there is nothing new under the sun, and, of course, the idea of several dresses in one has been tried over and over again. The only difference is that this one is a success.



Leave off the flounces. Don the plain foundation, whisk on the printed blouse of the "little dress." Voila, you have a chic afternoon frock!



# The "Boîte de Surprise"

*A French Lesson in  
How to Produce a  
Perfect Wardrobe  
from a Single Dress*

By  
**DORA LOUES  
MILLER**



This combination consists of a smart street frock, an afternoon gown, a "little dress," as the French insist on calling those most useful frocks that you can wear for dinner, or the theater, or an evening at home when you want to feel dressy without being elaborate, and besides, a formal evening gown. There is simply nothing more to be desired. With your toothbrush and a nightie, this outfit would equip you for a perfect week-end. Think of it!

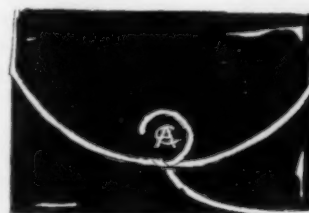
We'll start with the "little dress," which we could call a dinner frock, for it is the foundation of all the others—the secret of the miracle. It is of white georgette with a printed pattern in black of fans and roses. The frock, as you will notice from the sketch, is simple and plain as to bodice, as are all smart clothes of the moment. The skirt has those interesting, slightly circular godets that are just the least bit longer as they go backward, and there is a cunning bow with ends at the right side of the back.

The first magic touch is to make an evening dress. Over the white slip put a sash that fastens around the hips, with two long panels, cut along the same lines as the skirt but longer, like [Continued on page 110]

Last and best, a slip of black marocain with tight, flattering sleeves, evolves the printed skirt into a chic street costume. Behold yourself gowned, by these quick changes, from noon to midnight



Do you waver between pajamas and negligees? Why not combine the best features of both—a negligee top of pale rose mousseline with a jacket of rose lace and pajama trousers of taffeta?



Paris outsmarts the ordinary designers who fashioned matching shoes and bags by insisting upon monogramming both, as this patent leather ensemble



# Are YOU



If a secretary thinks that she's more refined than her boss—if she can't in any way admire him—it's best to look for a new job

*Courtesy of Paramount Pictures*

I HAVE a friend in Boston who has been wealthy all her life. She had a comfortable home—not luxurious because her tastes are elaborately simple—three children, a husband in sympathy with her tastes, a talent for writing graceful poetry which is published—well, it sounds like a pleasant sort of life.

It wasn't. She was passionately dissatisfied. And not one of the women who read this and who work hard for every penny will guess the reason of her dissatisfaction. It grew out of the fact that she had never been able to prove to herself that she was worth anything to the world in terms of money. She had money, but by inheritance. She thought that she herself was worth nothing, that she got her place in the world only by that inheritance, and that on her own feet, with her own brains, she was of no account. In her, like a toothache, burned the thought that if she had not inherited money no one would have valued her. It was not true; she has a graceful mind, a quick gaiety and a kindness that would always make her valuable, but that didn't matter; it was what she thought in herself that counted.

And on top of that came what to her was a real disaster. She inherited over a million dollars. Yes, she did. This is reality.

I'm telling you about no Sunday newspaper fairy-tale. It is shocking to people who work to realize how many little known millionaires there are in this country. So, on top of her sense of futility there piled two million dollars more that represented nothing to her except a further sense of uselessness. You understand that she might have gone into some kind of social work where she could have donated her services. But to such things she gave only money. To give her services for nothing would have increased her sense of her own failure.

The new fortune made her really desperate. She felt she had to get a job which some one would pay for or she could

not go on at all. And she got one. In a private school she is doing work for which her education and training fit her and she is being paid twenty-five dollars a week. For the first time in her life she feels that she is worth twenty-five dollars a week in cash to somebody. That twenty-five dollars means more to her than all the money she has inherited, and she is ecstatically happy. Of course you think and I think it a pity that she should be taking twenty-five dollars a week which she does not need financially—however much she may need it spiritually—when to some other girl that sum of money would mean food and clothes.

BUT WE can only handle one thought at a time and that particular thought is not the one I am trying to write about today. Let us forget that angle of it and contrast her attitude for a moment with that of another girl who did some work for me in Texas. She was a stenographer—that Texas girl—one of the most incompetent I have ever seen. Everything she did for me had to be done over by another girl. Yet the first thing she said when she came to see me was, "You know I don't have to work for a living. I just thought I might as well do this to fill up my time."

In other words, she was ashamed of her work, ashamed of her stenography, and she condescended to it. The very thing the Boston woman needed to boost up her pride, this woman did with humiliation.

As a consequence her work was very bad. You cannot do well any work in the world which you are ashamed of doing. The Boston woman, mistaken as she is in some ways, wants to prove herself of value to the world, while the Texas girl is obsessed by the idea that the only thing worth while is to be "a lady." Notice that difference. It is the difference shown in two extreme ways between two kinds of women today. One wants to be a worth while person and the other

# Too Good for Your Job?

HELEN WOODWARD

Says

*If You Think So*

*It's a 100 to 1 shot*

*You're Not*

wants to be some fusty, antiquated thing called "a lady." I never knew a woman whose mind was fixed consciously on the thought of being a lady who got very far in the business of making a living.

ONCE I had a Danish cook. An excellent cook and a good housekeeper, and incidentally, a very pretty girl. But after a few months she began to be ashamed of doing house work and from that minute on she became an indifferent worker. After a while she left to take a clerical position at half the money and nearly starved until she fought her way into a good executive job. Now, after ten years, she is again making as much money as she made as a cook—it amounts to as much money when you include the board and room which were paid to her as a housekeeper. Being proud of her present work she does it well and gets joy from it.

There was another girl in New York, a charming girl, who had a good job in the advertising business, but who spent a large part of her time talking about her ancestors and who, although she was far too kind and too gracious to say offensive things, still never forgot that she was a grand lady. She made

a failure of the job, and of another job, and of a third job, and then finances became desperate with her, and something in her woke up.

I do not know what—perhaps somebody said a tactful word to her—but the ancestor talk and the lady attitude dropped from her like a cloak and her native talent had a chance to come to the top. She is doing well. It is possible of course that the thing was reversed and that as she began to do well her spirit did not need to fall back on the old family idea—she had something in herself to be proud of.

I SHOULD never have thought of writing this particular article six months ago. The question then seemed as dead as bustles and hoop-skirts. I have spent most of my time in New York these last few years and I have grown ignorant of the attitude of girls in other parts of the country, especially about this question of being a lady. It is unusual in New York, or indeed in most Northern cities, nowadays to find a girl working for a living who is preoccupied with the lady business.

Not that the thing is altogether [Continued on page 109]



Courtesy of Pathé

A newspaper office is always busy—so busy that every one who is a part of it must "click." No time here for self-pity or self-praise. Doing one's job—and doing it as well as possible—is all that counts

# Good Kids

By

HELEN  
LATHROP  
AHERN

AUGUST heat smothered the vaudeville house, engulfing actors and spectators in a great wave of humidity. Libby Murphy swore softly as drops of perspiration threatened her make-up, but did not relinquish her post of observation in the wings. She made a futile daub with a powder puff at the small nose which gleamed brazenly. Her brown hair with its glint of red curled in tight, damp rings about her forehead, but in spite of physical discomfort her little elfin face wore an unaccustomed look of softness as she watched the dancing act of Carter and Banton—or rather, Billy Banton.

He was not putting it over, the girl realized. An apathetic audience clapped perfunctorily and made no effort to call him back for an encore.

"It's the heat," announced Banton as he reached the shelter of the wings. With a faint groan he mopped the perspiration from his forehead and as if by the same gesture with his handkerchief, erased the stage smile from his face.

"Yeah, it's the heat," agreed Libby sympathetically, but she was too experienced a troupier to believe that the heat alone was the reason for the audience's indifference to Billy.

Melba Carter, Banton's partner, was less consoling. "It's not the heat," she flared, her blue eyes a trifle hard. "It's the act. We're flops."

"Now, Melba," protested the man, a faint color tingeing his fair, boyish face. His gray eyes were hurt. "You know you got a swell hand on your solo."

"So I did," returned Melba coldly.



"This is the rawest deal I ever saw," said Libby. "You're kicking Billy out of his own act"

"Nasty little cat!" thought Libby. Her own sympathy for Billy Banton was unexplainable. Libby was not in the habit of wasting her pity on ham hoofers, but there was an appealing, wistful quality about the man that had penetrated her shell of acquired hardness.

Her interest was all the more amazing because she had met



*It's an Honorable Title to Bestow  
on Any Girl. In Libby's Case It  
Stood for Complete Unselfishness*

Illustrations

by

EVERETT

SHINN



him only that morning when the various acts gathered at the theater for final rehearsals. It was at one of those tryout houses just a short distance from New York where vaudeville acts are broken in.

**L**IBBY was the unbilled partner of Allan Crane who had picked her from the chorus of "Sunshine Girl" in which he had been a star dancer. With the closing of the show he had worked up an act for the two of them and was trying for a vaudeville booking to fill in the lean summer months.

Just why she had been chosen by the dancer out of many

a fierce love for the stage and life behind the footlights.

Billy like Libby lived to dance. And he could step. Yet he had failed to click. Libby looked at him in puzzled pity. She was trying to figure out why he didn't.

"Watch for your cue." She turned, startled at the curt order. It came from Allan Crane who passed the group on the way to his entrance.

All three of the actors were watching Crane. The contrast between his act and Banton's was cruelly drawn. Billy had some good routines and clever steps, as Libby's professional eye had seen, but he left the audience cold. His most intricate

more attractive chorines was a mystery to Libby. Her mirror told her that she was not beautiful, although a keen observer might have found a certain gamine charm in her small face, tousled curls and mischievous amber eyes. But beautiful or not, Libby could dance and this was undoubtedly the secret of Crane's choice. She could follow his routine flawlessly, and she was without the vanity that hungered for the spotlight and attempted to distract the audience from the stardom of Allan Crane.

Her part in the act was a small one, Crane taking the opening and encores alone, but Libby did not complain even to herself. She considered this vaudeville engagement the first break that she had encountered in all her years of trouping.

Libby was a child of the theater in every sense. She had literally been cradled in a suit case, troupng from baby days. On the death of her parents she had quite naturally drifted to Broadway and chorus engagements.

Perhaps it was a kinship of experience that drew her to Billy. When the girl had been learning to hoof in dingy hotel rooms, Banton was delivering groceries on the East Side and dancing in amateur night movie contests. Neither had been educated in aught but dancing and both had

steps looked awkward and unfinished. It was just that he lacked that intangible but vital asset which could only be described as stage personality.

Crane, slimly tall and graceful with his dark, flashing good looks, had stage personality to the nth degree, and the audience responded from the moment he stepped on the boards. Banton listened with obvious wistfulness to the enthusiastic applause that greeted the other.

Nor did it help his discomfiture to have the manager of the house approach just then with, "Say, Banton, that act of yours is lousy. What's the matter with you? This is a tryout house where I've seen plenty of rotten dancers, but you're the worst yet. You've got to be a better smash than that, you know."

"It's the heat," Banton repeated the alibi.

"Heat, nothing!" snorted the manager. "Listen to that." A wave of applause from out front reached them. "Allan Crane clicks all right, doesn't he—heat or no heat?" and to Libby, "You're tied up with a real dancer, kid."

Libby knew that well. She was glad for Crane's success because it meant the success of their act and the continuance of her weekly pay check, but just the same she was sorry for Billy Banton. She wished that he might share just a few of Crane's easily won plaudits.

**T**HE orchestra switched into a new rhythm. Her cue! She threw a smile of encouragement at the disconsolate Banton and with a brief, "Cheer up!" ran out from the wings on to the stage.

Billy had not even heard. He was intent on placating Melba, and Libby experienced a little pang of something like envy. Melba was the kind of a girl who would always preempt masculine attention. She was lovely in a dazzling gold and white fashion, with eyes of rare, deep blue, a mouth softly, poutingly red, and hair the color of honey.

More than beauty she had a quality of preciousness about her that was indescribably fascinating, a certain fragility that was the outgrowth of her background. She was no product of East Side pavements or road show life. Indulgent parents had educated her in dancing and singing and the theater was a new amusement rather than a bread and butter proposition to Melba. Billy Banton was openly infatuated as much by her difference from the girls he had always known, as by her beauty.

As he described to Libby enthusiastically, "Here I was hanging around Chambers and Black looking for a girl to team up with and in walks Melba. I knew right on the spot she was the girl for me. She's the real stuff. Of course, she hadn't much experience, just a few amateur shows and one musical comedy that flopped after two weeks, but she could dance and I taught her a few new steps."

Libby had taught her more than a few new steps. He had worked out a whole solo routine for the girl, the one on which she had won the applause. Libby gathered from Banton's voluble discourse that Melba had been grateful to him for the chance to get into a vaudeville dancing act, but her gratitude was plainly short lived. With the first taste of success, she had turned on her less fortunate partner. Poor Billy!

"That Melba girl—she's good," commented Crane to Libby as they strolled towards their dressing rooms at the end of the act. "Too bad she's tied with a ham like Banton."

"He's not so bad," Libby defended Billy quickly. "He's got some good stuff."

"Yes," thoughtfully from Crane, "but he doesn't get across. I could use a couple of those numbers of his myself." And then, "You know I was thinking I might take on another girl in my act."

"You mean to ditch me?"

Crane smiled upon her indulgently. "No, you're all right for the eccentric dances, but I need a frail with the old U. S. A., you know, the unusual sex appeal, who can wear classy rags

and is strong on the looks as well as on the dance stuff."

Libby was not strong on the looks. She recognized the implication with a little giggle of wry mirth.

Crane looked slightly surprised, but ignored her vagaries. "I was thinking about Melba. That act of theirs is a flop. She'd probably jump at a chance to ditch Banton."

Melba and Crane, what partners they would make. Melba, with her blonde beauty, a perfect foil for Crane. Of course, Melba would jump at the chance to tie up with a successful dancer. Banton would be discarded. All at once Libby felt very sorry for Billy and she tried to divert the dancer from his purpose.

"Maybe Banton's got her signed up on contract."

"No, I found that out already. She can give him the air any time. Besides he won't get any bookings after this tryout."

**T**HEY were passing Melba's dressing room and through the thin walls voices sounded clearly.

"No, Melba, don't be like that." It was Banton pleading. "Just because a bunch of hicks in a tank town didn't break down over us is no sign we're flops."

"But the manager ought to know." Melba's tone was petulant.

"Now's a good time," whispered Crane and he rapped on the door. "I'm going in to talk to them."

"Oh, Mr. Crane!" Melba's frown vanished at the sight of

the caller. "Do come in. So glad to see you."

Libby sidled in after Crane, who was too disinterested to notice whether she stayed or left. He, too, had eyes only for Melba, and it was she whom he addressed with a brief nod to Banton.

"How did it go tonight?" he queried casually.

"Rotten!" Billy spoke up before Melba could answer. "But I think maybe with a few changes—" Melba laughed un-mirthfully and he stopped in mid-sentence.

"Too bad," consoled Crane. "I'm not so satisfied with my own act. It went across well enough," he shrugged deprecatingly, "but with such a small act you can't get a good spot on the bill. I've just about decided—" He paused and with an assumption of carelessness drew a cigarette from his elaborately monogrammed case.

**M**ELBA with graceful solicitude sprang to light it for him and their eyes met for a second in a flash of understanding. "I've just about decided," he continued, "to take another girl into the act."

Libby saw Billy tauten as he realized the trend of this conversation, and heard Melba coo, "How wonderful—for her."

"Think so?" Crane visibly swelled under her blue-eyed flattery. Then more precipitately than he had intended, "How would you like to be the girl?"

"Oh!" It was a sigh of ecstasy. "Mr. Crane, you don't mean it. You're kidding me."

"Not at all—I—"

"But, Melba, how about our act?" Billy was staring with reproachful eyes. "And—and me?"

"Our act! You know it's a flop. We'll never get a booking. Don't crab. I think this is a wonderful chance."

"Maybe you could use Mr. Banton, too," interposed Libby.

Billy gave her a grateful glance.

"Use Banton!" Crane looked his disgust at the suggestion.

"Yes." Billy was pleading for more than a job. He was begging for a chance to be near Melba in any capacity, no matter how humble. "Four's a better number than three, and I'm so rotten you'll look all the better by contrast. We could even ring in a chorus."

"Sure! Sounds easy," scoffed Crane. "Maybe you've got the dough to buy some drops and costume a bunch a chorines."

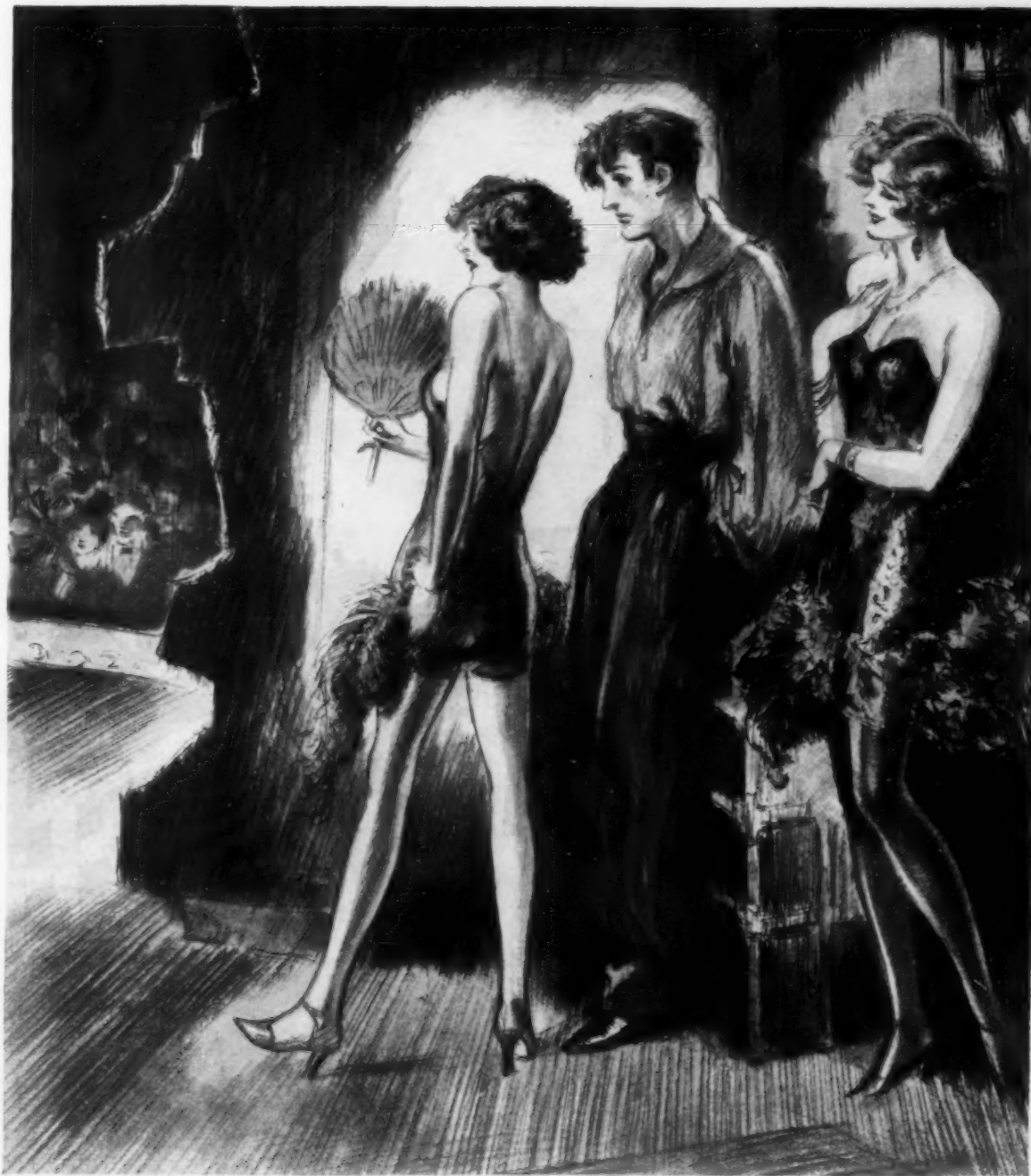
"I have!"

## Protective Coloration

**"DRESSING UP" is a game that little girls play when they want to act like ladies.**

**"Dressing Up" is a game that ladies play for higher stakes. Sometimes a whole life's happiness has hung on the hang of a gown!**

**Read Virginia Lee's "Conquering Plumage" in September SMART SET.**



Crane's mouth dropped a trifle at the announcement, but his tone was non-committal. "It would take plenty."

"I saved a thousand while I was touring road shows the last two seasons," explained Banton. "That would do it. Besides I've got an act all figured out. I was going to try it later myself if Melba and I had got a break. It's a wow."

"What's it like?" questioned Libby eagerly.

"Well, it's a little speak-easy skit with plenty of stepping. You see it centers around a guy whose been kicked out of home by his family and goes into the bootlegging business. He has a lot of dames chasing him around and there's a waitress.

**From behind a bit of scenery they watched the crowded house. Libby with suspense, Billy with despair, Melba with a complacent smile**

I've got a dance figured out for her that's a knock out—"

Crane's eyes narrowed to slits as he listened to Banton's eager description of the act.

"Gee! It sounds simply grand," enthused Libby. "That waitress dance—I can just imagine it." She jumped up and pirouetted excitedly.

"I might consider it," Crane condescended, "but it would have to be my act, billed under my name. Of course, you could have a small part and you'd have to put the girls and chorus through their paces."

"But if I put up the money—"

"I'll give you a note for the dough." [Continued on page 97]



Drawing by John Held, Jr.

## ANY AUGUST EVENING

Birds listen and sit close together,  
And bunnies (even though they're dumb),  
Creep closer, through the August weather,  
To hear the pipes' entrancing hum.

The stars hang close, the green leaves quiver,  
And, in each lonely meadow spot,  
The very grasses seem to shiver . . . .  
*What chance has any poor guy got?*



*Evelyn Smith's  
Business  
Is Firmly  
Rooted—*

# She Sells TREES



Evelyn Smith—with a small but formidable cross section of her gang—and, in the background, one of the famous trees ready to be shipped

By MARY CROWELL

FROM the earliest dawn of history women have been interested in growing things. Women of every country have planted seed and tilled the land, and even our own Victorian grandmothers weeded in a ladylike fashion in their flower gardens. But it has remained for the present generation of women to produce one of the world's greatest authorities on tree growing.

Evelyn Smith, who owns the great Amawalk Nursery, about forty miles from New York, up in Westchester County, knows so much better than any one else how to grow and ship trees that her nursery has become a Mecca for visiting tree experts, landscape gardeners, park commissioners, and others who come from all over this country and from abroad just to study Miss Smith's methods.

She has perfected her own system of transplanting, root pruning, cultivating and shipping trees, and has even invented the machinery with which to carry out these operations. Any nursery can sell a small tree and be reasonably sure that it will grow, but Amawalk is the only nursery in the country which sells big trees exclusively—and only perfect specimens at that.

And from what great school of arboriculture did Miss Smith receive her degree? From the well known college which has sent out so many famous graduates—the school of bitter experience and self-education.

EVELYN SMITH, as a girl, was educated in private schools here and abroad. She loved music and had thought of making it her career. She was a shy, reserved sort of girl, who listened well and said little. She was very fond of her father and was with him a great deal. He was Major Orlando Jay Smith, the founder and president of the American Press Association. Nearly every man has an avocation, and planting trees was Major Smith's hobby.

He made it a practice to buy old farms cheaply and plant them to trees, both native and foreign. He planted thousands of seedlings in what had been neglected fields. He sold each farm after it had been reclaimed, and bought another ragged one to beautify, until at the end of his life he centered his

interest on Amawalk, the last farm that he had bought. He had dreamed of making this farm into a permanent nursery where perfect trees would be raised, and sold, full-grown, but he died before his dream could be realized.

Of the rest of the family, only Evelyn was particularly interested in the Amawalk property. She was devoted to her father and had glimpsed his dream of wanting to beautify city and country with perfect trees. Therefore, when the family wished to sell Amawalk and divide the money, she held out valiantly and won her objective.

THEN began a long uphill battle. She, a boarding school graduate, had never worked with her hands and knew much more about a piano than she did about trees. She was not yet twenty years old, and was starting a blind venture in an era when few women dared enter the business world.

In those early days nurseries sold only small trees, for it was thought to be an impossibility to transplant large trees successfully. But Major Smith had dreamed of selling mature, perfect specimens, and his daughter honored his dream by declaring that only big trees would be sold at Amawalk. Of course she was laughed at, but she never changed her decision.

How did she learn to run her nursery and make it pay? Where did she gain the vast amount of necessary knowledge? By slow, discouraging work and many set-backs! She studied the trees themselves and asked questions of the few laborers who worked around them. She had even to learn the names of the trees; and, as many of them were foreign, she studied the few records that her father had left, pored over tree catalogs, and by dint of hard digging she had mastered the name and habitat of every tree in her nursery within the first year.

She figured out for herself why some trees lived and why others died after transplanting. She learned to transplant evergreens and deciduous trees differently. She discovered that by cutting off the corners of a square platform on which a grown tree with burlapped roots was lashed, an octagon shape was formed instead and could easily be rolled along the ground by one man instead of lifted by two or three. She experimented and proved that trees are [Continued on page 101]

# Murder Yet to Come

[Continued from page 23]

Jerningham pays reluctant tribute to the smashingly effective action which follows inevitably on Nilsson's solid, slow decisions.

Their friendship dated back to the days of Belleau Wood and when Jerningham left the service, he and Nilsson swore by all the gods of the A.E.F. to foregather on each anniversary of Armistice Day.

This year had found them only as far apart as New York and Philadelphia. Nilsson had remained with the Marines for six years after the war. But when General Butler took charge of the Philadelphia police in 1924, he asked the General for a chance on the homicide squad of the city's police force. In the four ensuing years he won rapid promotion, and in the storm of criticism to which the Philadelphia police were subjected in the fall of 1928, Nilsson's record of integrity and achievement made him the outstanding figure on the detective force.

IN THE three days of our hunting trip, he had renewed his annual argument with Jerningham as to the relative merits of their respective professions, and as we began our supper, the battle was still raging.

"It stands to reason," he argued, "that it's better sport to solve a real murder on the front page, than to sit over a typewriter and invent stuff."

Jerningham chuckled.

"Nilsson," he chafed, "you don't know how much satisfaction a man can get from working things out in his brain—provided, of course, he has one."

"Meaning," boomed Nilsson, "that the police don't have any? Well, sometimes we don't use what we've got. And sometimes we do, and it doesn't show in the results. But we're dealing with facts in our business. When we get stuck we can't just step back into the first act and change things around to suit our convenience. It's no job at all for you to work things out!"

Jerningham snorted.

"And how long would an audience stand for a plot that was arranged to suit my convenience? They'd say, 'Pooh! Nobody would have done that!' and walk out of the theater. No, you're the one who's got it easy. You only have to figure out what people really have done. Every least fact is a finger pointing to the answer. But my job is to start cold and figure out what imaginary people will do, and that's ten times harder, though, it's fun. I can't help practicing it even on the real people. For instance—" he cocked an eyebrow towards a man who, a moment before, had entered the tea room and made straight for the telephone—"look at that man across the room. There's a high tension about him that's going to be discharged in action pretty soon, or I'm no judge of characters."

We followed Jerningham's gaze. The man in question was gripping the telephone with baffled intensity.

"But why not?" he was demanding of the impassive instrument. "Where are you sending her?—But why?—But—"

A sudden helpless silence on the stranger's part told us that his party had hung up. He stood staring at the telephone for a moment, then replaced the receiver with intense deliberation. Presently he flung up his head in a gesture of resolution, turned and scanned the nearly empty dining-room.

We were too interested by that time to look away. His gaze met ours squarely, and he came directly across to our table.

HE WAS a man who would have arrested attention anywhere—well-built, well-groomed, with well-cut features so darkly tanned that his eyes seemed oddly light. But the remarkable thing about him was his man-

ner. There was no swagger to the man, but no emperor ever stepped forth to review his conquering armies with more dynamic self-confidence. Not only was he confident. He conveyed the assurance that his confidence was justified. Nevertheless, as he stopped at our table I saw his tight-clenched fingers.

"Luck is with me," he began, with grave eagerness. "You're Peter Jerningham, are you not? My name is Ryker. I met you once at a Lambs' Club dinner which you have, no doubt, long since forgotten."

Jerningham waved him into our fourth chair.

"I remember your face," he said, "but I'm a hopeless dub at names. These are my friends, Carl Nilsson and John MacAndrew. Nilsson saved my life ten years ago, and Mac saves my reason every week."

"Then I've come to the right shop," Ryker said. "I need help tonight in a matter where both life and reason may be at stake. When I recognized you just now," he turned to Jerningham, "I thought perhaps your professional interest in queer situations might make the experience repay you for the risk involved."

He had guessed right. Jerningham was leaning forward, his deep-set eyes bright with interest.

"What sort of help do you need?"

"A quite medieval sort," Ryker answered, his eyes upon us. "Two or three stout fellows at my back to rescue a lady in distress."

Jerningham's face kindled.

"Bravo!" he said. "And who is the villain against whom we ride?"

"Malachi Trent," answered Ryker gravely.

We all three knew the name.

"This distressed lady of mine is his niece, his great-niece, rather, a lovely child of seventeen, named Linda Marshall. She has lived for the last ten or twelve years at Cairnstone House, his country estate, and he's never let her set foot outside the gates. She has no other relatives, no friends, not even an acquaintance, except myself."

"HOW long have you known her?" Jerningham inquired.

"I met her a week ago. She bewitched me at first sight, and I had to tell myself sternly that she was too young for love-making. Then I began to find the truth."

"Which is—?" Jerningham prompted.

"That for some reason Cairnstone House is a horror to her. That she's not only utterly alone, but desperate with some fear which she won't confide. I could think of only one way to help her. I urged her to marry me with out delay, so that I could take her away. She accepted gladly, and Trent, to my surprise, gave his consent. The ceremony was to be tomorrow."

He drew a long breath.

"This afternoon," he resumed, "I went to Cairnstone House on some business of Trent's and found him unusually cordial. When I asked for Linda he said that she was resting in her room and wasn't to be disturbed. I came away without seeing her. Before I'd driven far, it dawned on me that the hour of the wedding hadn't been definitely fixed, so I stopped off here to telephone."

"Then it was Trent you were talking to on the phone?" Jerningham asked.

"It was," Ryker affirmed grimly. "I asked to speak with Linda, and he refused. He said she was leaving Cairnstone House tonight and that I'd never see her again. And he laughed as he hung up. Something about his laugh turned me cold. There's some ghastly catch in that 'leaving Cairnstone House.' He would speak like that—and laugh like that—if Linda were dead and going to be buried tonight."

"Of course he hasn't killed her. He wouldn't dare do anything so crude as that. But there are a hundred subtler ways—" He hesitated.

"What can happen?" Jerningham asked.

"I don't know what can happen. I wish to God I did," he went on. "But Linda knows, and the terror of that knowledge has been driving her over the edge."

"You mean—" Jerningham hesitated.

"Insane," Ryker answered.

Nilsson leaned forward and spoke for the first time.

"What are you going to do about it?" he demanded.

"Go and get her and marry her tonight," Ryker answered bluntly.

Nilsson shook his head.

"She's only seventeen, you said. You can't marry her without his consent."

Ryker reached in his pocket and spread a sheet of paper upon the table between us. It was a license for the marriage of Heldon Ryker, 39, and Linda Marshall, 17.

"Trent had the license clerk come to Cairnstone House and issue this," Ryker explained, "the day he gave his consent to the marriage. Tomorrow it will doubtless occur to him to have it revoked. But it's perfectly good for use tonight!"

Jerningham rose to his feet.

"All right," he said. "Tell us the rest on the way to Cairnstone House."

WE ALL piled into Nilsson's touring car. Ryker's roadster could hold only three, and he thought it unwise to split the party. At Nilsson's suggestion, Ryker took the wheel.

"Well, what would you like to know?" he asked, once we were started.

"Cast the characters first," said Jerningham.

"What sort of man is this Malachi Trent?"

"You've probably heard a good bit about him indirectly," Ryker responded. "Whatever you heard, it wasn't exaggerated. He's very eccentric, very much the recluse, but he has a wide range of financial interests which he still controls. I've been his agent for years in various matters, most of them personal investigations of projects in out-of-the-way corners of the earth. In business he's keen, level-headed, and shrewdly ingenious. But he's a neurotic, with a ruthless streak of cruelty and abnormal passion for domination, which he has indulged all his life. He can't bear to have any one even suggest a decision to him, and judging from his behavior when he's thwarted I have some doubt of his sanity."

"For instance, two years ago he took me along on a trip into Upper Assam, on the edge of the Eastern Himalayas, up under the Roof of the World. At Dibrugarh he heard rumors of an extraordinary ruby which no white man had ever seen. It belonged to the temple of a Hindu goddess, up in the sacred gorge of the Brahmaputra—the Temple of Kali the Destroyer. Native pilgrims, on their way to worship Kali at her annual festival, said that this stone—the 'Wrath of Kali,' they called it—was the biggest ruby in the world, but wasn't famous because it could never be shown except on this one night of the festival and then only to true believers."

"Trent was in a bad mood and he swore we'd go and see the 'Wrath of Kali' for ourselves, believers or not. We reached the temple in time for the festival but of course we couldn't get in."

"Trent was beside himself with fury. I don't think he cared a straw about the ruby, but he went into one of his cold, deadly rages over the affront. He promised a couple of native ruffians a whacking price in gold if they could steal the 'Wrath of Kali' for him, and somehow they managed to do it—right under the noses of the worshippers."

"He paid their price and we started back to civilization. We barely got out with our lives. News of the sacrilege went down the Brahmaputra faster than we did, for all our haste, and Trent still has a handful of poisoned



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arrows that some of the wild hill hunters sprayed into our boat as we went past."

"And what became of the 'Wrath of Kali'?" I asked.

"Oh, he has it still. Makes rather a fetish of it because of the triumph it represents. He even has in his study a little image of Kali which he bought at Chittagong so that he could flaunt his victory in her face."

THE car wheeled into the driveway of an estate hidden behind high brick walls. The lodge-keeper stepped out, recognized Ryker, and opened the gates for us to pass.

"Point one in our favor," Ryker commented. "Trent hasn't yet given orders to keep me out. That's the advantage of striking at once. As Lord Bacon said, 'when things have once come to the execution, there is no secrecy comparable to celerity'."

He switched off the headlights and throttled down the car's speed, and we crept slowly through the star-lit darkness.

"Hasn't any one ever told him where to get off?" Nilsson asked hopefully.

"Linda's mother did," Ryker answered. "If she hadn't, Linda would have been my daughter instead of Harry Marshall's. Eighteen years ago this fall I asked her to marry me, and Trent told her she must. She simply walked out of Cairnstone House and married Marshall. I couldn't blame her—it was her right, and my misfortune. Of course that's why I lost my heart to Linda. She's her mother all over again, except for what Cairnstone House has done to her."

His voice grew remorseful.

"The worst of it is, I'm partly to blame. When Linda was six or eight years old, her parents were killed in a railway accident. Trent sent me to bring the child back to him. Some friends wanted to keep her. No wonder! She was a lovely, proud, upstanding little thing. Entirely too much like her mother ever to knuckle under to Trent. And I made the ghastly mistake of suggesting that perhaps he'd better let them have her. That sealed her fate. He kept her at Cairnstone House. But he never spoke of her; I never saw her when I was there on business, and I assumed he'd sent her away somewhere until I met her a week ago."

"What happened in those years I don't know. Linda won't talk about it. Apparently he set out from the start to break her spirit, and when he found he couldn't it grew into an obsession with him. Her mother had defied him. He couldn't stand it from Linda too. The longer she kept her courage, the more he hated her. And now at last he has found some weapon that is reducing her to abject terror—and worse. I've got to get her out of his hands tonight, if I break my neck—and yours—doing it."

HE TURNED the last curve of the driveway, and stopped the car. We stepped out quickly and stood an instant gazing at the huge, dismal, menacing bulk of Cairnstone House, black against the stars.

"We start," Ryker answered, "by ringing the bell at the front door. If it's answered, two of you lead the way in and insist on seeing Mr. Trent. He'll be in his library, at the left as you go in. He's always there, except when he's at the table or in bed. All you have to do is to keep him there, with talk if you can, by blocking the door if you have to. The third man goes with me to find Linda and get her out of the house before you release Trent. Then we go. Perfectly simple—if it works!"

"Jerningham and Mac had better take the old man," Nilsson suggested. "I'm not so much on talk, but if they've locked your little Linda up I've got a good shoulder to lean against her door."

Ryker fumbled for the bell, and found it, and we stood silent for several moments, listening for footsteps in answer.

"Sounds like an empty house," Nilsson offered, at last. "How many people are there in it tonight, anyhow?"

"Should be four," Ryker responded. "Linda

and Trent, an old crone of a housekeeper named Mrs. Ketchem, and Ram Singh, a Hindu servant Trent picked up the day he got the ruby. The man is a curious—"

That sentence was never finished. From inside the closely shrouded library windows on our left came a crash loud enough to wake the dead. It sounded like the smashing fall of some heavy object. Indeed I felt the jar in the floor of the porch beneath my feet. And then, before the reverberations had died, there came from inside the same shrouded

on the floor between them, something hidden from our sight by the large desk that stood in the middle of the room.

Slowly the four of us moved apart, to right and left around the desk, till we could see what it had concealed. On the floor, at the foot of a small stepladder, lay the body of an old man in a dressing gown, his head askew at a horrible angle, one motionless hand outflung towards the wreck of a tall grandfather's clock which lay on the floor beside him.

While we stood staring, a tall man in a white robe brushed past us. I dimly remembered having seen him at the head of the stairs as we rushed through the hall. It was Trent's Hindu servant, Ram Singh. He crouched above his master, feeling his wrists, his temples, groping beneath his dressing gown to catch the least fluttering beat of his heart. When the Hindu rose to his feet, his dark face was a mask.

"It is the vengeance of Kali," he said. "Trent Sahib is dead."

RYKER put a swift arm about Linda to steady her as she swayed.

"Are you hurt?" he demanded gently. "What happened?"

"I don't know," she faltered. "I can't remember—I heard him coming, and I was afraid—and I hid."

"Where did you hide?" Ryker prompted.

"On the window-seat, behind the curtains. But that was a long time ago—just at dusk. I waited hours, I think, for him to leave the room, and he didn't. And then it's just a blank—I can't remember—"

"Did you faint, do you think—or go to sleep?"

"Sleep?" She turned a dazed face to his, as though she had never known the meaning of the word. "I don't see how I could have slept—I haven't slept for days."

"And then what happened?"

"There was a crash that brought me back—a crash in the room, I thought—and the first thing I knew, I was standing right here—and I looked—and saw—"

She caught Ryker's sleeve with clinging fingers.

"There really was a crash?" she begged. "I didn't dream it? I'm not dreaming still? Oh, no, he isn't dead. I don't believe it."

"He is," Ryker assured her.

"Then I don't have to do anything more," she murmured to herself. "Or plan any more, or fight any more, or be brave any more, I can—rest."

"You can go to bed and sleep for a week, dear child," he answered with forced lightness. "I think you'd better go this minute and leave everything to us. Mrs. Ketchem will tuck you in."

Following the direction of his glance I turned and saw, in the doorway by which we had entered, a withered old crone with sunken jaws and pointed chin, who might have been one of the Weird Sisters. It struck me as pitifully significant of Linda's situation, that there was no woman to comfort her except this old witch.

Linda submitted passively. Only at the door she turned back for an instant to look at the young man who had faced her across Trent's body.

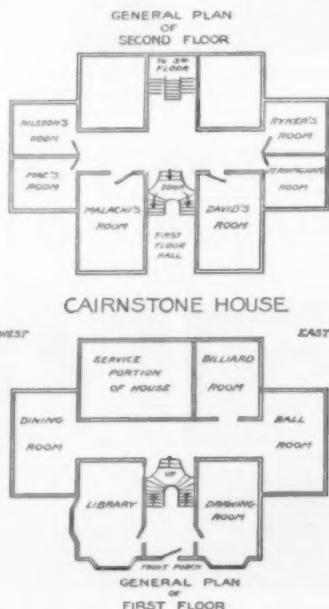
"You didn't go!" she said.

"I couldn't," he answered gravely.

WHEN she was gone the four of us, who had come to Cairnstone House to rescue her, turned with one accord to the young stranger. I realized for the first time that if you could forget his hair, there was in his thin face an unmistakable resemblance to the hawklike features of the dead man.

"You are David Trent, Mr. Trent's grandson, I suppose," Ryker said. "Can you tell us what happened?"

"He must have fallen," David Trent answered. "I didn't see it. I was in the room across the hall waiting for Linda to come downstairs, when it happened. Right after



windows a sound that stopped the breath in my throat—the sound of a girl's voice, in a single cry of horror.

None of us spoke. We only flung ourselves as one man against the great door—once, and again, and again. It shook on its hinges before our onslaught, creaked, yielded, and swung open with the crack of a splintering lock, precipitating us pellmell into the dimly lighted hall.

We did not stop to look around. A shaft of light was streaming from the open door upon our left. With one accord we rushed through that door into the brightly lit, silent room, and stood staring at two motionless figures—the girl we had come to rescue, and the man who faced her—who was not the man we had thought to see.

WE HAD reason afterward to remember every detail of that scene. The library was a large room, lined with books from floor to ceiling. The wall of books was broken in only three places—at the rear of the room where a huge stone fireplace held a dying fire, at the front end of the room where heavy curtains of black velour evidently covered a long bay window, and in the center of the long wall opposite us where similar black curtains, veiling another bay window, served as a background for our first glimpse of Linda.

The picture she made would have tempted the brush of a master. Her slender golden loveliness, startling against the somber black, was set off by a quaint gown of a fashion long gone by, a gown with a slim bodice and billowing, ruffled skirts. The gown was strange to my eyes, but in that first moment I passed over its strangeness, as I passed over the unexpected presence of the white-faced, red-headed, young man.

What riveted my attention was the expression on the faces of these two. They were both frozen, fascinated, staring at something



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the crash, I heard Linda's voice inside the room and I came in here on the run. I found him lying there on the floor at the foot of that little stepladder, with the grandfather clock on the floor beside him and those books scattered all over the place. I didn't see anything that you didn't. I just saw it all a second or two sooner. I hadn't even felt his pulse when you came in. He didn't look as if it would be any use."

"No," Ryker agreed, "he's dead. But we'll have to call a doctor just the same."

The tension under which we had all been laboring was relaxed. Nilsson began to wander about the room in apparently idle curiosity. Ryker picked up the telephone from Trent's desk.

"I'm calling from Cairnstone House on the Baltimore Pike," he informed the operator. "Can you tell me who is the nearest doctor?—Lampton? Will you call him, please?" Then after a moment—"Dr. Lampton? This is Mr. Ryker, calling from Cairnstone House on the Pike. Mr. Trent has met with a fall, and we think he is dead. Can you come at once? Thank you."

HE SET down the phone, and turned to the silent Hindu.

"Lost in meditation, Sahib."

"Did you hear Mr. Trent fall?"

"While descending the stairs I heard a crash and afterward the noise of the strange sahibs entering in great haste."

As though reminded of something, Nilsson turned to David Trent.

"By the way," he said, "when the crash came, was the library door open or shut?"

"Shut and locked," young Trent answered.

"Then it was you who broke it open?"

"Yes. It gave on the second smash. I was in a hurry."

Young Trent stepped over to look at the door, Jerningham and I following him. It had not been locked with a key. But screwed to the door itself was an old-fashioned sliding bolt, shot to its full extent. And on the door casing were three screw holes in splintered wood, where the socket had been.

"Well, nobody's going to bolt that door again in a hurry," David Trent remarked.

"Nor the front door," Ryker told him. "It's stouter than this, but it didn't hold up long after we heard Linda. Of course, we didn't know you were here."

If the statement implied a question, young Trent ignored it. Ryker shrugged and turned again to the body on the floor.

"And the last thing in the world we expected to find was this," he finished, and knelt to straighten the sprawled limbs.

"Better leave him as he lies," Nilsson said, "till the doctor's seen him. He has to make out a death certificate, and he'll want to know how it happened. We can be surer of the facts if we study things exactly as they are."

"It's pretty plain," Ryker pointed out. "He must have toppled backward off that little ladder, and struck the back of his neck against the sharp edge of the desk. There's nothing else within reach he could have hit."

NILSSON was eyeing the loaded bookcases lining the walls to the ceiling. On the top shelf, directly above the ladder, a number of books were missing.

"There's the reason he climbed the ladder," he supplied. "He wanted those books, took too many, lost his balance, and fell with 'em in his arms."

"In one arm," David Trent amended. "He must have had his left hand free to grab at the grandfather clock when he felt himself going."

Jerningham was stooping above Trent's body, his fancy caught by the task of reconstruction.

"What do you suppose broke his glasses, Nilsson?" he inquired.

"Hard to tell. Probably got mixed up with the clock or the books in falling."

"The books?" Jerningham repeated thought-

fully. He stooped lower to read their titles without disturbing them.

"Manual of Astronomy," "The Human Body," "Principles of Rhetoric," "Elementary Physics," "Latin Grammar," "Advanced Algebra." Funny set of properties for a farewell appearance! They aren't the books I'd expect a man like Trent to break his neck over. College texts, every one, and out of date by twenty or thirty years. What did he want of an armful of antiquated textbooks, Nilsson?"

"Hanged if I know. There's a blank sheet of paper on his desk, and a fountain pen and a bottle of ink. He was going to write something. Must have wanted the books for reference."

"Not good enough," Jerningham demurred. "No one who's once passed his final exams is ever again seized by sudden thirst for the rudiments of astronomy, algebra, physiology, grammar, and physics, simultaneously. It doesn't make sense."

"Well, he didn't always make sense," young Trent said suddenly. "I think he was half crazy."

But Jerningham had straightened up, and was regarding the scene with frowning concentration.

"Which step of the ladder was he standing on?" he inquired slowly. "If it hasn't been dusted too recently, there may be tracks."

Nilsson bent close.

"No tracks," he said. "No dust at all."

"What about the edge of the desk, where his head hit?"

"No dust there, either."

Jerningham turned carelessly to Ram Singh.

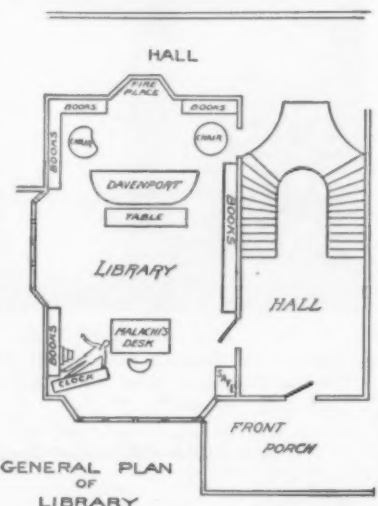
"Was Mr. Trent very particular about having his study kept dusted?" he asked.

Ram Singh shook his head.

"It was his custom to forbid all to enter," he answered calmly. "He did not desire disturbance of his papers and his possessions."

"I could have told you that, Jerningham."

I said, "Everything in the place is thick with dust."



"Is it?" Jerningham inquired, and thrusting his hands in his pockets he began a leisurely circuit of the room. He cast one casual glance at the dusty library table, another at the dying embers on the hearth, another at the odd little arrows tacked to a piece of bark cloth upon the wall above the mantel. And presently he halted, there at the rear of the room, and bent to scrutinize the lock on the other door, a closed door which obviously led into the hall.

"Here's another thing that's half crazy," he told young Trent as he straightened again, his hands still in his pockets and his head on one side. "With two doors—both leading to

the hall—why did your grandfather bolt one door and not the other?"

Nilsson glanced up quickly, and opened his mouth to answer, but a peal of the doorbell interrupted him. Ram Singh moved silently to answer it, and in another moment Dr. Lampton entered the library.

HE WAS a plump, gray-haired, little man, with cheeks like winter apples, and childlike blue eyes that seemed untouched by the experiences of his fifty years. He came in hurriedly with an air of genuine concern, but his first examination of Trent's body told him his errand was a useless one.

"I'm sorry," he said. "You were right. He is dead. It is very sad."

"What would you say caused his death, doctor?" Jerningham asked deferentially.

The doctor looked faintly startled.

"Didn't you see it?" he asked.

"It happened just before we entered the house," Ryker explained.

"Oh, I see," said the doctor. "Why, it was undoubtedly the fall that killed him. You can see that he was on the ladder with an armful of books, and he must have struck the back of his neck against the desk as he fell. A tragic mischance! The back of the neck is such a fragile spot! Even a slight blow may dislocate a vertebra and prove fatal. His death must have been instantaneous."

He rose to his feet, and with young Trent's help, lifted the body on to one of the cushioned window seats, and pulled together the heavy black curtains, hiding it from view.

WHEN the kindly little doctor had gone his way Ryker turned to us.

"I owe you chaps all the thanks in the world," he said, "but I won't impose upon your time any further. My little Linda no longer needs a rescue. She's safer tonight than I dreamed she could be."

Jerningham shook his head, and something in his face made me catch my breath.

"I wish I thought so," he said gently. "But you see, this wasn't an accident tonight. It was murder."

"Murder?" David Trent cried, in sharp consternation.

"Murder?" Ryker echoed.

"Murder?" said Nilsson, and his eyes narrowed. "I thought of that possibility when we first came in," he said slowly, "and I couldn't find a scrap of evidence to bear it out. Why do you call it murder, Jerningham?"

"Because as an accident it doesn't make sense."

"You don't think he fell?"

"I don't think he fell. I don't think he was on the ladder at all."

"Then how could he have struck the desk hard enough to break his neck?"

"He never struck the desk. He was murdered by a blow from behind, and the accident was made up out of the whole cloth to cover the deed."

"And the clock?"

"The murderer pushed it over," Jerningham said slowly, "to furnish the crash for the fall that never happened."

"That's an ingenious theory," Ryker said at last, reluctantly. "But I can't believe it."

"Neither can I, without proof," Nilsson said slowly.

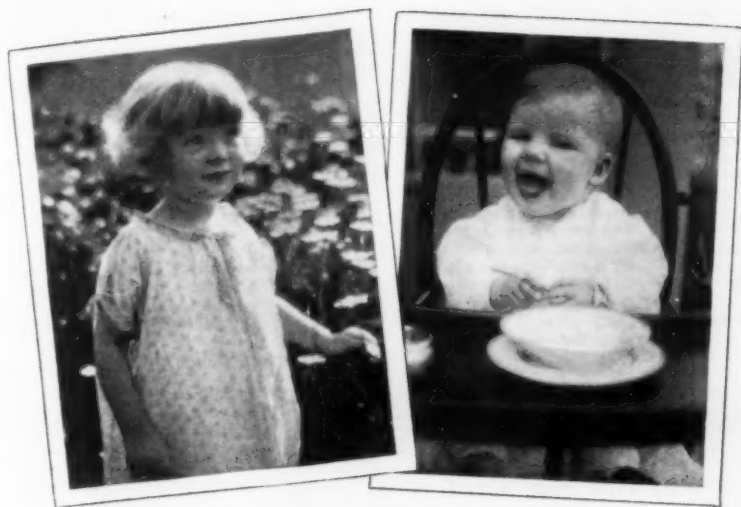
"There's proof in the titles of those books," Jerningham answered. "There's proof on the surfaces of the ladder and on the edge of the desk. There's proof in the dust on top of the grandfather clock."

Nilsson stooped promptly to look at the top of the prostrate clock.

"But there's nothing there," he said.

"Exactly," Jerningham agreed. "If a man caught at that clock to save himself from falling, he'd grab it by the moulding on the top. He'd have to. And he'd leave finger-marks in the dust. There are no finger-marks. Therefore, nobody pulled the clock over in falling. Q. E. D."

"All right," agreed Nilsson, frowning.



# Tiny Tots NOW-

*Tomorrow they'll be Grown up*

**N**OW that they are so small and helpless, the time when they'll be venturing out into the big, bewildering world all by themselves seems far, far away.

As a matter of fact, you'd rather not think of that time. As you hug them to your heart today, you don't care much whether they ever grow up. They're so adorable as they are that you put the thought out of your mind, pretending to yourself that they always will be babies.

## *They Change So Quickly!*

But soon the high chair and the baby-carriage go up to the attic; a regular bed replaces the crib; a regular bicycle the outgrown three-wheeler. Dolls come and go and then one day you find that they, too, are relics of the past.

The years flash by. Graduation Day comes. Why, they were in kindergarten just a short while ago! Then off they go to high school. Childhood is now but a memory.

## *How Snapshots Help*

You look back wistfully to those distant years and try to remember what your youngsters were like. If you've left it all to your memory, how disappointed you are at the little you can recall. But if you had the forethought to take plenty of snapshots, everything comes back to you as if it were only yesterday that

Sister's first tooth came through and Junior frightened you to death by falling down the cellar stairs.

So get your Kodak out and use it. Lay up a store of precious snapshots for the years to come. You haven't a Kodak? Well, that's easily fixed. There's not a community in America where they can't be bought and the cost is whatever you want to pay. There's a genuine Eastman camera, the Brownie, as low as \$2, and Kodaks from \$5 up.

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"What proof do you gather from the ladder and the desk? There's no dust on them."

"No. But there ought to be. In the whole room, the only surfaces that aren't dusty are the two vitally important ones, where marks in the dust would have proved or disproved Trent's accidental death."

"You aren't maintaining that the murderer dusted 'em, are you?"

"I am. When he had the scene all set, he noticed the dust on the ladder. It didn't show the prints of Trent's carpet slippers. It showed the murderer's own footprints, made when he climbed up to get the books. So he had to dust the ladder. And then he had to dust the desk because it didn't show the marks of Trent's fall. But he never thought of the top of the clock!"

Jerningham finished on a note of such elation that Ryker laughed aloud.

"Jerningham," he said. "I take off my hat to your powers of invention. Malachi Trent was murdered, and the proof is that two pieces of furniture have been dusted and a third has not! No wonder your plays are ingenious."

Nilsson looked dubious.

"You certainly haven't got anything yet that would convince even a coroner's jury," he declared. "What's the point about the titles of the books?"

"THEIR irrelevance," Jerningham answered. "Trent couldn't possibly have chosen such a miscellaneous hodge-podge of school books for the sake of their contents."

"Trent may have wanted something that was hidden behind 'em," Nilsson contributed.

"That's shrewd," Jerningham applauded. "I admit I hadn't thought of that. Go ahead and verify it, Nilsson. If you find anything hidden there, you knock my theory flat."

I wasn't converted to Jerningham's theory, but I watched with breathless interest as Nilsson mounted the little stepladder and peered through the gap in the row of books.

"What luck?" Jerningham demanded.

"None at all," the big man answered, with some disappointment. "There's nothing here. And he didn't take anything out, for the dust hasn't been disturbed. And he wasn't putting anything in, or we'd have found it lying on the floor beside him. So that idea's a dud. Go on with your fairy-tale, Jerningham."

"All right. If you admit there's no sense to Trent's taking those particular books? But suppose it was the murderer who took them down, after the crime. He had to take them from the top shelf, to explain why Trent climbed the ladder. He had to take a whole armful, to show why Trent lost his balance. And finally, he had to take them from the extreme left end of the shelves, within reach of the clock. So there you are."

"And that's all there is to your case?" Nilsson asked.

"For the present."

"Indictment dismissed! It's too thin, old man. Two pieces of furniture dusted and one not, as Ryker says. And an argument that a man couldn't have taken certain books off his own shelves! I vote with Ryker—it's an ingenious theory, but that's all!"

"It's a theory that happens to be true," Jerningham insisted quietly.

"Just a minute," David Trent interposed, with sudden anxiety. "Do I understand that you're actually serious in this?"

"Dead serious," Jerningham assured him.

"Then you haven't counted the cost."

"What cost?"

"The cost to Linda," young Trent returned doggedly. "Ryker said you broke down the front door tonight to rescue her."

"Naturally," Jerningham assented.

"Then at least you knew she needed rescue. And you saw tonight how close she was to the ragged edge. She didn't half know what she was doing." His voice was rough with pity. "She can't stand anything more. She's got to have a chance to rest and play and

lie in the sun and forget the very name of Malachi Trent."

"Granted," said Jerningham.

"And now that he's dead," said young Trent bitterly, "she'd have her chance if it weren't for you."

"I don't quite get you," Jerningham answered slowly. "You don't believe—you can't believe—that the solution of the murder would implicate Linda?"

"Lord, no! There won't be any solution," young Trent retorted impatiently, "because there wasn't any murder. But the bare charge of murder will implicate everybody under this roof. It won't matter how abjectly you repent it later. You can't lay the suspicion for a murder till you make somebody the goat and convict him. You'll put Linda at the mercy of every yellow tabloid. You'll let her in for a police investigation, grilling, perhaps even a court-room experience. And then she'll never have a chance to forget. She'll be 'the girl in that Cairnstone House murder' as long as she lives. And you came

### "Why One Man Went to Prison"

THIS—we think—is one of the great short stories of the year. Charles Francis Coe has written it, with insight and real emotion and amazing tenderness. And he has based it upon truth—a truth that you followed, not so very long ago, through newspaper headlines.

"Why One Man Went To Prison" will be published in the September issue of SMART SET.

here tonight so that you could rescue her!" Jerningham stood for a moment, considering.

"I can't agree," he said at last. "There has been a murder here, even if I'm the only one who sees it. And there's been some horror hanging over Linda. Until we get to the bottom of those two mysteries, we can't judge what's best for Linda. I don't want to decide in the dark. I want to be sure."

"So do I, if it's possible," Ryker agreed heartily. "But young Trent here has the right idea about protecting Linda. We can't bring in the police."

"No, we can't," Jerningham admitted. "We're going to have to solve this thing ourselves."

"Then you're counting on our help," Nilsson chuckled, "in tracing a murder that wasn't committed to a murderer who doesn't exist?"

"I'm counting on your help," Jerningham assented. "And if you don't convince yourself, right here tonight, that this murder does exist outside my imagination, I'll chuck the whole business."

"THAT'S fair enough," Ryker commented.

"But why make Nilsson the judge?"

"Because," Jerningham answered, "he happens to be the crack man on the Philadelphia homicide squad."

"The homicide squad?" David Trent said. "Then you have brought in the police."

Nilsson shook his head.

"I'm not here officially," he declared. "I'm not on duty at all. I'm on a shooting trip until tomorrow morning."

He turned curiously to Jerningham.

"How is it that I'm to be convinced in spite of myself?" he asked. "I heard you predicting something of the sort."

"I want you to accept my theory for just one hour," Jerningham explained. "Assume you know positively that Trent was murdered, and devote the hour to finding out how and why. I'm willing to stand or fall by what you find."

"All right," Nilsson agreed. "I'll give you my best professional services. The first step is to chase the whole lot of you out of here before you muss up my evidence."

"Nothing doing!" Jerningham retorted. "I'm going to watch."

"Can't we all?" Ryker asked. "We're all concerned."

"Very well, but hands off! I'll start with Trent's body, and when I'm through you can take it up to his bedroom and then park yourselves on the window seats out of my way."

IT WAS obvious that Nilsson was undertaking Jerningham's program in good faith. His face was grimly intent as he drew back the heavy draperies from the window seat where lay the body of Malachi Trent, removed the rest of the dead man's clothing, and bent to exhaustive examination which put Dr. Lampton's effort to shame.

"No marks of any injury," he reported at last, "except the one across the back of the neck. That was made by something pretty heavy, with a dull square edge. The skin's not broken except right over the dislocated vertebra. I don't find anything else but a slight cut high on the left cheek and a small black smudge beside it."

Jerningham moved over to look at the dead man's cheek.

"What do you make of those?" he asked.

"The cut is probably from his glasses when they broke," Nilsson replied. "The smudge could be ink, or soot from the fireplace."

He touched the mark with an experimental finger.

"Perfectly dry. Won't smear. Probably ink." After a minute's puzzled silence Nilsson said, "Well, I can't learn anything more from the body. Carry it upstairs to his bedroom. Next thing is to tackle the 'scene of the crime'."

WHEN Ryker, David Trent and I returned from the trip upstairs with our gruesome burden, young Trent was mopping his brow.

"Whew!" he remarked, as we re-entered the library. "It's hot in here."

"So it is," Ryker agreed, and stepped over to look at the thermostat on the wall beside the door. "Trent always did like a tropical temperature. He's got the thermostat set for seventy-six degrees as usual, and an open fire besides."

Nilsson paid no attention. He was on his knees beside the spot where the body had been found, studying the position of Trent's broken glasses, among the books on the floor. But Jerningham was interested.

"Did you say thermostat?" he asked.

"Yes. It just suited Trent to be able to control the house temperature without so much as stepping out of the room. The maximum of heat was his notion of comfort."

"With a minimum of fresh air, apparently," Jerningham added, struggling vainly to open a window. "He's got all his windows locked and battened down so tight I can't budge a one of 'em."

"Jerningham," Nilsson interrupted with mild exasperation, "sit down on that window seat and keep your hands to yourself. If I hadn't already looked those windows over, I'd break your neck for tampering with 'em."

"I'll be good," Jerningham promised, subsiding on a window seat, and the rest of us followed his example.

Nilsson was still on the floor, picking up the eyeglass fragments with the utmost care. When he had collected them all, he laid them on a magazine and brought them to me.

"Fit these together, will you, Mac," he requested, "and see if they're all there? You can thank your stars that the clock didn't have a face of glass, or your job wouldn't be so easy."

It proved very easy. The right lens was unbroken, and the half dozen fragments of the other fitted readily into place.

"There's one piece missing from the cen-



# Something no woman

*excuses*

*in another!*



To be popular  
one must be  
dainty

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Under-arm daintiness



Hair-free legs

ter," I reported, and presented the reconstructed lens for inspection.

"Hm! Got to find that," he grunted, and began a minute search of floor and rugs, and every piece of furniture in the room.

Only once did he volunteer a remark. That was when he halted before a stoutly built cabinet in the corner of the room nearest the front door, and inspected the black marble statuette that stood upon it.

"Well!" we heard him mutter. "I'll be eternally demoted!"

"Found it?" Jerningham demanded eagerly.

"No," Nilsson replied, his eyes upon the weird black carved figure. It was a naked dancer with four arms, a sword in one hand, and a necklace of human heads about her throat. "No, I've found something else. I don't know what you'd call it, though."

"Oh, that's Kali," Ryker answered casually. "I told you Trent brought her home from India."

**B**UT Ram Singh answered also, as though the other had not spoken.

"Kali the Eternal, Kali the Unapproachable, Kali the Destroyer," he said ceremonially, and I had a sudden impression that Ryker had spoken lightly of a terrible thing.

"Kali the Destroyer?" Nilsson repeated in an odd tone. "You may be right, at that. Jerningham, this statuette has been picked up, and set down again—and dusted!"

Jerningham was across the room in three strides.

"And the base has a dull square edge," he declared, "and the body makes a perfect handle. A very convenient weapon. Nilsson, you're beginning to be convinced!"

"I'd a lot rather find that confounded piece of glass," Nilsson grumbled, and took up the hunt again.

"What's the importance of the glass?" Ryker asked curiously.

"Can't tell yet," Nilsson answered. "It all depends on where I find it. If it's in some spot it could naturally have reached when Trent broke his glasses in falling, it won't prove a thing. If it's some place it couldn't have reached naturally, it'll mean a lot. It'll prove, not only that Trent didn't break his glasses in falling, but that somebody deliberately placed the fragments beside him to make it appear that he did. In other words, somebody was faking something."

"It might also tell us where Trent actually was killed," Jerningham suggested. "Look in the desk drawers. He may have been sitting at his desk with a drawer slightly open when he was attacked."

Nilsson looked, but found no glass. The top drawer disclosed a jumble of pencils and paper clips and rubber bands, a jar of paste, a ball of green cord, a pair of scissors, and a blue steel revolver, with all the chambers full.

Another drawer, full of papers, revealed three unopened letters addressed to Linda Marshall. At sight of them, young Trent swore viciously beneath his breath.

"No wonder she didn't answer," he finished. "The old skunk!"

"Recognize the letters?" Nilsson inquired. "Ought to, I wrote 'em."

Nilsson turned to Ram Singh.

"Know anything about these letters?" "No, Sahib. It is forbidden that any save Trent Sahib shall touch the mail. He caused a letter slot to be put in that window, that all letters might come direct to his hands."

We looked where he pointed, and saw that the window which gave on to the front porch was indeed equipped with a letter slot in the lower rail of the sash. It was eloquent testimony to the completeness with which Linda had been cut off from the world.

**J**ERNINGHAM did not seem greatly interested in the letters. His gaze returned to the objects on Trent's desk—the telephone, the metal lamp, the metal ash tray, the big leather-mounted desk pad crisscrossed with recent blottings, the sheet of blank paper that lay upon it, the uncapped

fountain pen, the tightly corked bottle of ink—and I saw his face light with sudden exultation.

"Tell me, Mac," he said, in suppressed excitement, "was that ink bottle corked when we first came into the room?"

"I don't know," I said. "I didn't take time to look around till Linda went upstairs. It was corked then."

"Eureka!" he exclaimed. "Nilsson, look in the ink bottle!"

Nilsson reached out a big hand for the bottle, twisted off the cork, poured out the ink into the capacious ash tray, and shook out on to the blotter something inky and shining and angular—the missing bit of glass. He turned to Jerningham with reluctant admiration.

"What the devil made you think of that?"

"The smudge of ink beside the cut on his cheek," Jerningham answered. "He was sitting over his desk, of course, with the ink bottle open before him. The murderer struck him from behind with the statue of Kali—struck him hard enough to drive his face down upon the ink bottle and break his glasses. Naturally, when the murderer moved Trent's body and arranged it at the foot of the ladder, he placed the broken glasses beside it. And he never dreamed, as he corked the ink bottle, that he was sealing up inside it the perfect evidence of his crime."

"By George, that's neat!" Nilsson declared.

"Then you admit Trent was murdered?"

"Have to, I guess," Nilsson's voice grew very thoughtful. "Murdered at his desk, as he was getting ready to write something. I wish we knew what he was going to write."

He gazed thoughtfully at the blank sheet of paper on the desk. Gradually his eyes narrowed.

"Look here!" he said. "He did write something. You can see the imprint across the top of this page. He must have taken out two sheets of paper, and the words he wrote printed through on the second sheet!"

He picked up the page and tipped it this way and that beneath the light.

"By jingo!" he cried, in mounting excitement. "You can read it! This—is—my—last—will—I—devise—and—bequeath—"

"Go on!" Jerningham cried impatiently.

"What's next?"

"Nothing!" Nilsson said heavily. "The murderer came up behind and read it over his shoulder and killed him before he could write another word."

They looked at each other in blank disappointment.

"Well, we mustn't quarrel with our luck," Jerningham said with a sigh. "We've got the why of the murder, anyway. Somebody objected to Trent's making a will, and killed him and destroyed the unfinished draft. The question now is—who?"

**T**HE atmosphere in the room was suddenly electric. We had been too busy proving the murder to speculate about the murderer. But now the echo of Jerningham's, "Who?" seemed to fill the silent room.

When at last Nilsson turned brusquely to David Trent he was merely speaking the thought of all of us.

"If your grandfather died without leaving a will," he demanded, "who gets the estate?"

The young man flushed until his face matched his hair.

"I do," he answered, with some defiance. "And after you, who's next in line?"

"Linda," he answered in a low voice. A thick silence took possession of the room.

"Suppose," Nilsson said at last, pointedly to young Trent, "you tell us all you know about what happened in this house tonight."

The young man moistened his lips and answered softly.

"I came here about twenty minutes to eight this evening. Mrs. Ketchum came to the door, and I told her I had to see Linda. Then I waited in the room across the hall for about ten minutes, watching the stairs

and the door of the library, till Mrs. Ketchum came down again. She said that Linda's door was locked and Linda wouldn't answer, but she had called through the door that I was here and she thought Linda would be down presently. So I waited another ten minutes or so. Finally I heard a crash in the library and Linda's cry, and I broke open the door. My grandfather was lying dead on the floor and Linda was staring at him. That's all I know."

Another silence. Then Jerningham took up the questions.

"How long did you say you waited across the hall?"

"About twenty minutes."

"Did you hear anything in the library?"

"No," David answered automatically. Then he added quickly, "The wind was making a lot of noise. I wouldn't have heard ordinary small sounds."

**J**ERNINGHAM hesitated, then continued with an odd expression on his face.

"Did you see Linda enter the library while you were watching outside the door?"

"No, of course not," David answered indignantly. "Didn't she tell you she was asleep on the window seat?"

"She didn't say she was asleep," Jerningham corrected. "But never mind that. Did you see her enter?"

"No!"

"Couldn't she have entered while you were looking the other way?"

"Not a chance. I had a full view of the door, watching every minute!"

"Did any one else enter or leave through that door?"

"Not a soul."

"Could you swear to that?"

David stiffened.

"Of course!" he said. "But there's the other door—that you found unlocked. That opens out of sight behind the stairs. A dozen people could have gone in and out that way, without my knowing."

He looked Jerningham squarely in the eyes.

"As a matter of fact," he added, "the murderer must have got out that way while I was breaking in."

"And if he didn't?" Jerningham demanded steadily.

"If he hadn't," David Trent answered, "we'd have found him here."

"Exactly!" said Jerningham. "We did."

"What do you mean?" faltered David.

"I mean," Jerningham answered, "that nobody at all went through the other door."

"Why not?" cried David sharply. "You said it wasn't locked!"

"It wasn't," said Jerningham. "But it is nailed shut."

Something that was almost panic came into David's face.

"It can't be!" he protested, desperately.

"It is," Nilsson affirmed. "I noticed it at the start. There's a moulding nailed to the floor. See for yourself!"

Mechanically, David walked to the other door and tried it. He saw for himself. He turned accusingly to Jerningham.

"Then you lied when you said it was left unfastened!" he charged. "Why did you lie?"

"I didn't," Jerningham answered gravely. "I made the statement in good faith. Afterward when I saw the door was nailed, I did, purposely, hold my tongue."

"But why?" David demanded, hoarsely.

**T**O FIND out what you would tell us before you knew. Before you learned that the door you watched was the only door. Before you knew that the whole case would turn on what you said."

"And what did I say?" asked David, his voice unsteady.

"You said you could swear that nobody left the room."

"God forgive me!" said David, bitterly. "So I did."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Fear

[Continued from page 43]

died down. "I don't care if it leaves you one short or not. This is one of those dates it's just as dangerous to break as to keep, if you know what I mean."

So Tubby got into his car amid the amiable curses of every one, and then Isabel sent Parkinson, the butler, for Weir Eldredge. A moment later, he stood at the door of the library.

"Oh, it's you, is it, Eldredge?" asked Roger, and with the words, he built a wall between the occupants of the room and the man on the threshold. If Eldredge realized it, his face gave no indication.

"I hope you have warned your guests that I am not a good player, Miss Mortimer," he said. Isabel, who was already dealing at another table, did not turn.

"I haven't bothered, Mr. Eldredge," she returned. "Because they will find it out for themselves, if it is so, won't they?"

**T**HE game began, and it speedily became apparent that Eldredge had not exaggerated when he spoke of the quality of his playing. Above his head, Roger sent Isabel complicated little messages of agony, interspersed with threats, but she merely smiled. And then, quite suddenly, they were all aware that a difficult situation had arrived among them.

Eldredge had won the bid, and was painfully picking out cards from the magnificent supporting hand with which Roger had presented him. Since Roger had been doing most of the playing, this was his first bit of leisure and he took out his cigarette case and lighter. At the rasp of the flint, Eldredge's head came up. The expression on his face was so remarkable that Roger paused.

"Smoke," he asked, "or don't you?"

"No, I don't," replied Eldredge, and his eyes were on the small flame of the lighter for an instant. Then he looked away.

"Bad for the nerves, eh?" asked Roger, carelessly. Then he laughed. "But you don't need nerves in your line, do you?"

They were all listening now, very intently.

"I'm not sure I understand you," said Eldredge.

"Well, after all, the biggest problem of a chap in your business is whether blue taffeta will be better than pink cheesecloth, isn't it?"

But whatever emotion had possessed Eldredge a minute previous, appeared to have passed.

"It's your deal," he said to Roger.

He was gone when the others got their cars around the front terrace, about midnight.

"It's too bad," said Isabel. "You might have given him a lift into town."

"Oh, we couldn't, darling!" Roger said. "We all drive so terrible fast—why, he'd fall right out with fright!"

Isabel shrugged at her lover. "It's easily seen you've been in the Social Register since birth, my dear," she remarked. "Your manners are very, very bad!"

But she was not annoyed with Roger; her anger was against Weir Eldredge, for he had put her in the position of being apologetic, and it was a position that was absolutely new to her.

**S**HE was prepared to punish him next morning, but he never came near her the entire day. It was only towards evening that she encountered him, by accident, on the stairs, and then, as usual, he did not have the remotest idea that she was furious with him.

"I meant to stop in and see you this morning," he said. "But the things for the south wing came and I got interested."

She smiled a little. "There are times when I really believe you have brocaded satin in your veins instead of blood," she said.

She had expected or perhaps she had hoped,

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he would show anger. He did nothing of the sort.

"I never thought of it in just that way, Miss Mortimer," he said. "Perhaps you are right."

He was still standing, his head bent, as she went on up the stairs.

After that she did not see him for a week, and she began to lose that sense of constant irritation, which the sound of his voice always brought. She began to look forward to the time when the drawing-room should be finished, and Weir Eldredge be out of the house.

ON SATURDAY afternoon, Roger drove over. He was in one of those fits of good temper which nothing can impair, and which most often show themselves in contrariness. Also, he was riding his new polo mount.

"It's rather ugly, isn't it?" said Isabel, when she had been urged to give her opinion of the lean little screw.

"Ugly!" said Roger. "My dear girl, this boy has the speed of six ordinary animals, and is no more capable of fatigue than the Leviathan!"

"How very impressive!" murmured Isabel. "Roger, if you win the polo cup, we must be married while the visiting team is here, don't you think?"

"I suppose you mean that there would be such a doggy sprinkling of Britishers on hand, to be invited?" Roger said, amiably. Then he grinned. "Here comes the ferocious laddie of the Home Beautiful Department!"

Weir Eldredge came along the terrace. "They have telephoned about the wall brackets, Miss Mortimer," he said. "If you are not entirely satisfied, they will, of course, take them back."

Roger leaned against his horse. "Take your time about the question, old dear," he said to Isabel. "Merciful Heaven! Don't let us have wall brackets in our home that are not all they should be!"

"How can you be so nonsensical, Roger?" asked Isabel.

Weir Eldredge's face did not show he had even heard Roger's remark, so the latter addressed him directly.

"What do you think of the new mount, Eldredge?"

Eldredge gazed at the horse. "Horses come so little within the scope of work like mine that my opinion would be of no value," he said. Roger flushed faintly. It was what he had meant to say to Eldredge, and now Eldredge had said it for himself. But Roger returned to the charge.

"Why don't you ride, Eldredge?" he asked. "You have the figure for it, and it's so easy. You merely climb on."

"It does sound simple, doesn't it?" agreed Eldredge.

"Try it," said Roger, and he led the horse nearer.

THAT curious expression had come into Eldredge's face again. "I—I haven't the faintest desire to," he said.

"Oh, come on," urged Roger. "You're not in riding clothes, of course, but after all, we're all friends here. We'll excuse your costume being incorrect."

He brought the horse nearer, and let the reins fall. But now Eldredge's expression had become one of sheer and abject terror. He backed away.

"No! No!" he cried, and so naked was his fear that both Roger and Isabel stared at him. Then Isabel turned her head.

"If you'll be so good as to phone about the wall brackets, Mr. Eldredge," she said. "Tell them to take them back and send us something more suitable for Trenholme!" Eldredge bowed, and went back along the terrace.

"So that's cowardice, is it?" queried Roger. "Well, I always have wanted to see a good first-hand example of it."

"He'll be through in a week more," remarked Isabel. "I'll be so glad when he is

gone! He's getting to be an awful bore."

She put her arm within Roger's and they went slowly down the drive towards the stables. Behind the wall of spruce trees, Roger turned suddenly, and took her in his arms. She was still for a minute after he released her. Then she spoke.

"What a savage you are, Roger!" she said. But she clung to him, as if this ardor of his were a strong and impregnable barrier between her and something.

By the end of the week, the large drawing-room was well on its way to completion, and Isabel could not conceal her delight at Eldredge's imminent departure. A man who could be moved only by something made by a machine—who wore on his face, when he saw a beautiful color, the expression which Roger wore for Isabel alone!

Having finished breakfast the following morning, she sent Parkinson to ask Mr. Eldredge to come to her sitting room in half an hour. She wondered whether he were as impervious to her beauty as he had appeared? And then he knocked at the door.

"Come in," she said, and because she disliked him so, she noted with a sort of cruel satisfaction that he was paler than she had ever seen him. She smiled.

"You are not looking quite yourself," she observed. "I hope you are not working too hard?"

Eldredge betrayed again that strange inattention she had noticed on several occasions, then he seemed to recall he had been spoken to.

"I?" he asked. "It is very good of you to notice, Miss Mortimer, but it is nothing, really. I have not been sleeping very well, that is all."

She smiled again. "I am afraid you are too conscientious about your silks and satins," she said. "You must not take Trenholme so seriously."

HE REGARDED her gravely. "Trenholme is a serious matter to me," he replied. "But my not sleeping has nothing to do with Trenholme—or anything connected with Trenholme." She lowered her eyes.

"You will be through in three days?" she asked. "Nothing will interfere with my party on Thursday?"

"Nothing," he answered. "I shall finish about noon, and shall be gone before the first of your dinner guests arrive."

"Then I shall say good-by now," Isabel told him. "For I must go into New York, and shall not get back till Thursday, about five—and then you will be gone, you see."

She held out her hand. It was the first time he had ever had occasion to touch her, and she saw him hesitate. Then he took her fingers within his own. Somewhere in Isabel, a little demon of curiosity was suddenly aroused. She lifted her brows, as if she were asking him what the moment held for them, and the next instant, he had touched her lips with his own. Had the kiss been brutally possessive—but it was not, and he sprang back as he heard her amused laughter.

"I have been obliged to you for a most interesting experiment, Mr. Eldredge," she said. "Do you mind if I say it has been disappointing?"

His hands fell to his sides. She continued to smile at him.

"I shall not attempt to apologize," he said, at last. "Good-by, Miss Mortimer."

"Good-by, Mr. Eldredge," she said, and she was looking at the hand on which Roger's ring flamed. "You remember, I warned you not to take Trenholme too seriously!"

He stood for a moment in the open doorway. "Good-by, Miss Mortimer," he said, for the second time, and was gone.

Isabel sat down. Well, that was over! She was going to town in half an hour, not to return till Thursday, when he would be gone. She would never see him again! She was ridiculously exultant at the thought. He had been like a shadow that seemed to come between her and complete possession of her

house. Now he would be gone. She would indeed be mistress of Trenholme!

She was conscious of pleasure, all the way into New York. Her first official dinner party in such a setting! She ran over the arrangements in her mind. The guests were all men and women who had been friends of her parents; it was the Old Guard that had been asked to come and christen Trenholme, for Isabel knew the importance of making the correct gesture at the outset of her career as a hostess.

IN THE morning, early, Parkinson telephoned her at the hotel where she had stayed for the two days. He had been disappointed in two of the footmen, but had been promised substitutes from the home of Alida Trent. Also, Mr. Eldredge was getting through, and would leave on the noon train.

At four, Isabel was speeding back in her car to Trenholme. Parkinson was waiting, when the roadster stopped before the house.

"Mr. Eldredge, Miss—" he began. Isabel, drawing off her gloves, was at once alert.

"Yes, what about him?" she queried.

"There was a wreck this morning—a freight wreck, which somewhat upset the railroad schedule. So the workmen did not get here till noon and Mr. Eldredge wishes to ask, therefore, that you do not bring any of the guests up into the drawing-room before nine, this evening."

Isabel shrugged. "Well, Mr. Eldredge could hardly help there being a wreck on the railroad, I suppose," she said. But her tone implied he might have.

As she went upstairs, she could hear the murmur of Eldredge's voice from the end of the corridor where he was talking to one of the workmen. She frowned a little, and went on.

At six-thirty, she was bathed, and dressed—and very beautiful. In the dining-room downstairs, she could hear Parkinson, who was being very military with his footmen; instructions seemed to be in the air. She would have liked to open the drawing-room door, and look in for just an instant, but something stopped her.

At seven, all but the most important of the guests had come. At seven-thirty, Roger returned from the pantry, for the second time, with his mouth full of biscuit.

"This guest of honor may be something to hold up a meal for," he complained privately to Isabel, "but I doubt it." But even as he spoke, the sound of a motor was heard outside.

IF ISABEL, as she went to stand in the entrance hall to welcome him, was pleased with herself, she was to be pardoned, for the man being helped out of the tonneau was a dinner prize to be eclipsed only by visiting royalty. He was not young, and he was rather ugly, but on his uniform, which was the field khaki of the British Army, he wore every decoration given by the Allied Governments during the late war.

"General Willoughby," murmured Isabel, as he bowed above her hand. There were a few moments given over to the General's being led upstairs to remove the stains of travel, and then, after introductions, they all sat down to dine. Isabel would have known the occasion was a success, by the envy in Alida Trent's eyes, if by no other means. It could hardly have been anything but a success, the General being what he was. He talked horses to Roger, who was notoriously polo minded most of the time; to the five grand and terrible dowagers present, the General offered sedate anecdotes of life forty years before, at St. James.

"And what," finally said Isabel, "does it feel like to have earned these?" And she touched with a finger the tiny oblongs of ribbon on his tunic. The General became strangely thoughtful.

"Courage is relative, my dear," he replied. "Now the bravest man I ever met—but it's not a pleasant story, so I shall not tell it."



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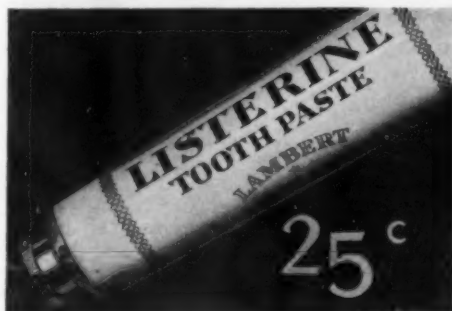
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## LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

"Please," they begged. The General laughed. "Well, the bravest man I ever met," he said, "married four times!"

"That is not," declared Isabel, "what you were going to say at all, and you know it!" But at this moment, Parkinson came to announce that everything was quite finished, Mr. Eldredge reported. Upon which they all went upstairs, to have coffee amid the splendid newness of Isabel's drawing-room.

IT WAS a beautiful room, and they were all generous in their glances of approval. They were so generous, especially old Mrs. Wyatt, who was very terrible in her judgments, that Isabel should have been satisfied. But there was misgiving on her brow. Yet the room was just what she had ordered it to be; nothing had been added, nothing omitted. In every smallest detail, Weir Eldredge had followed her instruction. Where, then, did the room disappoint her? The General was speaking.

"This room makes a perfect background for you, my dear," he said. Isabel looked up suddenly. A perfect background! But Parkinson was at her elbow.

"Mr. Eldredge is waiting. I told him you wanted to see him before he left," he said. Isabel regarded the butler in astonishment. "But I did not want to see him!" she said, and then she knew that it was Roger who had given Parkinson the message.

"Oh, go on, have him come up, Angela mia," said Roger. "And let Mrs. Wyatt see what a beautiful mind he has—not to mention that he wears a bracelet!"

Mrs. Wyatt tapped Roger with her fan. "That's the advantage of being such an expert polo player, I suppose," she said, but affectionately. "Now no one would accuse you of having a beautiful mind, in a million years!"

She looked towards the doorway, where some one stood. "If you are Mr. Eldredge," she said, very kindly, "I must tell you how very much I like this room." Weir Eldredge bowed.

"You are too good to me," he said, with a little smile, "because I had nothing to do with this room. It is entirely of Miss Mortimer's designing."

GENERAL WILLOUGHBY, heretofore in the shadow of the room, now came forward.

"Present this young man to me, my dear," he said to Isabel, and when she had done so, he made an astonishing remark.

"That's rather an oddity you have there on your wrist," he observed. "I don't believe I have ever seen anything like it before." Eldredge blinked suddenly, like a man that has just taken a blow.

"It is something I have worn for a long time," he said, at last.

"I see," murmured the General, and he took out a cigar. Immediately Roger was on his feet, to offer his lighter.

"This is very nice of you," said the General to Roger, and he bent his head down to the little gilt and platinum toy. There was a rasp of flint, and a tiny flare of wavering flame. And at the same instant, Weir Eldredge uttered a broken exclamation. General Willoughby straightened up.

"I thought so," he said, quietly. "Well, Captain Dogherty, the British Army has been rather a long time finding you, sir."

Eldredge was white to the lips as he said, "But then, the British Army has the reputation of always getting what it goes after, hasn't it, sir?" And having brought his hand up in a rigid salute, he fainted dead away, before their very eyes.

For a second they all stood, rooted in amazement, and then he was carried up to Isabel's room, where they put him down amid the glories of Isabel's pillows. Isabel alone did not obey, when General Willoughby ordered them all out of the room.

"General Willoughby," she said, her back

against the closed door, "what are you going to do with this man?"

The General, trying to force a bit of brandy between the lips of the man on the bed, looked up. "With Dogherty here?" he asked. "Why, bring him back to England, of course."

Isabel shook her head. "Oh, no, you're not," she contradicted. "For I shan't let you! I'll buy you, if it's possible—and they say every one has a price. I'll give you anything you wish if you go away and forget you ever saw this man here today!" The General gazed at her in speechless astonishment.

"You see," continued the girl, "I love him. And I shall fight you for him, no matter what his offense has been!"

"Miss Mortimer," said General Willoughby, "I don't believe it is possible you know who this man is who has called himself Eldredge!"

"Does it matter?" asked the girl. "After all, the important thing is that you can't have him, for he belongs to me!"

The General leaned forward, across the body of the man on the bed. Then he quietly took from Eldredge's wrist, the bracelet, and Isabel saw, where that bracelet had been, a deep weal that ran completely about the arm.

"He wore the bracelet to hide that," said the General. "And that is the mark left by a handcuff. Does it make any difference?"

"No, no difference," replied the girl, simply. The General thought a moment. "And the man you are engaged to?" he asked.

"I shall explain to him," said Isabel, "but I don't expect him to understand."

The General sighed a little, then he got up. "Let us go down and join the others for a bit," he said.

He gently pushed her into the corridor, and locked the door upon the still-unconscious man on the bed. Then he took the girl downstairs. She seemed to have lost all thought of resisting. Or perhaps it was because he was not General Willoughby for nothing.

"I SUPPOSE," said Mrs. Wyatt, when they entered the drawing-room, "it is nothing to you that we are expiring of curiosity. Or is the story one you are not permitted to tell?"

"I am permitted to tell it," replied the General. "But I believe I warned you at dinner it was not pleasant?" He turned to Mrs. Wyatt, but it was Isabel to whom he was sending the words. "You have heard of the Dardanelles, Madame? It is not so lovely a corner of the world as France, but the British dead lie sleeping just as thickly."

No one moved; no one spoke as the General continued.

"Ten years ago, there was a certain mountain pass guarded by Turks—or should I say, by devils? It was merely a foot-trail between two cliffs—but a score of men, lying on the height above, could hold an army in check. Which is just what was happening. So we called for a volunteer—not to get through, but to allow himself to be captured, and so distract, for an hour, the attention of the men above." He paused again.

"Observe, Madame," he continued, "he was to allow himself to be captured! He did not have the chance which any common spy enjoys, of getting through, with luck! He was not called upon to go out and die of a clean bullet wound through the heart. No. Being captured by the Turks meant things about which I shall not speak."

The General stopped.

"This Eldredge volunteered?" asked Mrs. Wyatt.

"Yes," said the General. "He got on his horse, rode through and was taken prisoner. An hour after, we had swept through the pass, and it was our men who were lying on the cliff! It was the turning point in the Dardanelles campaign. The following month, the Armistice was declared."

"And this Eldredge?" asked Mrs. Wyatt.

"We found him in December," said General Willoughby. "Or rather, we found what

was left of him—after they had grown tired amusing themselves." He turned to Roger. "Did I mention that fourteen years ago, Weir Dogherty was one of the foremost polo players in England? But of course, you wouldn't remember being but a youngster then. Anyway, he has never been able to sit on a horse since. You saw what he did when the lighter was struck? One does not bear well the sight of living flame after the horrors of a Turkish dungeon."

"However, we brought him back, and kept him in a hospital for two years. Then he ran away. Now the British Army has a way of being fond of men like this Weir Dogherty, therefore we have been looking for him ever since. Besides, there are a great number of ribbons, like these I wear, waiting for him. And you see how chance brought him into this room—the man I've been wanting to meet these last ten years! A man thirty-seven years old, who plays the most remarkable game of bridge but won't! Who is unable to ride a horse, because something has happened to the courage which was once his—who bears on his body the marks of red-hot iron." And then, as Isabel was on her feet, with a hand against her ears, Parkinson ran into the room.

"Miss Isabel!" he cried. "He is gone! You locked the room he was in—but the one adjoining it was open."

ISABEL never waited. The front entrance—he would not use that. She descended the stairs on feet winged with desperation. It would be the library, of course, she thought. She opened the door, and saw him opposite, at the French window that gave on to the terrace. Like lightning she was across the room. He was fighting to ward off another of the dreadful fainting spells, but nothing could have been more positive than the gesture with which he put aside her hand.

"Do you hate me that much?" asked the girl.

"Miss Mortimer," he said, gently, "I think you consider yourself more—shall we say important—than you are!" Isabel fell back; he continued. "You do not know my story, of course, so you cannot understand how lovely I find beauty for its own sake. There was a period of my life when I saw so many things destroyed—and none created—that I came to have a longing to lose myself among things as far as possible from the horrors of that time. That is why I have been doing the work you find me doing, because there is nothing in it to remind me of a time I want to forget!"

"I understand," said Isabel. He shook his head.

"But that's just it!" he contradicted. "You don't. You have no use for beauty except as you can bend it to your own purpose—except as you can conquer it!" She looked at him. "You remember the room which I designed and which you rejected? Do you know why you did that? I shall tell you. In that room, no one would have thought, for an instant, of the loveliness of Isabel Mortimer! No one would have thought of anything but the loveliness of that room! So you would have none of it. Instead you chose a room that would be just what your fiancé, Mr. Morrison, is for you—a background! A background against which you could be admired!" Isabel's eyes were shining. A background? Yes, that had been what was wrong with the room.

"Are you going away?" she asked, at last.

"Yes. But not to England," he answered. "I am going to do another house—the people are very rich—and very ignorant."

SOMETHING terrible tore at Isabel. "I suppose there is a daughter?" she said, and it was her first acquaintance with jealousy. "Yes, there is a daughter," said Eldredge. "She is not pretty—not clever—but she does not urge people to ride." They looked at each other. "If there is anything further to

be done, Mr. Haskell will be glad to have you call upon him," finished Weir Eldredge. "If I were to tell you that I love you?" said Isabel. He was silent for a minute, and she thought he did not believe her. Then he picked up his bag.

"I am sure you and Mr. Morrison will be very happy in Trenholme," he said, and was gone. She stood for a minute, looking down at the floor, as if she saw there the other Isabel Mortimer, dead of a broken heart. Then she felt Roger's arm about her.

"Roger," she said quietly, "I am not going to marry you!" She felt his arms tighten about her, then he laughed. She turned at that.

"Tell me," she said, "tell me—why did you have Parkinson bring Captain Dogherty upstairs? Was it because you wanted to see—or rather, because you wanted me to see that a coward looked like beside General Willoughby's decorations." She smiled at him ruefully. "You would have done better, my poor Roger," she said, "not to have had him come up."

And now Roger was openly angry. "So that's it!" he cried. "You hear a story about this fellow's bravery and you're carried away by pity!"

She shook her head. "That's where you're wrong," she said. "When I discovered that I loved him—for I do love him, Roger—I did not know he was brave. It was upstairs when I thought his secret was a disgraceful one. But I was going to use my influence, my position, my fortune, to stand between him and what he had done. I loved him long before I knew he was not a coward, but a brave man!"

Roger's lips were unsteady. "So you're letting me go to marry him?" he said. Her reply must have amazed him.

"No, I shall never see him again," she said, for he didn't want me, Roger; he despised me. He said I had no use for beauty unless I could bend it to my own purpose. And it's true—it's always been true, I can see now. Even about you he was right; he said you were merely a background against which the beautiful Isabel Mortimer might be admired!"

"But that's all I ever asked to be—a background," said poor Roger.

She smiled at him, very gently.

"Roger," she said, patiently, "don't you see what has happened? We are the generation that escaped the war and because we were spared, we have never grown up! We are all babies yet—while those others, that had life thrust upon them overnight, look at us across a gulf and can't understand us!" Her voice trembled.

## Miss Fix-It

(Continued from page 51)

mingled scent of burgeoning pine and myriad roses. Harmon St. D. Reilly felt oddly at peace.

He went upstairs, dutifully stopping at the door of his wife's boudoir, to pay his respects. In a lemon yellow negligee, her pale, cool face a mask, the lady greeted him. Wordless, she held out to him a bauble, something that seemed to startle Harmon St. Denis out of his customary calm. His eyes asked a question. He shrugged. "In your office—last night," interpolated Mrs. Reilly, with clear disdain. "Little Miss Who's-this—that dowdy girl, handed it to me, thinking it mine. I should have known, of course, before. Cally Whitefield's ruby or Susan Spoford's emerald, it wouldn't have made a bit of difference. Only—now that I do know—" she, also, shrugged. "Now I go to Paris with a purpose. There'll be no mistake about a divorce this time."

Outside the birds babbled still, the roses sent up useless bursts of superfluous scent, the mermaids' shouts on the beach grew

"Do you remember what we were doing in September of 1918, Roger? We were at Newport together—we used to swim—think of it, Roger! You and I could play in sunshine, could plan for a tomorrow, while on the other side of the world, there were thousands and thousands of those for whom there would never be a tomorrow!"

ROGER went to the door, turned. "What are you going to do, Isabel?" he asked. "I shall live on in Trenholme," she said. "But first, I shall have the drawing-room done over. Because I want to see what it feels like to be dwarfed, Roger! I want to see what it feels like to be honest at last!" She saw by his bewildered eyes that he had not the faintest idea of what she was saying.

"Good-by, Roger, my dear," she said. As the door closed on him, she remembered his ring, and she took it off and laid it on the table. When she looked up, she saw Weir Eldredge on the terrace outside.

"Are you real?" she whispered at last, so sure was she that he was something born of her own longing.

"Yes, I think so," he replied. "You see I thought myself very strong, but I had to come back."

She saw she must save his self-respect.

"I loved you before I knew what you had done," she said. "General Willoughby can tell you." He shook his head before he spoke.

"I heard you tell Mr. Morrison," he said. "But the point is I had returned before you began to tell Mr. Morrison!"

She realized he loved her better than honor, and could have wept at a surrender so complete.

"I cannot hope you will be merely the husband of the rich Isabel Mortimer," she said. "So I am ready to leave here, if you wish—to go where you go—to be poor if you are poor."

"I shall not ask you to endure poverty," he replied. "For as Weir Dogherty I am wealthy. But I shall ask you to do something more difficult. I can fight my memories in the daylight—but, with the coming of sleep, I am defenseless. There are times in the night when I dream—and wake, screaming. Are you brave enough to face that?"

She came close to him, and put her arms around him. He seemed to resist for a moment, and then, like a tired child, he leaned his head against her shoulder.

"Isabel," he said, "let us have breakfast together tomorrow. I want to see what the mistress of Trenholme looks like when she pours coffee for the man who is going to be her husband!"

thriller. But somehow it no longer seemed as perfect an evening as it had before.

Miss Mildred Ruth Schwartz also had her feelings considerably damaged by young Mr. Kerrigan that exquisite afternoon in young summer. Funny, how some men didn't appreciate favors. She'd just tried to help him. How was she to know that Valentino-looking young man was a process server? Mr. Kerrigan was—inconsiderate, to say the least.

Yet, as she crowded her blue straw hat down upon her flat waves, at an angle decidedly not approved by the mode, Miss Mildred Ruth smiled with satisfaction. Think of all the rest of the things she'd done that day to help people, like sending that letter to poor Henry Rood, and keeping Mrs. Reilly's ruby ring for her! Yes, the people at the business college had been right. It was the extra jobs you did in the office that meant something. Miss Schwartz could scarcely wait for another day in which to be helpful.

# Go out and play



## but save your skin



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## FROSTILLA

FOR EXPOSED AND IRRITATED SKIN



# Love's Old Sour Song

[Continued from page 53]

were empty before he entered one himself. "Hello. Idlewild 0084. I'll do it. I'll cure that shrew of mine! I'll take this dame out to dinner. I'll bet I'll be seen with her. I'll have 'em set a table in Gimbel's window and I'll call in my father-in-law and the Pathe News too! I'll show her. I'll—Gosh! I hope they don't answer." "Hello," a silvery voice floated over the wire.

"Hello, Edythe! H're ya, baby?" "Who's this?" "Give you three guesses." "Oh, cut out the teasing. Who is it?" "The Devil with the Pitchfork! Ha! Ha! No, kidding aside, baby, remember the tall handsome chap y' met in the Roosevelt last April?"

"Well, well, well! ! ! And where have you been all this time?" "Thinking of you, sweetheart!" "Oh, go on! I'll bet you tell that to all the pretty girls you meet."

"If I do, dearie, it's only because in each one of their separate beauties there's something that reminds me of you."

"Oh! You darling boy! When am I going to see you?"

"Tonight! I'm taking you to dinner!" "But why don't you come out and have dinner with me at my home?"

Her home! Eric's heart leaped an awful thump. He thought of musk and incense. "Where is it?" he asked.

"Persimmon Road. 1065 Persimmon Road. Up in the Kingsbridge section."

Persimmon Road, he thought, leaping into a cab, with vague thoughts of one of those Houses of Mystery they have in the movies! "Must be on diss block," said the cabdriver, swinging into a street with a candy store and soda-water stand on the corner. The rest of it consisted of a row of attached brick houses with wooden porches. It was full of dogs, cats, kids, and ice wagons. Across the street a family was being dispossessed.

"1021—1029—1035—1043—" droned the taxi-driver. "No number—oops—1073—"

A gang of brats began to surround the cab.

"Hey, kid!" called Eric, "Whereabouts is number ten—"

"Dat's de house dere, mister," answered the kid with a snicker.

ERIC got out feeling kind of clammy. Gingerly he made his way up the three steps to the porch. From behind a curtain in the house next door two women were peeping at him. He felt silly. He rang.

A terrible barking drowned out the noise of the street and a big foolish hound leaped at the screen door, shaking a lot of rusty dust all over him.

Then a shrill voice screamed, "Fifi!" This was followed by a clatter of heels along the bare floor. A figure came into view, dressed in faded red silk. Enamelled face with a cupid's bow painted on the rest of the lips, a head full of water wave combs and her bare feet in a pair of mules. She frowned at Eric through the door.

"What is it?" she snapped.

"Miss Avery in?" asked Eric.

"Mrs. Avery, y' mean. Oh! You're the guy, huh? I mighta known." She gave one of those smelling cheese looks up and down. "Come in! Fifi! Fifi! Stop clawing the gentleman up!"

"Mrs. Avery," echoed Eric, beginning to get dizzy. "Why, I didn't know—er—that is—where's Mister Avery?"

"On the road, Sugar. Don't worry. Come in. Don't mind the place."

"Um—well—er—where's Mrs. Avery?" "Giving the brat a bath. I'm her sister."

From the interior came another voice. "Oohoo! Wait in the parlor, Big Boy!"

Eric fell dumbly into one of the cretonne covered chairs. His throat felt as dry and dusty as the room itself.

From the rear came the noise of water splashing, then a smack and shrill voice. "Did I tell you not to splash me? You darned brat! (Smack.) I'll wring your neck!" Then a series of shrieks and wails. Then slamming of doors. Then the sister clattered in, took a curling iron off a table and clattered out without a word. Then more doors slamming. Then silence. Then a yowl. "Ouch!! You burned my ear!"

The back of Eric's head began to feel like an old automobile horn. He sat there trying to collect his thoughts. The bead curtains parted.

"Hello, Big Boy! Been true to mamma?" Eric started and stared. Maybe it was the kimono she was wearing.

"Don't get Ritzzy," she said. "You don't look as hot as you did in the hotel either!"

"Oh—no—" stammered Eric. "You're gorgeous. Your splendor just took my breath away. How are you? I didn't know you were married. What's the idea of asking me over to dinner?"

"Just to be folksy! Want a shot of gin?"

"Sure, I need one."

"Fine, let's go into the kitchen. We'll all jump in and help dish up a spread, huh?"

"Sure," said Eric, "let's go."

THE sister was cutting up a chicken. Water dripped from a lot of wet stockings hanging on a ceiling contraption.

"Oh, I'll bet this is gonna be just ducksy!" she snapped. "Fun no end!"

"Sure," said Edythe. "Can you peel potatoes, Eric?"

"Sure I can," said Eric.

"Put an apron on him," suggested the sister. "He'd look good in an apron!"

"You keep your dirty cracks to yourself!" said Edythe, heading for the ice-box, "or you'll get something from me! Where the devil's the milk? There should be some here."

## We'll Say It Can Be Done

**SOME sermons on prohibition are preached away from lobbying pulpits. It isn't necessary to learn your lesson at the point of an enforcement officer's pistol—and to be applauded, as a graduation exercise, by Congress. Gerald Mygatt's fine story, "It Can Be Done," teaches the lesson in the only way that such a lesson should be taught—pleasantly, subtly and with skill.**

**You won't mind taking Mr. Mygatt's medicine!**

"Oh, the milk," said the sister very casually.

Edythe stopped short, an empty bottle in her hand. "Well, I certainly like your cast-iron crust!" she exclaimed. "Using the milk for your face bath!"

"Yeah? Well, I'll have you understand I pay for all the milk I use in this dump."

"Yeah? Is that so? Well, I took darned good notice you didn't have your last week's board in the jar on the sideboard!"

"Didn't I? Well, who's been using all my nail polish, I'd like to know? And

what's more, I'll have you understand I don't need you nor your milk nor this dump nor—"

"Sh-sh—shut up, will you and pull down that shade! You'd think those busybodies next door would have more to do than go to church and peek at us."

"What's the matter with your boy friend?" asked the sister. "Nothing wrong with him dashing out for a quart of milk. Go ahead, Big Boy, you'll find the can under the table."

JUST then the bell rang.

"It's only Ernie," said the sister. "My boy friend. Pull yourself together, Big Boy. Don't faint. Hello, Ernie! Come on in!"

Ernie entered. He had greased hair, pimples and a Barrymore shirt.

"Meet Mister Wimple," said the sister. "Glad to meetcha, fella! Cigarette? Huh, hot stuff, eh fella?"

He winked at Eric. Then to the sister. "Well, I guess we go to a movie after supper, huh, babe?"

"Aw, who wants to go to an old movie?" "I said we're goin' to a movie. Live an' let live, huh, fella?"

Another wink at Eric and a nudge in the ribs.

"How much milk?" asked Eric.

"A quart."

"Good. See you later."

He leaped into the first taxi—gyp though it was.

"Where to?"

"Anywheres! Quick! You married? Fine! Here's a nice milk-can for your wife!"

ERIC'S little skit, dear reader, should have faded out on this happily ending vignette of him speeding away to Lake Hopatcong, cured of his desire to cure. But Eric was a glutton for punishment. He rounded up friends on the loose. They drank gin. He waved at ladies on buses, and got socked with various handbags.

In the course of the evening he got tangled up in a wild party in a rat-trappy studio in the Village. He had vague memories of getting into a bathing suit, and splashing about in a tub with a dame of the newer school of thought, while her husband came in and was introduced to him. Then they threw him out for bad manners, when he started to file his nails.

After that, he tried to flirt with a telephone operator coming off the late shift, and had to run for his life up Seventh Avenue with a crowd after him. He just remembered that it was Friday night and time for his week-end trip out to his wife. On the train he picked up a tabloid. He looked at the headlines. "Murder for Love," he read. "Siren's Lure Cause of Triple Slaying."

"Hah," he snorted. "No will power. That's what was wrong with that boob. No will power. He didn't know when to lay off like me."

CELE was waiting for him.

"Well, so you've come to see your wife at last," she said. "And what have you been doing in the city all week?"

Eric's jaw set firmly. "I'll tell ya," he blazed, defiantly scaling his hat across the room. "I'll tell ya what I did. I called up a dame—see—to take her out to dinner, get me—and I went over to her house instead—see? Her husband was on the road. Then I decided not to stay and I went to a wild party. Then I went out and flirted with a flapper—"

Cele cut him off.

"Come on, come on," she said impatiently stifling a yawn. "It's late. Come to bed. You can do all your clowning tomorrow."



## Good Kid

[Continued from page 79]

Banton hesitated. "I thought we might do it on a fifty-fifty basis," he began.

"Nothing stirring. You couldn't put it across without me. What bookings could you get on anything? But if that's your idea I might as well be going." He rose leisurely. "See you in the morning, Melba, and we'll fix up something on that other matter."

"Wait a minute!" Banton's command halted the other at the door. Any sacrifice was preferable to separation from Melba. "Let's talk this act over some more. Maybe we can come to terms."

"My terms or none," dictated Crane as he resumed his chair.

"But that ain't fair." The protest burst uncontrollably from Libby.

"Say, what's eating you?" Crane whirled angrily. "If you don't like the way I manage my company, get out!" Already it was his company.

"Forget it," wearily from Banton. "Crane's right. He's the big boy in this number."

"Oh, I think it's splendid of him to give Billy a chance to get in with a real act," Melba trilled with a wide eyed smile that included both men. Crane beamed and Banton smiled back fatuously. Libby clenched small hands but held her tongue.

IT WAS arranged that as soon as the week was up, Melba and Libby would go on with Crane who had a four weeks' booking, while Banton picked up a small chorus in New York and such drops as were necessary for "Moonshine Man" as the new skit was christened. As soon as the act was in shape they would fill in a few out-lying dates for break-in purposes and try for an ace-house booking.

"You're a fool," Libby told Banton next day when she met him leaving the theater for dinner between performances. "You're letting Allan Crane play you for a sucker."

"I know what I'm doing," he answered. "No man likes to be called a sucker, regardless of his private opinion in the matter."

"Do you?" in sarcasm. "It's nothing in my young life, of course, but I—"

"Oh, Melba!" Banton interrupted her as his ex-partner came out of her dressing room, coolly lovely in a white silk sports suit. "Want to go to dinner with me?"

The girl shook her head regretfully. "Sorry, Billy, but I've got a date with Mr. Crane."

"And don't you forget it, baby," said Crane who sauntered up and took her arm.

"How about putting away a sandwich with me?" invited Libby as the pair strolled out of earshot. "Fifty-fifty, of course."

Banton did not look overjoyed at the prospect, but he was courteous enough to accept.

HEARTENED either by the food or by the sympathy in his companion's amber eyes, the man warmed to something like enthusiasm.

"And would you believe it, I've danced ever since I was seven years old? Used to entertain the kids in the neighborhood with a buck and wing number. My first job was at a movie house where they paid me a dollar a night to do a turn. With that first dollar I made up my mind that little Billy was going to stick to the show business until he hit the Big Time."

"You'll get there yet," Libby assured him without conviction.

"I don't know." The man was doubtful. "This last flop has certainly taken the starch out of me. It looks like I'm a ham and nothing else but."

"Aw, can the sob stuff. You've got some good routines and a lot better steps than Allan Crane."

"But the folks out front can't see it. Honest, Libby," unconsciously he was using

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John Mack Brown

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Stars



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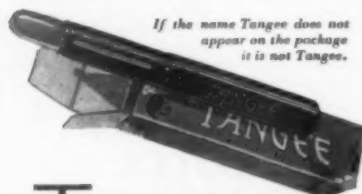
Johnny: (on phone) "Hello Anita ... I'm coming over soon ... And I'll tell the world you're going to be the hit of the evening!"

Anita: "Well, after that, I simply must look my best. Thank goodness somebody invented Tangee. Now I know my lips will be lovely, all evening long!"

Marie: (in background) "And it blends so perfectly with mademoiselle's complexion, too!"

Anita: "Of course, Marie, Tangee blends perfectly with all complexions!"

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## TANGEE



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her given name, "I've got some darned good stuff and I'm going to work out some dances for 'Moonshine Man' that'll be world beaters. That dance I'm figuring on for you is a wow."

"Just try slipping in anything on that act that will take the spot off Allan Crane," she warned.

"Don't worry. I'll make Crane the lead, but if he wants a big act he'll have to give the rest of us a chance to do our stuff. This skit has got a sort of plot and he can't cut everything out."

"Go to it, fellow. I'm with you," encouraged Libby. Her eyes sought the clock. "Say, we've got to step on it and get back for the show."

**BANTON** left the end of the week for New York to prepare for the new act. Melba received a daily letter but Libby had no word of him until his return. A road show breaking up in the subway circuit had given him an opportunity to select quickly a half dozen more than passable chorus girls. With these in tow he put "Moonshine Man" immediately into rehearsal.

It was an arduous job with Billy acting as author, dance instructor, and stage manager of the piece.

As Libby had anticipated Crane protested the insertion of solo numbers for herself and Melba.

"But man," contended Billy, "if you want girls just for scenery, buy some pictures. They're cheaper."

Libby snickered and Crane frowned.

"You've got more'n your share of the spot and it's billed Crane and Company," continued Banton. "So what's the kick. This isn't a one man act. It's almost a musical comedy. Just stretch out the plot a little and get some song pluggers and gag writers busy and we'd have a whole show."

"Think so?" Crane leaned forward attentively.

"Sure," was Banton's confident retort. "The more I work on this the more I can see in it. If I had the dough, I'd try producing it on Broadway myself. If I could interest somebody—"

"Not a chance," shrugged the star. "You haven't got the name, old man, to put a thing like this across."

"Guess not," sighed Banton.

His argument had one good effect. Crane yielded a little unwillingly and allowed Melba an aesthetic bit in which she was very lovely and indescribably graceful. For Libby, who had been cast as waitress in the skit, Billy had worked out an eccentric number which he called a Gamine dance.

"Sorta suits you, kid, doesn't it?" he remarked.

"I love it," breathed the girl. "You know I can step through that dance like nobody's business."

**THE** act on its initial appearance in Mount Vernon, before the usual try-out audience of natives and bookers, exceeded even its sponsors' expectations.

"It's going to mean an ace-house billing and no mistake," crowed Banton, happy in the success of his work, although his own dancing part had been small and unapplauded.

"Maybe," returned Crane vaguely, "but I think I'll hold off awhile. We'll take on a few trial dates, but won't tie up with a circuit—just yet."

"Wait for the Big Time—that's right," agreed Banton.

"Think of it, Big Time!" cooed Melba.

A big thrill of exultation raced through Libby the very next afternoon when she saw one of New York's biggest vaudeville bookers in earnest conversation backstage with Crane. Jealousies, personal annoyances, dislikes, even love—were forgotten in the imminence of the Big Time. She slid over and joined the two men.

Crane presented her a little ungraciously to the booker.

"I've just been telling Mr. Crane," the man effused, "that you're good. In fact, I liked the whole act and I'm trying to persuade him to let me book you. You'll get a chance in New York and the best spot on the bill."

It sounded like a dream come true—an ace-house billing! Surely Crane would jump at the opportunity. She could hardly contain herself as she heard him saying:

"I'll think it over. It's up to me—" a little stiffly—"not to any member of my company, what to do with this act. I'll let you know the end of the week what I decide."

"But you aren't going to turn it down?" she gasped when the booker had left them alone.

"Keep your shirt on, girlie. I know my stuff," was the cold answer.

"He's got the big head, that's all," was the way Banton accounted for Crane's strange refusal of the ace-house booking. Libby was not satisfied with this explanation.

Equally puzzling was the unexplained trip which he made to New York that same night. "Business," he muttered in excuse and asked Banton to fill in as best he could for the matinee performance. Crane himself was back for the next evening show, visibly excited.

"Now, do your stuff, girls," he urged. "We've gotta put it across big tonight." And in an aside to Melba, "I'll be tied up after the show tonight, baby, but tomorrow—wait! Maybe I'll have some real news for you."

**LIBBY** was awakened at ten in the morning by the shrilling of the telephone. She almost dropped the receiver in surprise at hearing Crane's voice at such an early hour. "Get your duds on," he ordered, "and come up to my room. The rest of the gang are coming. I've got some news for you."

Curiosity thoroughly aroused, the girl hurried over her dressing but found that Melba and Billy had preceded her. Crane was explaining volubly.

"So I says to Jaffray, 'I've got an act that's too darned good to waste in vaude. It's musical comedy material, in fact, a whole show in itself,' and he gets sort of interested."

"Anyhow we talked some more and finally he agreed to come up last night and give us the once over. I knew he'd been looking around for material for a new musical. You see I've got inside dope on this show business." He paused for approbation.

"You're marvelous," Melba was such a satisfactory chorus.

"But wait—here's the story. You're a star, baby. You'll play the lead opposite your boy Allan. Libby can keep her part as waitress and play the soubrette. Jaffray's taking over 'Moonshine Man,' cast and all, and he's going to expand it into a musical comedy. We're headed for Broadway, our whole gang, that is—" a little sheepishly, "except you, Banton."

"Whaddya mean?" Billy leaped to his feet. "You're kicking me out of my own act?"

"Your act! How do you get that way? Isn't it Crane and Company on the bill? Didn't I put it over? Go on peddle your papers, old man."

"But it was my idea. I staked the show. I directed it! It's mine—mine!"

"Aw, ring another number. Your act was a flop and I took you in. Whose idea was it to have a big act? Didn't I come around and talk to you and your partner? How about it, Melba?"

The girl's golden head nodded in assent.

"I think this is the rawest deal I ever saw." Libby could restrain herself no longer.

"What! You buttin' in again?" Crane

switched to this new attacker. "Now, get this straight, Libby Murphy. This is my act and it'll be my show. Jaffray is giving me a free hand. He's putting up the dough, but that's all. I hire and fire, and I'll can you right now if you don't behave yourself and forget the double cross. If you want to see Broadway, girlie, watch your step."

"I'm sorry. I—I just thought—"

"All right! But quit thinking out loud." His tone was venomous.

Libby lit a cigarette with outward nonchalance but her fingers trembled. Broadway... Libby Murphy playing second lead—no longer a lady of the chorus—her Gamine dance—a first night—her big chance. A quarrel with Crane was impossible now for her. Billy must stand up for his own rights.

Apparently Banton was attempting to do just that. "I'll go to Jaffray myself," he threatened, "and tell him the truth."

"Yeah," sneered Crane, "and I suppose he'd believe you, a ham, whose middle name is flop. What would you tell him... that you'd lent me some money and I gave you a job? Go ahead. It'll make a snappy story. Don't worry, I'll pay you back the dough."

"That's not what I'm worrying about—"

"Then what is your trouble? Afraid of losing a job? I'm no piker. I'll even give you a job and a salary. You can stick with us until the show opens and stage the dances. How's that for a square deal?"

Banton hesitated and his eyes sought Melba.

"Yes, Billy," coaxed the latter. "Do stay with us and don't make trouble. If we get to quarreling among ourselves, Mr. Jaffray might call off the whole thing and you'd have spoiled my chance. You wouldn't do that, would you?" Her underlip quivered a trifle and at the threat of tears Banton capitulated.

"MOONSHINE Man" became "Cocktail Boy" and went into rehearsal the next week in the Big Town. During the agonizing period that followed neither the new dance director nor the principals of the piece had time to think of else but work. On Banton fell the chief burden. His job was to pick a chorus, to select from the hundreds of personable girls who applied in answer to Jaffray's call, forty who could not only look like magazine cover ladies but who could dance, as Banton's chorus numbers called for real stepping.

With the cast chosen, then came the business of teaching the new girls, amplifying the routines for Crane, Melba and Libby.

IT WAS just a week before the scheduled opening that Jaffray, who had been abroad, decided to visit a rehearsal. It was the most inopportune time possible.

"The big boss will be here this afternoon," announced Crane.

Banton groaned. For once the dance director could be glad that it was Crane who had assumed responsibility for the show.

"The worst chorus, lousiest music and bummiest dancing I ever saw. It won't last a week," Jaffray raved to Crane after the rehearsal.

The dancer cast an accusatory look at Banton, but by his own claims was held from shifting the blame. "It'll be better, Mr. Jaffray," he said feebly.

"Couldn't be worse," was the pessimistic retort.

"I should have known enough not to let you handle this thing," moaned Crane to the director when Jaffray had gone. "You're a flop at everything."

"Say, haven't you ever seen a show in rehearsal before?" retorted the harassed Banton. "Wait 'til opening night before you start crabbing."

## "I don't believe you'll ever grow old"



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Crane shook his head gloomily. "Nothing but a miracle could make a show out of this mess. You should worry. Your boy Allan is the one who gets the razz if it flops."

"Jaffray must know that you can't play the lead and direct the thing," Libby spoke up in tones of unusual sweetness. "Why not put Billy's name on the program as dance director? That will let you out."

The girl was an old trouper and to her "Cocktail Boy" appeared no better and no worse than many a potential hit she had seen in rehearsal. Crane cast a doubtful glance in her direction. The question of putting Banton's name on the program was one that had been debated before with Crane vetoing any division of credit. Libby's expression was a good imitation of Melba's adoring gaze which carried no hint of any ulterior purpose.

"Yes, let Jaffray pick on me for the post-mortems," urged Banton.

Crane shrugged impatiently. "Fix it up to suit yourself. There'll be darn little credit to anybody for staging a flop."

**O**PENING night—the première of "Cocktail Boy." Libby, seasoned as she was, trembled with nervous excitement. With burning cheeks and cold hands, she heard the orchestra strike up for the overture.

And now it was the soubrette's cue. There was a quaking in Libby's own knees as she made her entrance to speak the first line that she had ever spoken on a Broadway stage. With the familiar lines came confidence. She forgot that it was an opening night, forgot the awesome reviewers out front. The spirit of the play seized her. Libby was talking, living, clowning, dancing her part as the little gamine waitress for which she was cast. Before she realized it the curtain dropped. The end of act one!

For a second the cast waited breathlessly. A crash of hands! Applause! A long sigh of relief went up from the players. "Cocktail Boy" was going over.

**L**IBBY'S Gamine dance did not come until the close of the second act. It followed immediately a smart song and dance number by Crane and Melba, one of those flash routines which always draw applause. It would be no small feat to click after their success. Libby waited tensely in the wings.

A haunting, provocative rhythm. It was the opening bars of the Gamine. Libby slid on the stage with the jaunty, little slouch to which she had been coached. The music engulfed her. She was using the routine that Billy had taught, but it had taken on a new significance. It was an expression of herself, a dance-loving, little vagabond, defying loneliness, laughing at hardship, and dancing—dancing—dancing.

The final twirl. She thumbed her nose at the audience, at the players and at life insouciantly, and dropped with a little bobbing curtsy. A thunder of applause. Insistent, demanding hand claps! She automatically rose for an encore. More applause! Libby with a gasp of awe realized the magnitude of her accomplishment. She had stopped the show—a Broadway show.

Crane stepped forward to resume his role. The audience paid no attention. Clap, clap—clap, clap! It was a steady beat calling for her—Libby Murphy. Crane stepped back. He maintained his stage smile, but his eyes glittered. Libby danced again, danced until her feet ached before the audience released her.

**P**ANTING a little she ran for the wings, catapulting into Billy Banton.

"Billy, did you hear?" She clutched him excitedly by the arm with tense fingers. "They liked me."

"How could they help it? You're great, Libby. Gosh, I didn't know that you could dance like that." There was something like reverence in his tone.

"Gee, I'm sitting on top of the world," Libby choked from sheer joy. "Isn't it great?" And then with sudden anxiety, "You're coming to the cast party tonight after the show, aren't you, Billy?"

"Don't think so." A flatness in his voice caught Libby's attention. She peered at him sharply. "What's the matter, old dear? You look like the breaking up of a hard winter." "Just tired, I guess," he evaded. "I'm glad the show's a hit and about you, but you see—I—I'm out of a job after tonight, and from the way the wind blows it looks like Melba and Crane will get hitched soon." He sighed. "But don't lose any sleep over my troubles, Libby."

"You make me sick," impatiently. She heard her cue for the final ensemble. "Meet me after the show," she flung over her shoulder. "I'm counting on you to drag me to that brawl."

**C**URTAIN! "Cocktail Boy" was launched. Old friends, would-be friends, scarcely remembered acquaintances poured backstage with flowers and congratulations. Libby shared honors with Melba and Crane and found herself hemmed in by the first-night mob of well wishers.

"Where's Billy?" she whispered to Melba. The girl raised her brows in surprise. "Billy? How should I know. He's probably hanging around somewhere."

Libby was worried about Banton. She would try to cheer him at the party. As quickly as possible she escaped to her own dressing room and hastily removed make up. Surely Billy would not disappoint her after her last plea for his escort. She slipped into a green chiffon evening dress, the first really becoming gown that she had ever owned. She preened herself with childish vanity.

A click of high heels and Crane's amused laugh reached her. Melba and the leading man were headed for the party. Where was Billy? Libby frowned as she wrapped herself slowly in her new evening cape. There was a hesitant rap on her door.

**B**ILLY BANTON shambled into the room. Under the bright dressing lights his face showed white and drawn, his eyes haggard.

"Gee, you look swell, Libby," he complimented her without enthusiasm. Then, pleadingly, "Don't be sore, but honest, old kid, I can't make whoopee tonight." He slumped into a chair. "I'm sunk and I'd just be a wet smack at a brawl!"

Libby's face clouded, but her tone was gentle. "That's all right, Billy, but don't you really want to go?"

"No." His head dropped to his hands. "I couldn't stand it. I'll get over this—someday—but just now I feel pretty rotten. My show, my dances, that I'd always dreamed of hitting the Big Time with myself—and stuffed shirt gets the credit. And Melba—" he whispered her name in a choked voice. "I guess she's giving me the prairie all right."

"Aw, gee, Billy, I'm sorry." Words did not come easily to Libby, and in the face of his grief, a lump rose in her throat that hindered speech. "Gosh, I know the show is yours and I don't blame you for feeling tough about everything." Awkwardly she stroked his fair, tousled head. "I—I—like you a lot, Billy, and—"

He seized her hand. "Gee, Libby," gratefully, "you're a good kid!"

"Billy Banton!" The girl jerked away angrily. "If you call me that again, I'll—I'll—" She paused for a suitable threat.

Banton looked up with wondering eyes. "But you are a good kid."

He was still staring as Libby whirled from the room and slammed the door behind her.

Libby had no heart to join the merry-makers from "Cocktail Boy." She wanted only to reach the seclusion of her hotel room where she could cry out her own hurt, her pity for Billy, her rage against beautiful girls—her—her love. The little dancer ad-



mitted the truth to herself at last. She loved Billy Banton. Once alone, strangely enough, Libby found that she could not cry. Instead she gave away to unmitigated laughter that hurt worse than tears.

Early next morning found the girl up waiting for the reviews of "Cocktail Boy." She fairly snatched the papers from the bellboy and turned first to the theatrical page of New York's most dignified morning paper:

"Just another musical comedy was what might have been said of 'Cocktail Boy' but for one reason, and the reason is found in small letters on the program: 'Dances and Ensembles Staged by Billy Banton.' Its dancing alone raises this play from the ranks of the ordinary and makes it one of the outstanding musical productions of the day—"

Libby closed her eyes for a second. Billy—Billy—Billy—She knew in that moment the meaning of sheer, unselfish joy.

"—especially noteworthy was the dancing of Libby Murphy in a Gamine number. Miss Murphy, playing a soubrette part, caught the spirit of the play, interpreted its creator's mood as did no other member of the cast. Her Gamine dance was a delight to watch in its zest and wistful abandon—"

**LIBBY** caught her breath and read on: "Allan Crane, supported by Melba Carter, another newcomer to the ranks of headliners, gave a commendable if not brilliant interpretation of their roles and managed some very satisfactory song and dance numbers—"

Libby excitedly leafed through a tabloid to its reviewer's column. In different words that critic expressed practically the same sentiments.

"Amazing footwork—Billy Banton's lightning paced steps—Libby Murphy, a contagious femme whose hoofing stopped the show—etc."

With a little war whoop of joy the girl tossed the papers into the air and grabbed the telephone. Billy! She must share with him the good news.

"Mr. Banton just left the hotel a few minutes ago," the bored voice of a desk clerk informed her.

Libby turned from the phone despondently. Of course, he would have seen the reviews and have gone to Melba to spread before her his new glory, to hear her coo, "You're wonderful!" Billy's success had overshadowed Crane's. Melba would switch to the winner. Of that Libby had no doubt. Impatiently the girl dashed away tears that misted her amber eyes and kicked at a harmless chair. What a rotten, unfair world it was! She stared from the window with bitter, unseeing eyes. The buzz of the telephone startled her but she made no move to answer. It buzzed again, insistently.

"Oh, hello!" she called at length sharply into the mouthpiece.

"Libby, it's me, Billy. I'm downstairs at your hotel. I'm coming up." Click! He had hung up.

The girl had scarce time to powder her nose before he was at the door. It was a new Billy who walked into the room, a radiant, confident Billy, with something in his eyes—a look that she dared not analyze.

"You've seen the papers?" she faltered.

He nodded staring as if he had never before seen her. "Libby," he whispered the name and stretched out his arms.

Even pressed against his shoulder, the tweed of his coat rubbing her cheek, his lips on her hair, his hard, young arms holding her tighter, tighter—Libby could not believe the miracle. "But, Billy, you're crazy," she gasped. "Melba—"

"No, I've just come to my senses. I've been a dumb Otis for a long time. Gosh, I still am, but—" He raised her face with a hand under her chin. "Libby, did you mean what you said to me last night, about liking me?"

"Yes," softly. Under the searching of his eyes she could not deny it.

"Then everything's all right. Can you honestly like a sap like me? I mean, do you love me a little bit, Libby?"

Again she whispered a yes.

"About Melba," he went on quickly. "Don't worry. That's all off. In fact, I was just kidding myself all the time about being in love with her. She just kinda got me and somebody oughta hit me over the head long ago. I got sort of a hunch last night about us after you got sore and left. Then this morning I woke up and saw what a fool I'd been when I read that review. You've understood me, been on my side all along. Remember what he says about you 'catching the spirit of the play' and 'interpreting the creator's mood'? You caught it because you're my girl! Aren't you?"

**THIS** time her, "Yes," was smothered in a kiss.

"But, Billy," she persisted when he released her. "Are you sure—I mean, about Melba? Maybe after she reads the reviews she'll want you back and then—where'd I be?"

"Gosh, kid, don't you understand? Libby, we're sort of made for each other. Why, I'm in love with you." He pondered searching for proof. "Gee, I don't want Melba any more. She phoned me this morning and asked me to have lunch with her, and—"

"She would! I suppose she hot-footed it to the telephone as soon as she read the papers." It was a feline but very human comment.

"Don't know about that," the man disagreed mildly. "She's a good kid in her way, but my time's all yours from now on—and I told her so."

"She's a good kid—now?"

"Sure," in surprise. "She's a good kid, but, Libby, you're—you're great!"

And Libby was satisfied.



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## She Sells Trees

(Continued from page 81)

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# A Summer Wardrobe for the Business Girl

[Continued from page 71]

In Paris they are having what are known as professional showings just now, and these professional showings are supposed to forecast the styles which will be worn for fall and winter. I think it only fair to tell you that the Paris dressmakers are much less favorably inclined towards an irregular hemline in daytime dresses than they have been for seasons past. In fact some of them are going so far as to utterly eliminate the uneven hem from everything but their evening robes. I do not believe that this movement will find a responsive echo in this country next fall, nor indeed in Paris itself.

This question of lengthening skirts is a difficult proposition at best and in order to effect the transition gracefully and not too suddenly the disarming subterfuges of the irregular hem are ever so desirable. I am including this feature in my recommendations to you this month and I can safely promise you that you will find it still a potent influence in fashions for next season at least. However, in the event that you stand in fear and trembling before the awesome Word of Paris, I am offering you an alternate choice.

I hope it is distinctly understood that all of the above observations on skirt lengths refer only to daytime fashions. So far as the evening mode is concerned length and irregularity reign unconfined. Paris is making evening gowns longer than ever and more irregular than ever and I want you to be quite insistent upon exploiting both length and unevenness in any evening costumes that you may purchase this month.

If you will look at the model which I have photographed for you, you will find both of these themes emphasized. I might also point out right here that while the domination of the business girl is less pronounced in the evening mode than it is during the day, nevertheless even here this modern and efficient damoiselle comes pretty close to being fashion's uncrowned queen.

NOW let us examine more closely the individual costumes which I have selected for you this month. When I chose the pink and green flowered chiffon afternoon dress I was looking for a model which would strike a compromise between sophistication and demureness.

Do you observe the flowing sleeves which are such a smart feature of the frock? Although they are not detachable it is nevertheless possible, through a very simple procedure, to convert this model into a sleeveless dinner gown. You have merely to unsnap the sleeves which are fastened about the wrists and each sleeve immediately takes on the appearance of a loose flowing scarf. This ingenious contrivance will not only appeal to the thrifty but it will also attract those who are looking for something novel and, at the same time, smart. You will observe that I have selected a broad-brimmed hat for our typical summer girl.

In my entire tour of the shops I do not think I came across any models which were more practical than the brown and beige jacket ensemble. The dress is sleeveless, and I may mention here that thus far there is not the faintest abatement of the sleeveless vogue. The frock is developed in a beige and brown printed silk and worn underneath a jacket of plain brown silk.

Inasmuch as this sleeveless dress idea has not met with universal approval among business men, the addition of a jacket solves a problem which might have possibly become a very difficult one. Thus you can pick out a frock which has no sleeves and a deep-cut sun tan back and you need have no qualms about wearing it to business. You can al-

ways add a jacket if you feel the least bit uncomfortable.

As you glance through these pages you will find another jacket ensemble, this one a three-piece affair developed in Shantung silk and smartly embellished with bands of crepe de chine in a different color. This is a most moderately priced costume and is bound to be snatched up by the smart young bargain hunter.

I want you to be particularly careful about the color question this month. It is a fact that fashion does not recognize the color decrees of the past. That is to say, it is no longer possible to declare one color to be smart and another one to be outmoded, but nevertheless there are certain hues and color ranges which stand out prominently each season, and it is particularly important to be on the alert for these colors in your pre-season purchases.

If you will glance over my selections you will find that I have emphasized brown, capucine, egg-shell and black. These you will find the most long lived colors that you can select at this time. If you add to these bottle green, a purple-tinted blue and henna, you will have an accurate catalogue of the shades which I should like you to insist upon in making your August purchases.

You will notice that I have emphasized brown and white in the photographed riding habit. Your powers of observation do not have to be keen to perceive that this costume



Gaber Eder

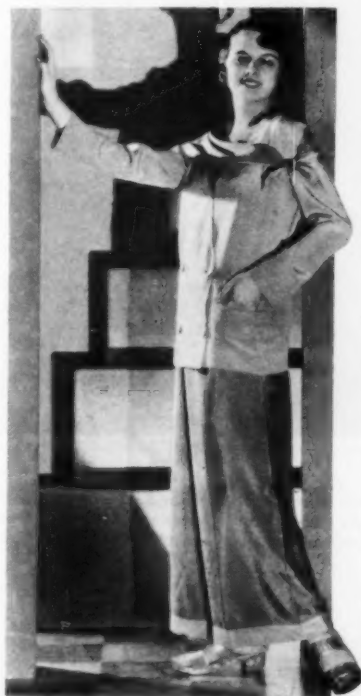
To keep cool yet smart on the  
bridle path, wear a habit of  
brown linen coat over brown  
and white checked breeches

Courtesy of John Wanamaker

which I have selected for the fair equestrienne is essentially masculine in character. There are occasions when it is not wise to emphasize this revival of femininity, and while I am very much in favor of girlish tennis and golf costumes I feel that riding is one sport in which even the faintest hint of frill or furbelow would be out of place. This habit is most modestly priced and if you are going to do any horse-back riding during the next two months you will find it a useful addition to your wardrobe.

I have included a pajama costume in this month's wardrobe. The photographed model can be worn either at the beach or else it can be donned as a boudoir ensemble for semi-formal and *intime* receptions. A pajama suit of this nature should be an absolute essential in every modern young woman's outfit. It is peculiarly the garb of youth.

I cannot urge you too strongly to add this item to your outfit if it is not already there,



Feb

For sand or salon comes this tailored pajama in dashing colors—salmon flat crepe for the jacket, periwinkle blue for the trousers

*Courtesy of Peck and Peck*

and as an added incentive I have chosen for this issue an extremely low priced yet smart pajama. It consists of a double breasted jacket developed in salmon colored crepe, broad trousers of the exaggerated male collegiate type, made of periwinkle blue silk and a matching handkerchief scarf, which may be either draped about the head or else used in the conventional manner.

A final word about the future of femininity in dress. It is now at least three years since the mannish mode was overthrown and gentle elegance began to take its place in gradually increasing doses. Three years, as fashions go, is a long time, and there have been many disquieting rumors recently to the effect that there might be a revival of the post-war mode next season. I can assure you this will not take place, but on the other hand a clearly new atmosphere has already intruded itself into the sacred precincts of the mode. It is an air of modern sophistication, and although it is a very feminine sophistication it is nevertheless beginning to displace what Monsieur Worth last year described as "a girlish fashion."

Elegance is still with us, perhaps more profusely than ever, but it is not entirely a gentle elegance. A little note of harshness can be detected—the sweet ingenue is making at least a temporary exit. Sophisticated femininity is the essence of current fashions. Be sure that you exploit it in your August purchases.



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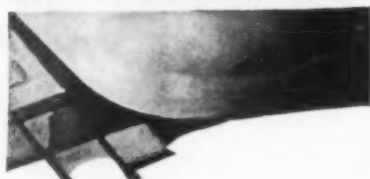


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# Your Own Room

## The Where and the How of Dressing Tables

By

ETHEL LEWIS

**D**RESSING tables? Certainly, for all women love them just as they do hats. And there are just about as many kinds, colors, shapes—and prices. You no longer have to consider only the dressing table that belongs in a suite. We now buy individual pieces for our bedrooms as we do for our living rooms, and the dressing table need not even follow along prescribed lines.

If you have selected mahogany furniture of Eighteenth century style for your bedroom, you can use a dignified little Duncan Phyfe table with it, or if the warm glow of maple was more appealing to you, then one of the quaint little powder tables like our great grandmothers used is quite adequate.

But suppose it's not a wooden table of period style that you want, but a pretty draped dressing table. Then you can let your imagination wander and you can create for your own room exactly what you think you would like best. There are many ways of arranging these draped dressing tables, and some of them are so simple that any one can make one.

Of course the very nicest kind is a real wooden dressing table, with drawers at each side that are quite hidden by the voluminous skirts. The photograph at the bottom of the opposite page shows one of this type. It is what we call kidney-shaped, that is bowed in the center, which is really a convenient as well as a pretty arrangement. There is a slender armlike framework across the front which locks together in the center, and to these wooden arms the skirts are fastened. When you want to get inside, you swing the arms, skirts and all, to each side just as you would open doors, and there you have at hand all the little drawers that hold the many accessories.

Cold cream jars and paint and powder in their every-day boxes are not dainty additions to the top of any dressing table. Stow them away where you can reach them quickly and easily, but leave the top of the table as free as you can for your lamp, your toilet articles neatly arranged, possibly a perfume bottle, and any other little nicknacks that are dainty and attractive. This type of dressing table can be purchased and then draped, or you can get somewhat the same effect by adding the wooden arms, carefully hinged, to the apron of a regular kitchen table. In making one like this be careful to see that the table is not too high for a really comfortable dressing table.

Sometimes heavy brass curtain rods are used for swinging arms, but they are a bit more difficult to adjust. Whatever plan you devise for the table itself, the process of draping is about the same. The

Sometimes the best amateur decorator needs expert advice, especially when the questions she would ask have to do with her own room, or home. This sort of advice can always be had from Miss Ethel Lewis. Write her in care of SMART SET, and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your letter to her.



Mattie Edward Hewitt

This corner dressing table is draped with gray-blue linen crash and the cretonne braid that trims it has a pattern of salmon pink

Ethel Reeve, Decorator

sides are fastened to the sides of the table, but the front pieces are fastened to the swinging arms. A little extra fullness is required in the center where the sides come together, so that the opening is never apparent.

**T**HERE are many other ways of making dressing tables that are quite as effective and much simpler. The one at the top of the page is built into a corner. This could be a regulation dressing table with drawers on each side underneath, or it could be just a shelf. I made one like that not long ago, using for the foundation a corner shelf of rough boards, held in place by ordinary shelf brackets. The front we rounded off and smoothed down, and then it was ready for the draping. You can do the same thing with a semi-circular shelf put flat against a side wall, not in a corner. Or if you are particularly ambitious, the kidney shape can be reproduced as a shelf securely fastened to the wall.

**T**HE materials available for these dressing tables are without number. The one below is draped with an expensive changeable taffeta of orchid and violet. The ruffles are edged with French ribbon that shades from orchid to red violet, and the under ruffle is edged with fine lace. There are yards and yards of this trimming which means a tremendous amount of work. A table like this one might also be made of plain taffeta or satin or of silk gauze or silk rep.

Glazed chintzes with gaily colored patterns make charming dressing tables, and then you don't need the frilly ruffles. For a cool summery room there is nothing prettier than



organdy, though of course that is so sheer that it has to have a petticoat, usually sateen of the same color. The organdy can be made with as many ruffles as you like—one dainty way being to make the whole skirt of three ruffles, just as you would make a three-tiered skirt for a dress.

Other sheer materials are net and point d'esprit, which really look better over a colorful silk petticoat, I think.

If your room is simple early American in character there are cunning little calicoes to be used, and such prints as used to go into quilts. For a girl who likes things severely plain, there is a heavy quality of plain glazed chintz which can be box-pleated and pressed perfectly flat instead of having any shirrings or ruffles. A band of contrasting color for top and bottom of this box-pleating gives it an additional sparkle. Then, too, you can use rough linen like that shown in the photograph at the beginning of this article. That particular table is draped with dull blue linen and the chintz braid trimming shows a combination of salmon pink and deeper blue, the pink almost matching the color of the walls.

**I**F YOU are really serious about doing your table yourself, this is one simple way to proceed. Cover the top of the shelf with a thick layer of cotton wadding. Over this, unless the outside material is very heavy, stretch a covering of unbleached muslin or Indian Head. Pull this over the edges neatly and tightly and tack to the under side of the shelf. Then put on the real cover and after stretching it in place either sew it or tack it tightly.

After careful measuring make the skirt so that it just clears the floor. Allow at least once and a half or better twice the distance around the top for fullness. Complete it, trimming and all, just as you would a window curtain, before you put it in place. Adjust the fullness carefully and sew it to the padded edges of the top. Then add the top band or ruffle or edging, whatever you have devised, and sew it on as blindly as you can. A curved upholsterer's needle is a great help in doing this, though I have done it with just an ordinary long needle. It is wise to leave an opening in the center even when there are no swinging arms, for it provides access to the space underneath and leaves

more room for your knees. This space can be fitted with a shelf for shoes at each side or an open shelf set about six inches below the top where extra boxes and bottles can be stored away.

**I**F IT is possible, use a glass top fitted to the exact shape of the table. If you do not use glass be sure to get enough material so that you can renew the top from time to time, for the lower part will outwear the stretched top by many years, and if you have no extra material to match it, you will find it very difficult to replace.

A triple mirror is a perfect delight, but if you can't have that, a nice mirror hung flat on the wall will do as well. One of the more modern modes is to use beveled edge plate glass mirrors with no frames. The mirror is held in place by cunning little glass rosettes that conceal screws or by silvered hooks that screw into the wall and clamp over the edge of the mirror.

Just a word about accessories. Amber glass or amethyst, or pale rose color or blue or green, any of the lovely colors that they make nowadays will add a color note to the top of your dressing table, whether it's one lamp or two, a pair of perfume bottles, a powder box, or just a quaint old vase for flowers. A pair of lamps, one on either side, adds greatly to the usefulness of the mirror while dressing. The shades for these lamps should be sheer and dainty, georgette, chiffon, net, lace, or organdy. Sometimes these shades can be adjusted so that they tip to one side and allow the full force of the electric bulb to shed its light directly on the mirror. When not in use they can be set straight again and spread a becoming and pleasant glow throughout the room.

**S**ILVER toilet articles are always in good taste, but the new colorful enamels and pearl-like finishes are gay and pretty. Arrange them simply and avoid using too many pieces on a small table top. Put away all the unsightly bottles and boxes (you can make a dressing table box to hold them all if you have no other place to put them) and use only good things of definite character. Leave the top of your dressing table free and uncluttered. Let it be dainty and inviting and remember it need not resemble a drug store counter.

Taffeta shaded from orchid to violet, and ruffles edged with fine lace and French ribbon. This particular dressing table has four small drawers on each side, inside its skirt. Its lamps are slim and graceful—but they are large enough to give the adequate light needed for evening hairdressing and complexions. Their shades can be in either an identical or contrasting tint. Also—you will see that this dressing table, is comfortable—and the right height.

McBurney and  
Underwood,  
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Mattie Edward Hewitt



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JENNIE LIND-PAGE TWO

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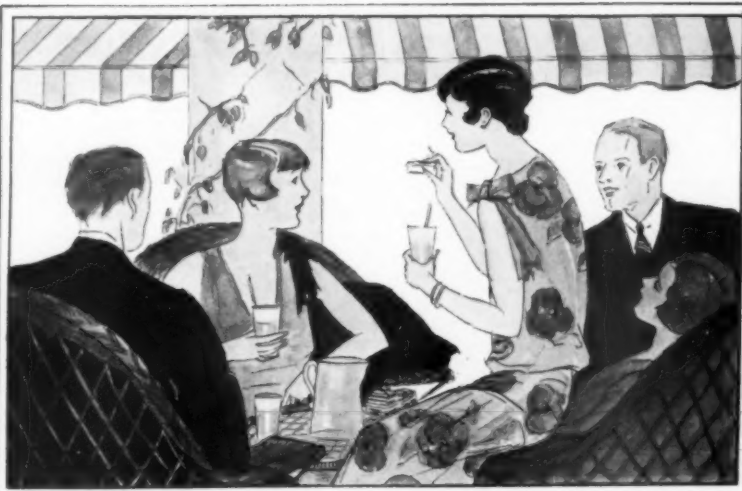
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# Dainty Sandwiches and Cool Drinks

By Mabel Claire

Decorations by ANN BROCKMAN

**O**F COURSE, we ought all to be at the beach or the mountains this August weather. Sometimes, not so surprisingly, we are not.

At the risk of being called a professional optimist, I have really seen more uncomfortable places than city apartments in hot weather, and been less charmingly entertained in spots where everything the vacation prospectus promised has come true.

With cool drinks clinking in frosted glasses, with gay sandwiches that tickle the eye as well as the palate and just the right company to share the murmuring breezes that come straight off the electric fan, there are worse fates!

are the open faced variety and they are made beforehand they may be kept in the refrigerator to keep them fresh until wanted. The closed sandwiches may be arranged on a platter and covered with a damp napkin.

Here are some of the open faced sandwiches which are always favorites with guests:

### Anchovy Sandwiches

Anchovy Paste	Snappy Cheese
Hard Boiled Eggs	Paprika
Cream	

Slice the bread thin. Cut into small rounds. Spread with anchovy paste. In the center of each place a slice of hard boiled egg. Mash the snappy cheese, add enough cream to make it the consistency of softened butter. When blended add 1 teaspoon of paprika. With the tip of a knife make a border around the edge of the sandwich.

### Pâté de Foies Gras

Jar of Pâté de Foies	Hard Boiled Eggs
Gras	Mayonnaise
Pimentoes	

Slice the bread thin. Cut into an oval shape. Spread with pâté de foies gras. Chop the egg and mix with mayonnaise. Make a border of this around the edge with the tip of a knife. Decorate the center with a tiny strip of pimento.

### Lobster

Can of Lobster	Sweet Pickles
Mayonnaise	Creamed Butter

**T**HE bread used for the sandwiches should be fine grained and twenty-four hours old. Cut it into thin slices, removing the crust. Spread with butter which has been softened and stirred until creamy. If the sandwiches

Slice the bread thin. Cut into heart shaped pieces. Spread with softened butter. Mash the lobster and moisten it with mayonnaise. Cover the bread with this mixture. Decorate with minced sweet pickle.

**Caviare**

Can of Caviare      Hard Boiled Egg  
Pickled Beets      Creamed Butter

Slice the bread thin. Cut into diamond shapes. Spread with butter then with caviare. Decorate with finely minced egg then with chopped pickled beets.

**Pimento and Olive**

Stuffed Olives      Mayonnaise  
Canned Pimento      Softened Butter

Slice the bread thin. Spread it with softened butter. Remove the crust. Cut into oblong pieces. Chop the pimento and the stuffed olives. Moisten with mayonnaise. Spread on the bread.

**Avocado**

1 Avocado      Chutney  
Grapefruit Juice      Softened Butter

Slice the bread thin. Butter it and remove the crusts. Cut into small squares. Peel the avocado, remove the pulp and mash it. Moisten it with grapefruit juice so that it will be the consistency of soft butter. Spread on the bread. Decorate the top with a bit of chutney placed in the center. This sandwich is particularly attractive because of its pale green color.

**Cheese and Ginger**

Creamed Cheese      Candied Cherries  
Preserved Ginger

Slice the bread thin. Butter it and cut into heart shapes. Mash the cream cheese. Mince 1 tablespoon of preserved ginger. Mix with the cheese. Spread on the bread. Decorate with sliced candied cherries.

**Summer Club Sandwich**

Sandwich Bread      Lettuce  
Creamed Butter      Dill Pickles  
Sliced Tomatoes      Mayonnaise  
Sliced Baked Ham      Celery Curls  
Sliced Chicken      Radish Roses

For each person to be served allow three slices of buttered bread. Place a leaf of lettuce on the bottom slice. Spread it with mayonnaise, add slices of chicken. Dust with salt and pepper. Lay the second slice over this. Cover with a leaf of lettuce. Spread with mayonnaise, add slices of ham and lay a slice of tomato on the ham. Spread with mayonnaise. Cover this with the remaining slice of bread. Remove the crusts with a sharp knife. Cut corner wise across the center to form two triangles. Serve on individual plate with lettuce, celery curls, dill pickles and radish roses. The celery curls are made by cutting celery into fine strips and soaking in ice water. The radish roses are made by cutting back thin strips of the red part to imitate roses.

**Harlequin Sandwiches**

Cut 4 slices of sandwich bread  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch thick. Prepare the following fillings:

**RED:** 1 pimento chopped fine,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup chopped ham, 1 tablespoon minced celery, 1 tablespoon mayonnaise. Mix 1 teaspoon of gelatine with this. First soften the gelatine in 2 teaspoons of cold water and melt over hot water.

**GREEN:** Mince 1 tablespoon of parsley, add  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup of finely minced olives, 1 sweet pickle minced and 1 tablespoon chopped chives. If chives are unobtainable they may be omitted. Moisten 1 teaspoon of gelatine with 2 teaspoons water, melt over hot water and add to the other ingredients.

**YELLOW:** Mash the yolks of 2 hard boiled eggs. Mix them with 1 tablespoon of cream, 1 tablespoon of vinegar, salt and pepper and mustard as big as a pea. Add 1 teaspoon of gelatine moistened in 2 teaspoons of cold water and melted over hot water.

Butter the slices of bread with softened butter. Use a slice for the foundation. Spread its top with the red filling. Cover with a second slice of bread. Spread its top with the green filling. Add a third slice. Spread it with the yellow filling. Cover with the fourth slice.

Remove the crusts with a sharp knife. Put under a weight in the refrigerator. When it is thoroughly chilled, and the gelatine set, cut it into thin slices like layer cake. Four slices of bread combined in this way will make 8 sandwiches.

**DRINKS****Loganberry Punch**

To the juice of 4 lemons add 2 cups of strong tea, 2 cups of loganberry juice and cracked ice. Add to this an equal amount of ginger ale. Serve at once. Sprigs of mint should dress the top of each glass.

**Grenadine Delight**

This should be served in cocktail glasses. The juice of 3 grapefruit,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of water,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of grenadine syrup, or raspberry syrup, 3 egg whites unbeaten. Shake in a cocktail shaker with cracked ice until foamy. Serve in cocktail glasses with a maraschino cherry in each. If you have no cocktail shaker beat with a dover egg beater.

**Stonewall Jackson**

Place ice cream in the bottom of tall glasses. Fill the glasses with sarsaparilla or root beer.

**Golden Glow**

Partly fill glasses with cracked ice. Pour over this the juice of grapefruit and orange mixed in equal quantity. Dress the tops of the glasses with sprigs of mint and a maraschino cherry. Cut slices of orange in half, cut a gash in one side and place on the edge of the glass.

**Iced Chocolate**

One quart of milk, 1 pint of black coffee,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cake of bitter chocolate. Cook in a double boiler. Sweeten to taste and flavor with vanilla. Cool and serve in tall glasses with sweetened whipped cream on top.

**EDITOR'S NOTE**—Mabel Claire knows how to make a great many other sandwiches—and she can plan a cool summer menu for any number of people. If you would like any of these menus or of her tested recipes, write to her in care of SMART SET (enclosing a stamped envelope) and you will receive a prompt answer.



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# The Party of The Month "Monte Carlo"

By Edward Longstreth



How to make the other person pay the check and like it

AT THIS time of year it is almost impossible to go anywhere without running into an urgent need for refreshments. Sodas, sundaes, iced tea and cake, pop and so forth (especially so forth) are at the end of every summer vista. This brings up the problem: Who will pay for the check?

Some people are very slow on the snatch when the check is placed on the table, and the politest or best-natured person is too often imposed upon. There is also the villainous subterfuge, "All right, you can pay this time but I insist on paying next time." The speaker then spends her life avoiding next times.

One very fair solution is for each person to pay her own check, but this is a prosy method, lacking in party spirit.

A practical and amusing solution for check paying is the game called "Monte Carlo." It is a species of alphabet roulette. The next time you are out with the girls, try it.

When the check appears on the table the tip is added and the whole amount divided into equal units. Suppose the whole thing comes to two dollars. This can be divided into eight quarters, or any other unit that will suit the company. If the bill comes to an odd sum, such as two dollars and fifteen cents, the last round can be played for the fifteen cents.

Some one takes up a piece of printed matter, the menu, a package of cigarettes, anything handy, and with a pen-

Decoration

By

L. T. Holton

cil draws a circle around one of the letters printed on it. This is done in secret.

Then another person is told to say a letter in the alphabet, any letter at all. Suppose this person says "G." Then the next person on the right says "H," and the next says "I" and so on around and around the crowd until some one says the circled letter.

The person who has made the mark then says, "Stop," and the unlucky player is marked down on a score card as owing twenty-five cents towards the check.

The one who is always in charge of the marking then secretly circles another letter and the player on the right of the one who stopped is the one to begin the second round by saying any letter she chooses.

If a player begins by saying "Z" the next players say "A" and the alphabet is begun again until the unlucky letter is reached.

THE person who is circling the secret letter never begins a series by calling a letter. However, she must take her turn with the others and sometimes gets caught with the very letter she has just circled.

When there have been enough rounds to account for the number of units into which the check has been divided, in this case, eight, the game is over. The score card is added up and every one who has been caught pays up the amount scored against her and enjoys doing it.

Edward Longstreth, our game warden, will be glad to help you plan your parties. Games, rules, refreshments, repartee, he knows them all. Your problems as entertainer or entertained, he can solve. In writing him, allow at least two weeks between posting your letter and the date of your party. This permits time to study your requirements and authoritatively advise you. Address Mr. Longstreth, in care of SMART SET, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope.



# Are You Too Good For Your Job?

[Continued from page 75]

over. Certainly the attitude toward ladylike work is one of the things that keeps women out of the kitchen except when they do the work for nothing in their own households. The better educated a woman is, the more likely she is to forget this old-fashioned lady notion. College women almost never have it. It has practically disappeared in great cities like London and Paris where women are proud of being able to earn their own living.



AND don't think that by being what is known as a lady you gain independence.

On the contrary, you lose independence. This is perhaps a topsy-turvy idea but let me tell you a little incident that will make it clear to you.

The other day I visited somewhere with a friend and her husband. While he was closing the car, she walked up the steps of the house and stood motionless in front of the door. For a second I wondered what she was waiting for and then I realized that she—a hearty, lively, energetic woman—was standing still until her husband could come up and push the button that rang

the bell. She came from a small Southern town and she felt that she could not be anybody unless she received every possible bit of homage. In other words, she could not put out her hand and ring the bell without losing, in her own mind, some of her standing. And then I thought Low I, in perhaps an equally absurd way, would not only have rung the bell but have pulled open the door myself, and curiously would have got a distinct pleasure in doing it. I am proud of a certain independence, and also I have very little physical strength. Therefore when I do even a simple thing like pushing a door open, I get a sense of strength.

YEARS ago there worked in my office a most elegant lady, the daughter-in-law of a war governor of a Southern state. Intelligent and attractive as she was, the only work she could do for us was addressing envelopes at six dollars a week. She had plenty of brains with which to do other work and plenty of energy, but she was so ashamed of any work in the office and condescended to it so, that she could only, as you might say, touch the work with one finger, and therefore the only job that she could do was the kind she could do with one finger—addressing envelopes. She was as bound and enslaved with her "lady" attitude as her father's negroes had been enslaved before the war.

Even when more or less free, as in New York, girls are heavily handicapped by remnants of this idea. Though they are proud of working, many of them still expect special courtesies from men in the office and they get those courtesies. But every time they get such a courtesy they are robbed of an opportunity to do better work.

Suppose you meet an old and feeble woman. You are courteous to her but you would not expect her to do the work of a vigorous young woman. Just so when men are especially courteous to women they have the same attitude towards the woman, no matter who she is, that you have towards the helpless old lady. They don't expect much of her and therefore they do not give her a chance to do anything worth while.

WHEN I first went to work for a living many years ago, this attitude was common. The first job I ever had was for a woman who talked about her fine Virginia family in all the intervals when she was not suffering from a hangover from too much liquor the night before or when she was not throwing my letters, in fits of temper, into a corner of the room.

She had been one of the first stenographers in New York, and the way had been hard for her. It had hardened and embittered and turned her into a really horrible woman. There was some excuse in social custom in those days for the woman who was ashamed to sweep her own doorstep, ashamed to go to work in an office, but that such a thing should exist now is amazing. I know one beautiful Southern girl who as late as ten years ago went to work as a stenographer. She was competent and supported her family, men and women, which was unable to stand on its own feet, and yet they were ashamed that she was a stenographer. And to this day her sisters do not wish to become stenographers because they do not think it is ladylike enough. They would rather be supported by somebody else.

ALL this ladylike attitude simply cannot disappear until women have lost the notion that it is undignified to do cooking and house-cleaning for pay. You will say no doubt that one reason women do not want to work in the kitchen is that it gives them less freedom, but you can be certain that if really competent and able women became cooks they could make their own hours.

They never will, however, as long as there is the present feeling towards working in the kitchen, so while we have progressed a bit since the time when I first went to work, we have still a long way to go. We won't have gone all the way until the rich young man who adores riding horses and playing around the stable will frankly be willing to work as a stable boy—which he really would love better than anything else in the world if it carried social prestige—or until the girl who loves to cook would be willing to cook instead of interfering with the cook she hires in her kitchen. But that does not apply to most of you.

To most of you it is simply a question of whether you are proud of working in an office or a factory or not. Remember in working there are only two things to be proud of—doing good work and getting just as much money for it as possible. In the highest civilization, the first would be enough—good work, but we are living in a world

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## Paris Sends You The "Boite de Surprise"

[Continued from page 73]

extra petals of the flower, which fasten under the bow. You can't think of anything more deliciously feminine and intriguing and yet without a bit of that fussiness that is as demoded as the fluffy ruffles of our mother's day.

With a whisk like the presto-changeo of the magician, you leave off the extra skirt flounces and slip into this over-the-head blouse of the same print, with its long

sleeves and cunning scarf and snug hips—a thoroughly different and yet just as charming dress.



A skull cap of black, a scarf of black and white print, a bag of black silk cord with white silk fringe—such accessories are the tiny touches Paris never forgets

Lacquered paper for costume novelties is an amusing new material. Here it makes a hat and fan that may also be used as a sunshade



piece. The unusual note was that the front of the blouse buttoned up on to the shoulder straps. That struck me as a clever way of raising or lowering the décolleté, to let your tan extend as far down as your evening dresses are cut, but with the chance of saving a real burn over the neckbones, which they are apt to get, if continually exposed. But it had another purpose, too. For with it was a cunning little cape, that was fastened in place by these same buttons. With that adjusted and the clever little circular skirt buttoned down the left side, it made the smartest little summer suit you could imagine. Just the thing for a day at the shore, to stop in for a soda or to do that errand that you almost forgot, on your way swimming.

Practicality is beginning to be the watchword of the really important designers, and they never fail to mention that "les Américaines" have taught them the idea. There is a whole series of double-purpose tailleurs being shown.

Another new fad of Paris—and it was launched by the best-dressed woman I know; yes, she's an American and comes from a tiny town in central New York state—is to

Notice the graceful frill that finishes the sleeves and that gives you that sense of a gay tea or matinee party.

And now for the fourth—the last and best. For like a good stage manager, one must always have a real climax and thrill at the end. This black marocain frock slips over the head. Aren't the lines of the skirt lovely and graceful? With just the right bit of the georgette showing to relieve the severity. And the long, tight, flattering sleeves, with their inside frill of the georgette and the soft touch at the neck. With a fox scarf and a snug black hat and shoes, nothing could be smarter on the street.

And while we are on the subject of double-duty clothes I must tell you about a new bathing suit combination I saw. The bathing suit itself, and the accompanying dress were both in a lovely warm yellow crepe de chine that quite justified their name, "Rayon de Soleil." The bathing outfit was cut on the line of a pair of kiddie rompers, all in one

find an exceedingly becoming hat and then to have it duplicated in different colors to go with your different outfits. Once you hit on the hat that is most becoming, why not keep the chic and individuality! The hat has given you added charm, but you are given the credit for its smartness.

Buy your handbags and shoes in sets. It is decidedly smart, and no more expensive. You will notice one such ensemble in the illustrations that Perugia created for Madame Ardane from her own design. You see she even has her monogram on each in the contrasting leather which is used as trimming. It is clever to have your boutonniere to match, too. Sunday at the races at Long-champs, I saw a pair of straw pumps bound in beige leather, with a matching pocketbook and boutonniere, worn with a blue and white checked silk suit.

## Her Pearls and Her Heart

[Continued from page 37]

well you know him, and all you know of him."

She regarded him with astonishment. She would have refused to answer him only he'd said he was going to be impertinent and she had tacitly agreed to it. "Fairly well, as people know each other nowadays. Why?"

He did not reply. Instead he took a pistol from his pocket, broke it and flipped six cartridges out on the table. Two, she saw, were empty. He looked at her expectantly. They seemed perfectly ordinary cartridges to her. "Well?" she said.

"Well, they're blanks." And he held one closer for her inspection. "Blanks! I suspected they were when Mr. Bannistar fired at the big chap. I didn't see how he could miss him because the line of fire was so direct. It looked queer. And instead of giving him the whole six he only fired twice. After he fired I thought I saw him pocket the gun. I lifted it when I helped him into your car—and there it is. A chap who tackles holdup men doesn't fire blank cartridges at 'em, Gail."

"Plausible tommyrot! Are you trying to insinuate that Dudley is mixed up in this robbery?" she asked coldly. "At least he was chivalrous enough to attack them."

Thatcher Dent raised a propitiatory hand. "Wouldn't dream of suspecting him," he said dryly. "Anyhow you weren't really in the least danger. Will you excuse me a moment?" He picked up a bottle, poured liberally, added mineral water. "I want to take Mr. Bannistar a drink."

His audacity, Gail decided, was positively calculating. The only way to meet it was by ignoring it. "That's a perfectly splendid idea," she said. "His room is the last on the left."

Dent said, "Thank you"—mockingly, she suspected. "An don't dramatize this robbery too much, Gail, because it's already been pretty well staged." And disappeared.

He was, Gail thought, somewhat mad. Certainly his ideas were preposterous. That inquisitive smile of his had always warned her to be on her guard. Against what? She couldn't quite say.

SHE got up presently and lit another cigarette. Had half smoked it when she heard him returning. She seated herself again.

He entered with his air of whimsical amusement. "I told Mr. Bannistar you were sending him a night cap and he thanked you and wished you pleasant dreams," he said. "Also I got this." He began rapidly turning the leaves of a small note book. "He'd hung his coat on the back of a chair, luckily. I sat on that chair. It was ridiculously simple. The local exchange is Fifield, isn't it?" He continued to scan the pages. "Ought to be among the last jotted down. Wait! Here's something he's scribbled on the back cover. Fifield! Fifield, Four Six. D'you know whose number that is?"

She shook her head, too indignant for speech, and he picked up the telephone and asked for the address. His fingers tapped impatiently as he waited, smiling at her. "Thank you," he said, and turned back to her. "Where the devil is R. F. D. Four, Old Ridgefield Road, Gail?"

She had somewhat recovered her equanimity. "A woman who makes hooked rugs for me lives at R. F. D. Five. Why?"

"I'm going there at once to check up something."

"I see. More bright theories, Thatcher?"

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### Annette Kellermann's Own Story

**M**ANY people will be surprised to hear that as a child I was so deformed as to be practically a cripple. The world knows me today as "the most perfectly formed woman," and it is natural to assume that I have always been fortunate enough to possess a symmetrical body.

Quite the opposite is true, however. I was formerly so weak, so puny as to be an invalid. I was bowlegged to an extreme degree; I could neither stand nor walk without iron braces which I wore constantly. No one ever dreamed that some day I would become famous for the perfect proportions of my figure. No one ever thought I would become the champion woman swimmer of the world. No one ever dared to guess that I would be some day starred in great feature films. Yet that is exactly what has happened.

I relate these incidents of my early life and my present success simply to show that no woman need be discouraged with her figure, her health, or her complexion. The truth is, tens of thousands of tired, sickly, overweight or underweight women have already proved that a perfect figure and radiant health can be acquired in only fifteen minutes a day, through the same methods that I myself used.

So I now invite any woman who is interested to write to me. I will gladly tell you how I can prove to you in 10 days that you can learn to acquire the body beautiful, how to make your complexion rosy from the inside instead of from the outside, how to freshen and brighten and clarify a muddy, sallow face, how to stand and walk gracefully, how to add or remove weight at any part of the body, hips, arms, shoulders, chin, limbs, waist, abdomen; how to be full of health, strength and energy so that you can enjoy life to the utmost; how to be free from many ailments due to physical inefficiency.

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*Actual photo taken of Annette Kellermann on the beach at Deauville, France, during her vacation there last summer—18 YEARS after she won the title of "World's Most Perfectly Formed Woman"*

He colored. "Yes. Concerning a tall man, a short man and a woman, and Mr. Bannistar. Tell me, where's that house?"

Suddenly she became uncontrollably angry and her black eyes hard as stones as she told him she would do nothing of the sort. "I've been pretty patient with you, Thatcher, but this is the limit. What possible right had you to take that note book?"

He walked over and closed the door. "After all, Gail, and aside from wanting you to get a square deal, I'm supposed to represent the law. It's my job. And if this note book helps me catch a gang of crooks I'm justified in swiping it."

"And I suppose your job justifies your attitude towards Dud? Or," she added scathingly, "is it pure dislike?"

He eyed her with speculative calm. "I don't dislike him, but if you want to know—I was following you tonight when you were held up. I followed you because I don't think Bannistar is a safe man for a girl to be out with alone. What do you know about him? Nothing, when it comes down to it. He's presentable and charming. But obviously he's after your money and nothing else, if your anxiety would let you see it. And you're falling for him. You're considering him seriously. Maybe you're already engaged to him. I don't know. But he's got to show a clean bill of health before he can qualify. What d'you think of that?"

"I think it's outrageous of you and none of your affair," she retorted furiously. "What d'you think of that?"

He smiled. "Look here, Gail, consider this with an open mind, will you? His gun play was queer, wasn't it? Why didn't he shoot before, and not after they took your pearls? Why did he give the police an utterly false description of the crooks aside from the overalls? Oh, I heard enough to know what he was doing. Why carry a gun in your pocket when you take a girl to a dance? This isn't holdup country. Trivial and far fetched, perhaps, but why have a local phone number in his book, when he's only up for the week-end? He hasn't even your number, I notice. I'll bet R. F. D. Four is the gang's hangout, at least for tonight's job. I happen to know they've used this system before. Will you tell me where that house is?" And he grinned at her persuasively.

**S**HE wasn't going to have it wangled out of her. "I will not!" And instantly perceived herself as a sulky, unreasonable child.

Dent picked up his hat, moved towards the door, turned a speculative eye on the telephone. "I can ask the police."

He had actually lifted the receiver when she said, "I'll tell you."

Dent replaced the receiver. "Where is it?"

She rose, pulses quickening to this battle of wits. She made an arresting picture in her flaming gown, vivid color in her cheeks, her slim body erect and challenging.

"You've been enormously cocksure and high handed, Thatcher Dent," she said. "You've attacked Dud behind his back, with no chance to defend himself. You're full of theories and you've got too much imagination. Well, I'm going to have the pleasure of seeing your theories smashed and Dud exonerated. I'm going along with you and show you myself where that house is."

"But I don't want you. You might get hurt. Messing into a nest of stickup men isn't child's play. Give me the directions now."

She laughed scornfully as she reached for her cloak. "Chivalrous of you! I said I'd show you. Ready?"

He eyed her, and shrugged. "Since you're going"—he picked up the telephone and with a jerk severed the cord—"I don't want anybody using this phone."

They went out into the hall where he again attempted to dissuade her. She shook

her head and opened the door. "Suppose you stop arguing and get into that car."

He shrugged impatiently. "If you get your head blown off don't blame me!" he said.

The garage men had brought back her car. Dent solemnly regarded it, parked behind his own, then turned and held out a ring of keys.

"My keys?" she gasped.

"Yes. I pinched 'em so you'd have to ride with me and I could study Mr. Bannistar at close quarters. Better take your own car and pilot me. It's safer."

She stared at him a long moment. Then she got in beside him.

**H**E DROVE at high speed despite the twists of the narrow dirt road they followed. For some twenty minutes she curtly directed him. Then, "The house," she said, "is at the top of the next hill."

Dent pulled up beside the road, stopped his engine and got out.

"I'm going on alone," he said. "If I find them I'll get the police. No use turning in a riot call on a mere theory. You won't mind staying here alone a few minutes? It will be daylight soon."

"But I do mind. And I'm going with you if I get shot for it!"

"You can come as far as the front of the house. There you stop and there you stay. Otherwise I'll take you home again."

It was odd how easily he enraged her. "The front of the house is quite near enough, thank you. And stop being dictatorial."

They walked together to the top of the hill. Through the gloom they could see the outlines of the house behind a screen of shrubbery. Dent whispered, "Stay here. If trouble starts run back to the car." Then he disappeared noiselessly up the driveway.

**F**OR perhaps ten minutes Gail Stowe continued motionless, watching the house. No light was visible; no sound broke the silence, until far in the distance a cock started crowing and a dog barked. And then an incorrigible curiosity began its work. She edged guardedly up the driveway. The house lay dark and brooding, a shadow masked by other shadows. She paused, listening. Her ear caught the faintest of sounds, like a pebble dislodged. Then from the rear she heard a voice, shattering the stillness.

"Put up your hands!" it was the waspish voice of the little holdup man and she thought herself discovered until she heard him say, "Step forward!" and saw a flashlight play fantastically on distorted shapes. She heard another familiar voice. "Got him?" it inquired harshly. Then a door opened, she heard confused footsteps on the porch, and the door closed softly.

Once again, she knew, they had caught Thatcher Dent. His theory had, after all, been right. They'd been prepared for surprise, had trapped him before he could even cry out. What would they do with him?

For the second time that night she had a moment of panic. Then she braced herself and went tiptoeing down the driveway. At the road she turned, running along the crest of the hill towards the rug maker's house. It took an endless time to awaken the old lady, to explain what was wanted. When finally she was admitted Gail snatched at the telephone, got the barracks and gave the alarm. Three men, she was told, would be rushed over immediately.

Faintness seized her but she forced it off. She hurried out and down the road and into the driveway. What, she asked herself, were they doing to Thatcher Dent? She stood motionless, listening. She heard a drone of voices and crept to a window. Its curtains were tightly drawn but a dim light burned behind them. She put her ear close to the glass. Snatches of conversa-



tion came to her, vague and meaningless at first. Then she heard the harsh voice of the tall man, raised angrily. "—sent me up once before—you heard him call me by name—"

Gail remembered now. Thatcher had called the holdup man "Handsone." And she'd thought he was trying to be funny!

A woman was talking, persuasively, soothingly. The little man's voice cut in, high pitched and strident. "We're done for! I'll take him out and plant him under a bit of sod."

woman ran out and down towards the road, weeping softly. There was a light in the room and Gail stumbled up the steps and entered. She said, "Thatcher!" in a low voice.

She heard somebody coming from the rear. She stood still, as if frozen. Waiting. Watching. Thatcher Dent came into the room. He was carrying a rolling pin! He smiled at her! He was alive!

She laughed first, then gave way to an uncontrollable and tearless sobbing. He ran to her and caught her in his arms as if he were afraid she was going to fall.

"I'm only n-nervous."

"My God, you're hurt!" And pointed to her arm. It was crimson to the elbow. "Flesh wound," he said. "Sit down." And went back into the rear room. She heard him say, "Get up, Dan. Come out to the light."

Thatcher Dent came back carrying a pistol and leading a tall man who collapsed in a chair, holding his head

with both hands and moaning. A heavy tread sounded on the porch and a trooper strode past Gail and pointed a finger at Thatcher Dent.

"Put down that gun!" said the trooper. "We've got you cold."

Gail laughed hysterically. Thatcher Dent extended the pistol, butt first. "It's Dan's. Who tipped you off to this?" he asked.

The trooper said, "You'd be surprised, kid," and grinned at Gail.

"Oh!" said Dent. "Good work, Gail Stowe!" Then to the trooper, "There's another man out in the kitchen. This one killed him by mistake, trying to get me. And there's a woman who ran away—"

"We grabbed her," said the trooper. "Who are you?"

"I'm the man who phoned you. I'm Thatcher Dent, the man who lost a watch."

"Oh," said the trooper with added respect. "Of course! Assistant District Attorney."

He whistled over his shoulder and two more troopers lounged into the room and eyed its occupants with cold suspicion.

"We've got 'em all," said the first trooper. He stepped into the kitchen, but returned almost immediately. "I'll say he's dead—"

**T**HE roar of a motor car interrupted him. A white ray shot through the window and brakes screamed. The door was flung back and in the opening stood Dudley Bannistar.

"That," said Dent to the trooper, "is the fourth one."

Gail got up. "Dud," she said bewilderedly. "Dud!"

Dudley Bannistar did not even look at her. He whirled to escape but they took him on the threshold and at a gesture from their chief the two troopers slipped a shining cuff on his wrist and one of them led him outside, shambling like an old man.

Dent turned to the figure in the chair. "Cheer up, Dan! Think how much worse it might have been if you'd croaked me!"

The tall man looked up and laughed. "A swell break!" he said. "I wouldn't have touched this job only Bannistar claimed he'd cop off the girl with his hero stuff and give us a cut on some real dough. That's what come of playing 'amachoors!' I expect you'll give me the works, won't you? A swell break!"

"Not my bailiwick," said Dent. "This is Connecticut, old kid. Tough though, stick-

## Goals

By

H. THOMPSON RICH

**L**OVE was my goal,  
A starry flame,  
And mute my soul,  
Until you came.

Oh, fickleness!  
Now all my goal  
Is to express  
My singing soul.

**G**AIL did not wait for more. It was clear to her. Thatcher Dent had sent one of them up before. He had recognized the tall man at the holdup and now they were going to kill him to keep him from sending them all up!

She began a cat-like progress around the front of the house. Rose briars tore at her cloak and she left it hanging. Presently she stepped into a hole and lost a slipper, groped furtively for it, kicked off its mate, and plunked on. She had to find Thatcher Dent! He was somewhere in this house! They were going to kill him! Thatcher Dent, who had become strangely important to her!

She came to a corner and knew she had reached the opposite side of the house. She tried several windows but they were locked. Finally she came to one with a screen in it. She whispered, "Thatcher!" A faint murmur greeted her. She moved nearer the sinister darkness of the window opening. Again she called softly; again something seemed to answer her. Cautiously she removed the screen. She leaned in and became rigid before the hideous caricature of a face, silent and motionless as a hand's breadth from her own. For an instant they stared at each other, until Thatcher made a moaning sound. He was on his knees, waiting for her to remove the gag. She worked feverishly until she released it.

"My hands," he whispered, and turned about. Heavy cord bound them, breaking her nails and lacerating her frantic fingers. At last his hands were free. "I can untie my feet," he said. "Go away quickly."

She did not go away. She waited to help him through the window—waited until she saw the door behind him open abruptly and a man appear with a lantern in one hand and a pistol in the other. Gail saw Thatcher Dent leap at him. The lantern dropped and went out and she heard them fighting in the darkness. Then another light shone dimly and the tall man joined the struggle. The three figures swayed, blurred, drifted from view.

She heard oaths, blows, the heavy pound of feet on the floor. It seemed to go on interminably. Then she heard a shot. Silence followed, utter and inscrutable. She waited, straining her ears for a sound. "Thatcher!" she cried sharply. No answer. As if in mockery, a woman's voice began wailing, "Dan! Dan!" Insistently, and without any pause.

Gail ran to the rear, collided with something and fell headlong. She rose, groping towards the driveway. Nameless terror held her. Thatcher and terror! Death and Thatcher Dent! Why hadn't he answered her? A prayer, a wish without words filled her heart. Thatcher alive! Thatcher all right! Thatcher Dent!

At last she reached the side porch where they had taken him. Its door opened and a



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ing up the man who handed you five years once."

"You know these birds, Chief?" the trooper asked Dent.

"Yes," said Dent. "This is Handsome Dan Ward. The dead one is Spider Wicks. I suppose the woman is Dan's girl. They've been pulling the same stunt in Long Island lately. Bannistar I didn't know until tonight." He turned to Dan. "Where's that watch, Oldtimer?"

Dan produced a battered silver timepiece. "Piece of junk!"

"But my grandfather's, Dan. Thanks."

"Oh! That reminds me," the trooper said, "is this yours?" He showed Gail a string of pearls. "We got 'em off the woman."

"Yes," said Gail dully. "They're mine."

"That clinches it," said the trooper, "with these for evidence." He dumped the pearls back into his pocket.

He flipped open a pair of handcuffs and Dan automatically extended a wrist. "That's three of 'em," said the trooper. "We'll use Bannistar's car."

"It's my car," said Thatcher Dent. "Bannistar took it to warn the gang when he heard us leave and found the phone disconnected. But use it by all means."

"Thanks," said the trooper. "We'll return it inside an hour." He beckoned to his ally and linked his wrist to the holdup man's. "Let's go! We'll see you later, of course, Mr. Dent." Waved genially and went out after the others.

Thatcher Dent said, "Hold out your arm, Gail." And swiftly bandaged it with a ripped handkerchief. "We'll get you home now, quickly."

THEY walked silently through a violent-colored dawn down to the car. Dent opened the door for her, went around and got in behind the wheel. They might almost have been strangers, she thought.

"Anyhow," she said a little sadly, "you got back your watch."

He was fumbling with his key. "That isn't all I've been robbed of tonight, if you want to know." He jabbed at the lock, kicked the starter and the engine sprang to life.

She didn't understand what he meant but the fact that something in the face of murder and sudden death had at last actually disturbed him both astonished and elated her. He was human after all!

"What else did you lose besides your watch, Thatcher?"

"You know perfectly well."

She didn't know and she told him so. "Money?" she asked.

VERY deliberately he shut off the engine and turned to her.

"Let's get this over with. You're finished enough a product to know when a man is in love with you. Just as I'm bright enough to know you're still crazy about Bannistar. I was watching you when he came in just now. A woman like you sticks, no matter what the man—"

She said, "Nonsense!" in a small voice.

"Don't try to tell me differently because I know better. And of course it lets me out. And now that he's a martyr I suppose I'll have to get him off with a suspended sentence, or something." And he glared at her.

Gail Stowe leaned back, her head drooping to hide her face, her hands tight together. Something was wrong with her heart. It was pounding in her throat.

"Now that's over," said Dent, "perhaps I can act like a human being again. But when there's something inside me I can't handle I'm always beastly until I get it out. Sorry!"

Tears were coming into her eyes. She was going to pieces! If only this would stop! It was shameful! "This—this is ridiculous!" she said.

"Yes. But it's over now and—"

"Will you stop, Thatcher Dent? Will you stop?"

"I have stopped and I'm sorry—"

"You haven't! Why d'you think I wanted to go along with you tonight? Why d'you think I found you when they were going to kill you—and got that rope off—and when I heard that shot I thought they had killed you—and when I saw you with that rolling pin—! So will you stop—"

"—but—"

"—stop being a f-fool—and kiss me, Thatcher Dent?"

## A Love That Has Lived 400 Years

[Continued from page 46]

of the age. And as a girl, at home in Ferrara, she had worked and practiced so well, that he considered her his finest pupil. So when Charles, King of France, paid a visit to the Court of Milan, nothing impressed him so much as the dancing of the Duchess Beatrice. She danced before him in a loose gown of green satin with flowing sleeves; she danced with him—delicate, dreamy dances they were, and the king could not cease talking of her grace and her loveliness. Since Charles was an ally of the utmost importance to the ambitious plans of Lodovico, he must have been greatly pleased by the favorable impression his wife made upon this elusive monarch.

She shared her husband's passion for fine music, and was herself an accomplished musician. Lorenza Gusnaco of Pavia came to Milan to make clavichords and lutes and viols, and under her inspiring direction became the greatest maker of musical instruments in the world. One clavichord which he made for her was the envy of every musician in Italy and upon it she used to play for her husband when he was especially weary or anxious over affairs of state. And Jacopo di San Secondo, the greatest violinist, and Testagrossa, the sweetest singer in Italy, so adored the Duchess Beatrice that they preferred her to any audience in the world

and could not be lured from the court of Milan by any offer from other princes.

HER French was slightly imperfect—as was that of most Italians of that day—but she read French; she could deliver a Latin oration, and her command of Italian, as shown by her letters, was amazingly vivid and showed intensive study of the best literature of the past and present. There are no more charming letters anywhere to be found than those she wrote to her sister Isabella, abounding as they do in witty sayings, intimate descriptions and clear, definite statements on matters of the day. Particularly fine are those she wrote to her husband when she was absent in Venice on a political mission.

As an interior decorator, she was—and would have been today—a great success. Vigevano was a country estate of great beauty to which she added much which made it more livable. But her favorite dwelling was Cusago, a villa situated upon a beautiful hillside near Como. This, Il Moro presented to her for her very own with "the most beautiful love deed ever blazoned with spendthrift ecstasy." This deed is now in the British Museum, with the other Sforza papers. Cusago was the Duchess' playing place, and she gathered

there the treasures she most loved and arranged them with such a degree of perfection that Il Moro himself, master as he certainly was of all things pertaining to art and architecture, found it a palace of perfection and loved to accompany Beatrice when she went there.

There must have been a trace of executive ability in her somewhere, for she managed his vast estates through her appointed lieutenants, handled the great staff of servants and courtiers and always had a direct hand in planning the vast fetes given for the entertainment of distinguished visitors. For instance, she wrote to Isabella d'Este, "And I must tell you that I have had a whole field of garlic planted for your benefit, so that when you come, we may be able to have plenty of your favorite dishes." Surely a thoughtful attention! But one at least which proves that the Duchess Beatrice kept a careful eye upon the comfort of her guests.

Embroidery did not greatly appeal to her; she was too active. But she was a beautiful needlewoman when she cared to work at it, and when her little son arrived she made him many exquisite things with her own hands sitting among her ladies and singing as she sewed, so that Il Moro glowed with joy and pride at the sight of her thus occupied.

**S**HE was the finest horsewoman in Italy and in all the forms of sport then followed by women she excelled.

Ludovico, writing to his sister-in-law Isabella in 1491, tells of a narrow escape which Beatrice had when an infuriated stag attacked her horse. "All at once we heard that the wounded stag had been seen and had attacked the horse which my wife was riding and the next moment we saw her lifted in the air a good lance's height from the ground, but she kept her seat and sat erect all the while. The duke and duchess and I rushed to help her and asked if she were hurt but she only laughed and was not in the least frightened."

And again he writes, still to Isabella: "I am as sorry as you are that you could not be here for the wolf hunts, because I am quite sure you would have given us proof of your spirit and courage. I must, however, tell you that your sister's boldness is such that I think even you would hardly come off victor in this contest. My wife has become so clever at hawking that she quite outdoes me at this, her favorite sport."

When she reached the wild boar first and alone, she did not hesitate to drive her spear down and kill the savage beast, maintaining her seat without the slightest difficulty, a feat few men could rival.

Thus present-day hunting and such sports as golf and tennis would probably have been simple to her.

**E**VEN at cards she was expert. On the twenty-sixth of May, 1493, while she was on a journey to Chioggia, her husband wrote to her: "My dearest wife, it has given me great pleasure to hear from your last letters that you have been winning your companions' money and since I conclude that you have been playing at Buttino I hope you will remember to keep account of your winnings, so that you may keep the money for yourself."

As a matter of fact she had won three thousand ducats, all of which she had given away as alms. But what a bridge player she would have made!

The note of pride which Il Moro felt in his wife is too apparent in these letters to need explanation.

Her costumes were a matter of admiration and envy to all the ladies of the Renaissance, so that they actually dreaded to appear in competition with her, and she designed them all herself. When she appeared before the Signory at Venice, we are told that she was robed in "golden brocade broid-

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ered with crimson doves, wearing chains of red and white jewels, a great ruby burning at her breast." At the wedding of the Emperor Maximilian, she wore "violet velvet, with a pattern known as 'fantasia dei vinci' wrought in white and gold and green enamel." One of the maids of honor in a letter describes her as follows: "The Duchess of Bari had a lovely vest of gold brocade, worked in red and blue silk and a blue silk mantle trimmed with long-haired fur, and her hair coiled as usual in a silken knot."

She adored ribbons and made it peculiarly her own fashion to have knots and streamers of them about her. Teodora, an intimate friend of Isabella's, says that on one occasion Beatrice was especially lovely, "wearing a feather of rubies in her hair and a crimson satin robe embroidered with a pattern and knots and many ribbons, after her favorite fashion."

**T**HERE was a deep spiritual side to her nature which met a similar one in that of Ludovico. Amidst all the gaiety and excitement of her court, she kept the strictest observance of all feast days. During her stay in Venice we read that she heard mass every morning in her own rooms. Everywhere as we read of her we catch touching little glimpses of her at prayer. On the very day of her death she had spent long hours praying beside the tomb of her dearest friend, Bianca, the illegitimate daughter of Ludovico.

Like her sister Isabella, she was a devoted mother, and adored her small son, Ercole.

"Most Illustrious Madama mine and dearest Mother," she wrote to Isabella, "your Highness must forgive my delay in writing you. The reason was that every day I have been hoping the painter would bring me the portrait of Ercole, which my husband and I now send you by this post. And I can assure you, he is much bigger than this picture makes him appear, for it is already more than a week since it was painted. But I do not send the measure of his height, because people here tell me if I measure him he will never grow."

The pride and tender superstition of a mother breathes in that letter. Ludovico loved children and he had naturally desired a son to inherit his name and estates, so once again Beatrice fulfilled his desires.

In 1493, Il Moro sent his Duchess to Venice to appear before the Doge as his ambassador and spokeswoman upon an extremely delicate matter.

In her wonderful biography of Beatrice d'Este, to which we owe our most intimate knowledge of this amazing girl, Julia Cartwright says: "Here we see this princess, who was not yet eighteen years of age, assuming the character of orator and diplomatist and revealing those talents which excited the admiration of the Emperor Maximilian. In selecting his young wife for this important mission, Ludovico had acted with his usual prudence and forethought. He saw her remarkable powers of mind and trusted implicitly in her womanly tact and charm."

**I**T WAS probably due in some measure to his great admiration for Beatrice that the Emperor Maximilian recognized Ludovico as Duke of Milan, against claims put forth by Louis of Orleans. No other woman was ever treated by the Emperor with such affection and admiration.

But it was not only emperors and kings who adored Beatrice d'Este. Not only poets and artists. While arranging matters with the Doge of Venice she won the heart of the people also.

"On every occasion," the Milanese ambassador sends word to the waiting Duke, "the duchess appeared clad in new and beautiful robes and glittering jewels. Her jewels, indeed, were the wonder of the whole town. But I shall not be wrong if

I say that the finest jewel of all is herself—my dear and most excellent Madonna, whose gracious ways and charming manners filled all the people of Venice with the utmost delight and enthusiasm, so that your Highness may so well count himself that which he is—the happiest and most fortunate prince in the whole world."

**E**VERY man loves to be envied by his fellowmen because of the perfections of his wife. He loves to be proud of her. Especially when he is entirely sure of her love and fidelity. In such an age as the Renaissance, fidelity was rare and in all the letters, reports, histories and chronicles, of the period not one word of suspicion or scandal of any kind ever attached itself to the Duchess Beatrice. In spite of the admiration and affection she excited among men of all classes, her virtue as a wife was never questioned by the most bitter enemies of Ludovico.

He was sure of her love always, the love of a great lady. She gave him that safety in love which every man craves with all his heart.

With all this she had a delightful sense of humor and knew well how to make her husband laugh. With all her dignity she could romp as wildly and light-heartedly as a child. Ludovico spends many pages in telling Isabella the jokes which Beatrice delighted to play on her close friends.

**Y**ET beyond question she was what the historian calls her: "One of the culture influences of the age. To her patronage and good taste are due to a great extent the splendor of the Castello of Milan, of the Certosa of Pavia, and many other famous buildings in Lombardy."

Having won her bridegroom's heart, the fiery little Duchess refused to share it, which was something unheard of in those days. When, after a few months of honeymoon happiness, she discovered that Cecilia Gallerani still occupied a suite in the vast palace and that the Duke visited her, Beatrice suffered intensely. Her hot Este blood flamed and her heart—she was only a girl and very much in love—was almost broken.

But she had the wisdom of the born enchantress. She went softly to work. Ludovico had given her a beautiful camorra of pure woven gold. She never wore it. And at last he discovered that it was because Cecilia possessed one exactly like it. He wished her to sit for her portrait to Leonardo da Vinci, his favorite painter. But the little girl sulked and would have none of it. Oh, yes, she would consult with the great Leonardo about her palaces and her fêtes and her costumes. But he should not paint her. He had painted Madonna Cecilia too often. There were a few tears and perhaps she took to her bed.

But Giacomo Trotti, one of her Estenian courtiers wrote to Beatrice's mother, the Duchess Leonora: "Signor Ludovico does not leave his wife's bedside by day or by night. He is always with her and thinks of nothing but how he can best please and amuse her."

Well, he could best please her by eliminating Cecilia and he did so. He loved Beatrice too dearly, he was too happy in her society, to wish to hurt her. He gave up his mistress gladly in return for all the sweet, vivid, enchanting little wife was giving him.

Julia Cartwright notes that the little Duchess had won all hearts at the Milanese court "less by her beauty than by her vivacity and high spirits, her bright eyes and ringing laugh, her frank gladness and keen enjoyment of life."

**S**O WE love to think of her, moving through those six glorious years. Life was not easy for Beatrice d'Este, for those were not easy times and at best Ludovico Sforza was a man any woman must have devoted all her time and all her energy and all her heart and mind to please and to keep happy.



But in return for all that she did, the little Duchess reaped a great reward. Not only in the rich jewels and beautiful palaces he gave her—though many girls would consider them complete payment—but in six years of a beautiful and lasting romance, a *grande passion* with a man whom Guicciardini calls “a creature of rare perfection, most excellent for his eloquence and industry and many gifts of nature.”

Even on the day which was to be her last on earth, she danced at the great fête which Ludovico had prepared in her honor, for she was once more to become a mother and add, they hoped, a daughter to the two fine sons which she had already given him. Robed in crimson velvet and sables, she still smiled and laughed and her little feet still danced, for she loved dancing as she loved all life.

"THAT night the sky<sup>1</sup> above the Castello of Milan was all a-blaze with fiery flames and the walls of the Duchess's own garden fell with a sudden crash to the ground, although there was neither wind nor earthquake." So writes a contemporary historian. "And from that time," chronicles Marino Sanuto, "the Duke began to be sore troubled and to suffer great woes, having up to that time lived very happily."

The French had always disputed Il Moro's claim to the throne of Milan and it was not long after that, that French forces, joined by certain Italian princes, overthrew him and drove him into exile.

be captured, but each time he arose he cast himself once more upon the statue of the thing he had loved most on earth. His face was wet with tears and he still wore the black robe which had been his costume since the day of Beatrice's death and was to be until his own.

At last he walked sadly away only to turn back at the door and murmur softly, "Until the resurrection, my Beatrice."

Truly, his life and his happiness ended with the untimely death of his duchess.

But their sons, Ercole, later called Maximilian, and Francesco both lived to rule Milan as dukes.

The story of Beatrice d'Este is a girl's story and a beautiful one. It is the story of a girl with a great heart, who loved much. There can be no happiness for a woman as beautiful as the love life which Beatrice d'Este lived. There can be no accomplishment more wonderful and more worthy for her than the things the Duchess of Milan accomplished.

It will be well for us if we do not destroy the belief in romance, in love, in sentiment, that exists in all men. For we shall destroy our own happiness if we do.

No marriage is happy unless the man is the center of it.

No love affair is truly beautiful and joyous unless the man is the master.

Ninety per cent of all the happiness and joy in love and marriage rests with the woman, for nature made her the adaptable one, and it is dangerous to go against nature.

Woman has her own place, a great place, a high place, created for her in the beginning, but it is not man's place. She cannot be happy without love, without a man, and that happiness is in her own hands if she will follow the fundamental truths learned from the famous enchantresses of history and among them none are more lovable, more admirable, more successful than Beatrice d'Este.



By ANNETTE KELLERMANN

It's folly now to *stay fat* when you can reduce so quickly, easily, safely! In only 10 days you can have the *proof* that my natural methods will give you a smart, slender figure—and keep you slim and graceful, permanently. How many pounds do *you* want to lose of unwelcome burdensome flesh? How many inches do *you* want to see almost “melt away” from neck, bust, waist, hips, arms and legs? Let me show you how my simple secret brings results!

Forget all you've ever heard about reducing baths, rubber garments, drugs and "exercise machines." My methods work wonders because they are *scientific*. No guess work! It was through these methods that I developed "the body beautiful" and won fame as "the world's most perfectly formed woman." And by these same methods I have kept my weight and figure without change of one pound or one inch for over 16 years.

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Isn't it at least worth a *test* to see your double chin begin to vanish, bulky hips become nearer normal, thick ankles and ungraceful limbs grow stylish and beautiful? Health and strength improve, too. Constipation goes. Your complexion brightens. In a surprisingly short time you can be wearing, eating, doing what you like—without the old "bugbear" of FAT sapping your energy and marring your figure.

I will be glad to send you FREE a copy of my book, "The Body Beautiful." I will also tell you about my safe and sane methods of reduction and my 10 Day Proof Offer. There is no obligation. Simply mail the coupon below or write a letter.

Address, Annette Kellermann, Inc., Suite F-408, 225 West 30th Street, New York City.

ANNETTE KELLERMANN, Inc., Suite F-408  
225 West 39th Street, New York City

Dear Miss Kellermann: I want to lose . . . pounds. Send me your booklet, "The Body Beautiful." Requesting it does not obligate me in any way.

Name.....

Address. . . . .

City.....State.....

## Typical American Girl Week

[Continued from page 39]

\*Dougherty, Margaret E. Sangster, John Golden, Dr. Harry Dexter Kitson and Guy Hoff, met the regional winners and made their first selection—a selection kept private, through the rest of the week, while records were studied and sealed—votes were cast.

There was an informal dinner followed by a visit to the WEAf studios as guests of the Palm Olive hour. This visit was followed by a supper at the hotel.

ON THURSDAY morning the girls made a tour of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and then had luncheon at historic old Claremont Inn, to which all smart New York drives when in search of fine food and a sylvan atmosphere. This luncheon was followed by a visit to Paramount-Famous-Lasky Eastern Studios in Astoria, Long Island, where the girls saw the making of sound movies.

From there they were hurried (hurry was the keynote of the whole week) to Coney Island, where they were given a shore dinner at the Half Moon Hotel. Then came a drive through Chinatown—with a visit at the old Chinese Theater. Thursday's entertainment ended with a midnight supper.

FRIDAY, May 17, was regarded by many of the girls as the climax of the week. For that day was given over to a trip to the United States Military Academy at West Point. After luncheon at the Hotel Thayer, at West Point, the cadets paraded in formal review for the girls. The crowded day ended with a dinner at the famous old Bear Mountain Inn, after which the girls drove home by moonlight.

**S**ATURDAY, May 18, was the last day for entertaining. The morning was left open for private tours, but the girls found time during that morning to visit the offices of SMART SET Magazine. Most of them had private engagements for luncheon, but in the afternoon the entire party went to the matinee performance of Whoopee. For their final dinner at the Montclair the girls invited guests. They went directly from that dinner to the evening performance of "The Red Robe." And after the theater they—and their escorts—were given a supper dance at the Montclair.

And Sunday—well, Sunday was given over to making preparations for the trip home. And, we hope, for a little rest!

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# FRECKLES



## OTHINE Removes This Ugly Mask

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

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# Dressmaking Goes Into Reverse

[Continued from page 38]

time they were wanted? What to do! What to do!

"Then and there, in a makeshift room in the rear of my retail shop, the manufacturing firm of Marion Prince, Inc., was born. We hustled and barely managed to fill the orders. In the meantime hundreds more had poured in. Four months later we moved hurriedly into larger quarters. But they soon proved inadequate. Last August we bought more modern machinery and moved into our present plant. And if we continue to grow at our present rate, we'll have to pack up again before the end of the year."

And this amazing young woman was just nineteen years old when she quit college, making her a mere twenty-seven today!

**T**HERE probably isn't a more striking suite of offices anywhere in the world than Miss Prince's. The interior has been tastefully done in delicate modernistic shades. Much of the furniture has the cubist corners. A faint odor of incense makes one doubt that this is the office of a sizal. in-

stable period in women's fashions. The type of clothes we are wearing now are too comfortable, and at the same time too smart, to permit radical changes.

"Of course, there will be variations in color schemes and embellishments—I make four trips to the South and East each year to observe new trends in those directions. But there will be no revolutionary changes for years to come. The fact that we are selling far more of the flannel model—one of the three original designs—than we sold a year ago proves my point. And at the present time we have more than four hundred designs for our buyers to choose from.

"My school days taught me that girls of school age longed for the flannel dresses that had become extinct. These dresses were a huge success instantly. Soon we added wool crepe, silk sports and silk afternoon models to our line. I hope it won't be long before we are making formal evening gowns."

Miss Prince now employs from one hundred and seventy-five to two hundred persons. Her dresses are marketed in every

## SHE CAN'T SEW A STITCH but—

**I**N THE past nineteen months Marion Prince of Seattle has built up a dress-manufacturing business that will gross \$500,000 its second year.

She has made New York City "the dressmaking capital of the world"—one of her best markets.

She markets more than one hundred dresses daily in every state, in Alaska, Canada, Hawaii, Australia and New Zealand.

She employs 175 to 200 persons, paying them more than \$150,000 annually.

As the result of her experience she has concluded that—

"Women's dress fashions will not change radically for many years. Our present styles are too comfortable, and at the same time, too smart to permit other than minor changes.

"I believe most of my success has been due to my refusal to take my work too seriously. Be confident! Don't let your work worry you! You can be so very much more efficient when you smile!

"When I discovered I could not sew together my first customer's dress, I simply laughed and let a seamstress finish it."

dustrial establishment. But just pass on into the factory. Here is hustle, bustle; well-ordered, skillfully managed business, with women in charge of all the departments. Here one sees Miss Prince's designs, which she creates afresh four times yearly, being made into the patterns; the patterns being used by the cutters on the huge bolts of flannel, wool crepe and silk; the cut cloth going to the battery of sixty power machines where skilled operators sew them up; then on to the he. I embroiderer, who sends them out each night to several score of women who do the handwork on them at their homes, returning them every second day.

Next we pass on to the finishing rooms, where the seams are completed, buttons attached, hemstitching finished and the dresses are ready to be pressed and inspected for shipment.

Everything runs smoothly, effortlessly; yet the completed dresses—lovely, chic, dainty frocks that bring joy to the heart of every schoolgirl, business girl and co-ed—are hung up on the shipping rack with monotonous regularity. And at the rate of more than one hundred dresses a day!

Miss Prince chuckled reminiscently as she picked up a partly completed flannel sports ensemble—a clever little thing, with hand-embroidered and hand-appliqued flower designs. "We started with twelve designs nineteen months ago," she explained, "and we are still filling orders on three of them. This convinces me that we have finally reached a

state of the Union, in Alaska, Canada, Hawaii, Australia and New Zealand. Eight salesmen from the factory are scattered over the country. The best department stores handle the Marion Prince line.

"Our company might be called an industry of women, by women and for women. I can claim credit for the fact that our designs have no competition in the American market, both for style and individuality and because they are hand-appliqued and hand-embroidered; but the phenomenal sales success is due entirely to Lou Harriman," Miss Prince hastened to explain.

"When Lou first took over my dresses it was a sideline with her. But soon she dropped everything else, and then business began to hum. As our special sales representative she began opening up new markets and, although veteran dress manufacturers told us it was silly for so young a firm to attempt to break into New York, she tackled the job. You know the result."

**A**LITTLE later Miss Prince, again settled comfortably on the lounge in her cozy office, answered a parting question with another of her delightful peals of laughter:

"No, I've got to admit it! I can't sew a stitch! I can still remember vividly the time I tried to sew together a pattern I had cut out for my first customer. To my deep chagrin, it just wouldn't fit! But I refused to worry about it; I simply took it to an experienced seamstress and let her finish it!"

## My Beauty Shoppe

[Continued from page 47]

of searching) a Mrs. Parsons who took in washing by the day but who said that she wouldn't mind letting us practice on her on odd Sundays. After three of these practice sessions we felt quite a bit more confident about our ability. Mrs. Parsons had had eleven manicures, fourteen water waves, twenty-nine facials and a bob—at least, it looked quite a bit like a bob.

So on Thursday we hung up our sign and waited. We waited, as a matter of fact, quite awhile. Somehow or other the denizens of South Kidney didn't seem to feel the need of beautification. We tried various inducements. We offered a free package of needles with each manicure, and a Cape Cod lighter for a facial. We reduced our prices and had bargain Tuesdays. We bought a radio and a year's subscription to "La Vie Parisienne." We spent our few remaining dollars in advertising and plastered the countryside with large signs reading, "How About Those Nails, Mr. Motorist?" and "Don't Lift That Face—It May Be Lon Chaney. Try Our Queen Marie Massage Instead." Still we waited—and despaired.

AND then, one day, came our chance. It was a bright November morning and we heard some one coming up the walk.

"Good morning," I smiled cheerily.

A man looked at us rather timidly.

"Anybody here know anything about automobiles?" he asked.

"Why, yes," I lied, with an expansive gesture. "Any particular make?"

"A Rolls," he replied.

"Sit right down," I said, pushing him into a chair, "and relax."

"But—" he began.

"The right hand, please," commanded my wife, bringing up a bowl of water. He attempted to rise, but I restrained him.

"It's quite warm for November," remarked my wife pleasantly as I fastened a towel around his neck.

"Have you read this new book by what's-his-name?" I asked, rubbing his scalp.

"Yes," he replied, "but my wife is outside in the car and she'll be very angry."

"Oh, naughty, naughty," cooed my wife. "You didn't tell me you were married. Now the other hand, please."

"Now just bend over this basin," I said.

"But honestly—" he mumbled, his nose in the water—and then his wife entered.

It was a rather awkward moment, but finally the woman spoke.

"Arthur," she said, "you've done it!"

"Done what?" asked Arthur.

"You've had a manicure at last!" she exclaimed. "Oh, you dear—and on my birthday, too!" And she embraced him.

WELL, to make a long story short, it seems that for years she had been trying to get her husband to have a manicure, but he had always been putting it off because his grandfather and father had never had manicures, and yesterday she had decided to get a divorce on the grounds of cruelty because his nails always looked so badly, and so we had unexpectedly made her the happiest woman in the world because a divorce would have been so bad for the children, just at the impressionable age.

"And is there anything in the world," she panted, "that we can do for you?"

"By any chance," I asked, turning to the lady, "are you going towards New York?"

"That's just where we are going," she replied. "Can we—?"

"You can," was our joint reply.

And so ended our little experiment. But you can't say that we didn't try. The loss, after all, is South Kidney's. And some day they'll regret it.



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To get rid of arm or leg hair so it won't come back bristly and coarse, just moisten it with this magic new liquid. You can actually see the hairs dissolve!

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# The Stars Can Help You

[Continued from page 27]

temper. The sternest self-control is necessary if she would have a happy life.

People born under the sign of Leo and of Sagittarius are the most natural mates of the Aries type. With a husband or wife of the Cancer, Libra, or Capricorn sign the Aries type will find all his dictatorial, overbearing qualities coming to the fore.

## Taurus—April 21 to May 22

Most men born under this sign combine great mildness with great strength. In the lower forms of this type self-indulgence and laziness may be found combined with a strong will, but the average Taurians are exceedingly pleasant persons, their susceptibility to love softening their tendency to rages.

Men of this type are usually very slow in acquiring any new aptitude, but once having learned it they never lose it. This is the type that after months of blundering tennis suddenly developed a steady game that often defeats a more brilliant but also more erratic player. The girl who loves this type must beware of impatience, because it is the proof that slow but sure often wins in the end.

Men of this type are usually stronger than the average and have superb endurance. Their only danger is in the direction of living well. They are especially apt to eat and drink too much.

The conservatism of the Taurus man may also be irritating to the girl of more fiery disposition. But it is a conservatism that can rarely be influenced even by her most passionate arguments, because it is founded on the centuries that have gone, and the positive conviction of the rightness of anything that is.

Taurus men are wonderful workers, exulting in work for the sake of the thrill of fighting, of conquering. They are usually extremely slow to take up a new task, but their perseverance and energy are unequalled, once they have mastered it. They are inclined to go on through misfortune and reverses with the same patient energy, and for their industry are apt to be extremely desirable as husbands. No failure to provide for wife or children will ever come from irresponsibility or neglect.

**I**N MONEY matters the Taurus man makes an ideal husband. He is absolutely honest, and although not a spendthrift, is never petty or mean. He is apt to devote to his family every cent that can conservatively be diverted from adequate protection for their future, and the wife of a Taurus man can rest assured that no one could manage for her better.

The Taurus man is extremely fond of home, and usually makes a perfect husband, winning respect everywhere for his solid worth. He is affectionate and has long-lived devotion which is not readily turned aside. To his children he is a kind and patient father.

Many girls are apt to mistake his slowness for stupidity, and to tempt disaster by teasing him. His gentleness and patience last a long time against this treatment, but once aroused, his rage will be violent and dangerous—perhaps causing a breach that can never be bridged.

The Virgo and Capricorn people are apt to be most sympathetic with the Taurus native. The Aquarius, Leo, and Scorpio people bring out the stubbornness and resentment of the Taurus man, and a girl born under any of these last three signs must carefully avoid contentions with the man of her choice.

## Gemini—May 22 to June 22

The Gemini sign is a twin sign, and people born under it share the dual nature it indicates. The mind of a Gemini native is one of the most restless and active found anywhere, but it is singularly careless of the direction it takes or the material upon which it exerts its activity. Unfortunately the mental activity is apt to take a dozen different directions and thus, through lack of concentration, fail of the really colossal achievements it might otherwise secure.

The Gemini native through cleverness wins practically every argument, and a girl is foolish to attempt to sway him by that means.

In money matters his clever mind is apt to busy itself with schemes to get rich quick, rather than with sober acquisition, and the woman who is dependent on him for her financial future should consider well this tendency and the risks it may entail.

This type has no great love for family life, and equally no hatred for it. But love will never be his first concern. His analytical powers will add and subtract as relentlessly in the matter of passion as in the other affairs of life—and it takes an overwhelming passion to be superior to a critical analysis.

In spite of these facts the Gemini native makes an amiable and usually a financially successful husband, although the more highly emotional types like Taurus, Cancer, and Leo are apt to suffer bitterly from his lack of passionate intensity. Petty irritation, due to the nerves from which the Gemini native always suffers, may ruffle the smooth surface of the household, but great troubles rarely if ever come.

If a woman can accept the clever, variable, nervous character which is fixed in the type, she will find a great deal of happiness. Her husband will delight in conversing with many women, in the give and take flirtation, but he will rarely engage in a serious affair with any one of them. His sex is always at the mercy of, and controlled by, his mentality, and while a woman of extremely affectionate disposition may resent that fact and deplore it for herself, it will also be her protection against all rivals.

The girl who would win a Gemini man must always keep him interested, amused. Boredom will be her worst enemy, and if she can successfully occupy the mind of the man she loves, she will find him always a delightful and entertaining companion.

Girls born under the signs of Aquarius and Libra will fit in best with the Gemini man. Girls born under the sign of Pisces, Virgo, and Sagittarius will be apt to bring out all the vacillation and insincerity latent in the Gemini man. They will need to work constantly if they would have a smooth and harmonious relation.

## Cancer—June 22 to July 24

Physical laziness is marked characteristic of the Cancer sign, which sometimes is not readily recognized because of the occasional bursts of almost superhuman energy.

With this physical laziness goes a general condition of—not exactly ill-health, but not quite good health. The Cancer native is usually constantly ailing, and many women are inclined to decide that the man they love is doomed to invalidism and an early grave. On the contrary, without ever being quite well, they are seldom seriously ill and are usually exceptionally long-lived.

The vision of these people is vast, and they are inclined to devote themselves to great causes, or to spend all their thought and reflection in tearing down existing

abuses. They are strongly swayed by emotion and can be terribly hurt by ridicule of their emotion. A Cancer native can never be laughed out of anything. The girl who tries it will only make a wound that will not soon heal.

The Cancer native is apt to have great vanity, centering more on his mentality and the work he is doing than on his person or his belongings. But this exaltation has its counteractant in fits of deep despondency, from which he is hard to rouse.

These people are peculiarly susceptible to influence, and the girl who prides herself on the speed of winning one of them, may find that some one else will win him quite as easily as she has. They never seek the new consciously, but on being sought seldom show much resistance.

The active type of this sign avoids marriage as long as he can, feeling that it will be a disagreeable tie or fetter. The passive type drifts into marriage easily, and welcomes the settled sensation.

In love the active type is loyal and even self-sacrificing, when once it has accepted the idea of marriage.

As a father, the active type is apt to be unduly severe. Both types love children, but having little patience, are apt to be unreasonable in their punishments. A girl born under this sign makes the most unselfish mother in the world. She loves too much and punishes too much; children should not be subjected to such terrific alternations of feeling.

A girl of this type will be apt to love a man in exactly the same way, alternating great affection and equally great annoyance. She must strive for a more equable temperament, or she will antagonize even her most faithful lovers.

The Cancer type of man is terribly sensitive and inclined to fancy himself slighted or affronted. This fault centers in the vanity which is the distinguishing mark of the sign, and necessitates almost continuous approval for them to appear at their best and do their best work.

Girls born under the signs of Pisces and Scorpio will be most congenial naturally for the Cancer-born. Girls born under the signs of Aries, Libra, and Capricorn will be apt to dominate the Cancer man, and increase his tendency to introspection and his lack of self-confidence.

## Leo—July 21 to August 24

The man born under this sign is the most complete and balanced type in all humanity. He is in harmony with himself, and there is no war among his faculties, such as will be found in many of the other types.

The highest mold of Leo man has the most superb fighting spirit, which in a lower type may degenerate into bluster or quarrelsomeness, but both types possess a splendid courage, and are not daunted by obstacles.

Women are especially apt to admire the Leo man. His manner is bold and confident, and his character is instinctively noble. His pride is of the finest sort, making him disdain subterfuge and petty means to pettier motives.

His appeal is always to the ideal. For this reason he may never attain financial success—especially if fate has cast him in a role where trickery or deceit are essential to triumph. His generosity and truthfulness make him the easiest person in the world to deceive, and when he finds out the treachery, he is usually above both revenge and just punishment.

The Leo type has an unusual capacity for



suffering himself, and consequently will be found infinitely compassionate and sympathetic with the suffering of others.

In spite of all his good qualities, or perhaps because of them, the Leo man is subject to anger, and has too much pride for his own good. These are the faults that may interfere with harmonious relations with the woman who loves him and whom he loves. Yet such is his inherent fineness that an appeal to his nobility and honor will usually quench his anger and soften his pride—which after all is founded on a true sense of the dignity and importance of the individual.

The Leo man is exceptionally vulnerable to flattery—not through ordinary vanity, but because he regards it as a just tribute to his place and power. A girl can use this weapon effectively with the Leo man—but it can be used with equal value by any one—every one—else; consequently she can not depend upon it.

**T**HE Leo husband is generous with money, and neither practices nor tolerates any sort of pettiness. If he saves money, it is not from any sense of miserliness, but from his recognition of it as a means of power.

The Leo man is contented with a domestic life, but the family must center in him. So long as he is acknowledged king, he will be a wise, just, generous ruler, but any question of his authority will rouse his fighting spirit, and he will never rest until the opposition is crushed.

In the matter of love, the Leo man usually gives a tremendous amount of devotion, and will accept nothing less in return. He will be wounded and injured at any neglect or failure to show him the affection he expects. He usually views himself in a romantic, chivalrous light which will make his courtship immensely attractive to any girl having a sense of the romantic. He is always a faithful husband, loyalty being a part of the noble ideal on which his life is founded.

If it were not for the satisfaction this type always feels in his own fineness and goodness, he would be almost perfect, and for the girl who is willing to bend a little to his really good judgment, and willing to admire where admiration is truly deserved, the Leo man will make an ideal husband.

Girls born under the signs of Aries and Sagittarius will fit in with the Leo native most readily, but girls born under the signs of Aquarius, Taurus, and Scorpio will resent his domination. Infinite care will be necessary to adjust themselves to it, or a real conflict will result.

#### Virgo—August 24 to September 24

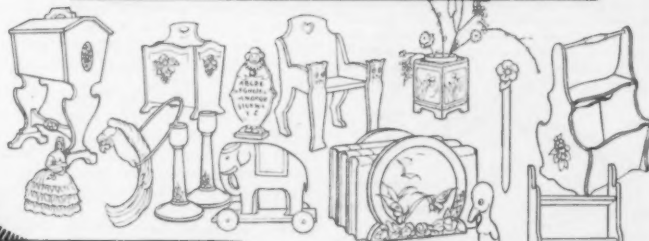
Men born under the sign of Virgo are usually temperate, with no strong temptation toward excess of any kind. They like quiet, regular, but active lives, and the girl whose influence is all on the side of health and normality will have vastly more influence than one whose whole urge is toward the sort of gaiety that runs to late hours and perhaps to unwise indulgences in food and drink.

The Virgo man is extremely practical, and all his exertions have a definite, tangible aim. He is not at all the sort of person to throw away his life on lost causes, or to further the idealism of mankind.

With this practicality goes a mind that delights in detail, and actually enjoys the thousand and one petty steps that lead to a goal. In fact the Virgo native may take greater pleasure in the details of a plan than in the plan itself. This will not be to the liking of his wife, if he attempts to introduce his genius for organization into the household machinery.

In the matter of finance the Virgo man is usually extremely efficient. He makes

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an excellent efficiency expert; for routine work he has no equal. He can save pennies in any business, but is incapable of devising schemes to bring in dollars. Success comes to him slowly, and is usually earned long before it comes. However, he is such a good manager of even a small salary that his family will often be on a sounder basis than that of many a richer man's. He is not stingy, but all his instincts are toward thrift and accuracy.

In domestic life the Virgo man is contented and loyal. He is at his best in small-town life and is usually successful there. A more careful and painstaking parent could hardly be found. Nothing for the good of the child will ever be neglected, and the Virgo parent will probably find his nearest approach to happiness in the meticulous consideration of his child's welfare.

In the matter of love the Virgo man is a difficult person for the girl of warm emotional feeling. He is always cold, and is as incapable of self-surrender as of conquest. If a woman does not demand passionate intensity of feeling, however, she may find great happiness with him, for he will think always of her comfort and convenience, will make due provision for her future and her children's, and will take care of her with efficiency and purpose.

His lack of passion will be a protection to her home, for he will never stray from it save for the mildest flirtations, and his indiscretions will be merely the give-and-take of social intercourse.

As in love, so in friendship—the Virgo man finds his chosen associates on a common mental plane. If they disagree vitally in their opinions, the friendship ends, for there is no warmth of heart to bind them.

Girls born under the signs of Taurus and Capricorn will accommodate themselves most easily to the Virgo temperament, but girls of the Pisces, Gemini, and Sagittarius types will find the Virgo man critical and unsympathetic.

### Libra—September 24 to October 24

Most Libra men are extremely attractive to women—as are the Libra women to men. All the facial lines are elegant and gracious, the expression intriguing, and the eyes are soft, gentle, and affectionate.

Part of the attraction is the mystery in the Libra type. Love of power induces a certain deceptiveness, which in men will be manifested in a business way, and in women used to captivate men. The Libra type holds always something in reserve, and the girl who would match wits with a Libra man had better make very sure of her weapons—or she will meet with an unexpected surprise.

It would be an equal mistake to credit a man of this type with supernatural will or intelligence. There is nothing abnormal about him, but he will always keep the advantage by never completely surrendering his secrets to any one.

The Libra man has an instinctive appreciation of beauty, and may easily be appealed to by any one possessing a similar appreciation of the arts. He usually dances well. His love of beauty always compels him to strict moderation in the matter of food and drink. Excess disgusts him, because it is so unlovely.

**ANOTHER** point which the wife of the Libra man would do well to remember is that he is particularly disturbed by untidiness, ugliness, and disorder. She should never relax for a moment in the perfection of her own grooming, or in the efficiency of her housekeeping. If she does, she will unavoidably grate on her husband's beauty sense.

The Libra man is always gentle and persuasive in his manner—and is singularly successful in getting his own way thereby.

His superior suavity and self-command are apt to win, in an argument, even when his opponent is in the right, because his plausible speech and habit of appealing to the emotions sway the tide of battle his way.

In his home the Libra man is usually charming, and gets his own way, as he gets it everywhere, by subtlety and pleasantness. But this does not argue any particular devotion to his home. He merely proceeds there as he proceeds everywhere else—to take his chosen way by the softest means.

In love the Libra type is an artist, combining great devotion with the highest refinement of expression. However, although he makes love beautifully, he is rarely capable of lifelong devotion. He will court a woman beautifully while he stays—but no one can tell how long that may be.

With his children the Libra type is a charming parent who usually elicits remarkable devotion. He is always tactful in his guidance and his love is not sufficiently deep-rooted to demand the abrogation of a child's personality—a common fault of many more truly devoted parents.

In business the Libra type is conservative and dependable, although never an enthusiastic competitor. He is at his best in the professions, where skill and artistic ability count.

Girls born under the signs of Aquarius and Gemini will be most likely to appreciate the beauty and charm of the Libra man, while girls of the Aries, Cancer, and Capricorn sign may either dominate the Libra man or else arouse all that is stubborn and unyielding in his nature.

### Scorpio—October 24 to November 23

The Scorpio man has a strength of will-power that may easily degenerate into the most unbending obstinacy. His methods are simple and direct, with neither tolerance nor tact. He will never turn aside from his purpose nor surrender, even if he knows that his course, persisted in, will bring him to certain ruin.

If the ennobling and uplifting planets are in the ascendancy at his birth, he has the stuff of which martyrs are made, but if the selfish influences predominate, he will be a dangerous man for any girl to entrust her happiness to.

This type has an intensely critical and sceptical mind, and bitterly resents constraint of any kind. Unfortunately he is not content with simply registering an opinion, but must attack anything against which he has a prejudice, root and branch. His fierce energy, persistence, and fighting spirit play a great part in advancing him honestly in the world. In the matter of money, the Scorpio man is apt to acquire great riches. However, he is apt to be unscrupulous in his manner of acquiring them.

There is immense personal magnetism in the average Scorpio native, and a man of his type is apt to be loved as much as he is feared. His passion is great, but it is invariably selfish passion. He insists on being the ruler of his home, where he will be found jealous, tyrannical, easy to offend, and revengeful in punishing fancied slights. Only a woman who is all softness and has a very forgiving nature can hope to get along smoothly with this type.

If a girl is born in this sign, she must be careful not to permit herself to become the domineering housewife who is the terror of the household. This is the type of woman who loses her husband's love early, and perhaps—if her husband has the courage of his convictions—her husband as well.

The Scorpio type—either man or woman—makes a very poor parent, combining the most demanding devotion with a tyranny that makes a child an actual prisoner in his home. His children frequently look upon him with hate and fear.

If a girl is shrewd enough, subtle enough,

to guide the Scorpio man so secretly that he does not suspect either direction or opposition, he can be ruled through his selfishness and his vanity.

Girls born under the unselfish and maternal signs of Pisces and Cancer will show the greatest aptitude in dealing with the Scorpio native, while Aquarius, Taurus, and Leo people will instinctively arouse all his determination and antagonism. Diplomacy and skill are essential to the woman who would live harmoniously with a man born under this sign.

#### Sagittarius—November 23 to December 23

The man born under the sign of Sagittarius always has a high-strung nervous temperament, and a restlessness which is as much physical as mental. He is usually devoted to outdoor sports, but has the conservatism and judgment to avoid those which are definitely dangerous.

This type is the born idealist, and has the singular faculty of being practical as well. Frank, open-hearted, and sincere, he is usually well-supplied with friends. And his buoyant, cheerful temperament will retain those friends forever.

His anger is short-lived, and he never preserves a grudge, but he will invariably fly into a passion at duplicity. A girl should always keep the utmost frankness and sincerity in all her dealings with a man of this type. Any of the usual feminine wiles will cause a sudden storm. He will yield a point rather than get into a quarrel, especially where his affections are involved, but when a real principle is in question, he will not give an inch, and the girl who has stirred up such a situation had best make her peace and proceed on strict lines of fairness and truth for the future.

In business the Sagittarius man is well marked for success. His intense activity and good judgment will take him far, and his cheer and good fellowship will supply the personal touch which so often carries one man ahead of another of equal ability but less friendly disposition.

If the man of this type finds a wife who understands him, he will become his best self, and will make an almost perfect husband. But often women prefer insincere flattery to the frank—and perhaps unromantic—honesty of his courting.

**R**ATHER impulsive in matters of the emotions, he is liable to engage himself too soon and regret it upon reflection. The girl who becomes betrothed to a Sagittarius man can never be sure of him until they are actually married. Broken engagements abound in his horoscope, due to his natural caution and judgment reasserting itself after a small lapse.

This sign also produces many bachelors, largely because of that same caution and judgment. And this is particularly regrettable, as emotional development is the most needed element in the Sagittarian nature. It would be well for the girl who is interested in a man born under this sign to remember how easily he will slip away.

In marriage, the Sagittarius man will be happy only if unrestricted. Jealousy infuriates him. And in truth a wife has little actual cause for jealousy. The man of this sign is instinctively frank, and a public flirtation is more to his taste than a secret liaison. Unfortunately, some women are more humiliated by a public flirtation than by a secret liaison. In this case her only chance is to reason with herself until she judges more accurately the danger to herself and her home from the two things, and accepts the flirtations at their true—and slight—importance.

The Aries and Leo people are most apt to meet the Sagittarius type on common ground, while the Pisces, Gemini, and Virgo natives will be hurt and offended by the Sagittarian's brusqueness and honest sarcasm.

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## Women At Sea

[Continued from page 31]

Like a little world floating off into space, with a population of its own. Its tragedies, too, if we knew them."

AT SUEZ they were held up for a moment, to take Captain Belton on board. Some sort of official, they said. Such a charming man, with a quick white smile and a pair of broad shoulders. After that Alison had another romance to watch, for he fell for Maris Templeton at a glance. For the rest of the voyage they were eternally to- gether, and people said she was getting off at Colombo to marry him, instead of going on to India as she had intended.

But that was only guess work for Maris remained as aloof and disdainful as before, nor did she speak to another woman the whole of the voyage.

Alison sighed. Romance all round her, and nothing for her but Jacob. He came along the deck, a batch of books under one arm, three cushions and a travelling rug under the other. He was awfully keen on making himself comfortable.

He settled himself beside her, after smiling at her as a father might smile at his child. He went through a sheaf of paid bills, tore them up and scattered them untidily in the direction of the scuppers. Jacob had the aggravating way of behaving as if all the world was his to throw his waste paper away upon. He said, "Seen Ivor Novello?"

"On this boat? Not really, Jacob."

Alison was thrilled. She had loved him from afar since she was fourteen, and never even seen him nearer than on the screen.

"Next best thing to him. May be seen in the purser's office at any hour. One of the best looking lads I've come across for years. And intelligent, too."

He tore up more bills.

"Funny thing the way our class ain't breeding the right sort any more. Can't think what some folks educate their children for at all. Much better drown 'em before their eyes open."

He lit a cigarette.

"And then you'll find a winner, sitting downstairs in an underground poke hole. It's a bad life!"

Jacob opened a novel to read and then promptly went to sleep.

Alison only partially listened to him. She was wondering what David Field was saying to Jean, as they leaned, elbow to elbow, on the rail. She wondered why Maris' pretty high bred face still looked so cold and dis- dainful. You'd think that nice man with his quick white smile and broad shoulders would have cheered her up some. She wondered if every one envied her as much as she hoped they did. Because, at the back of it all, she knew in her own heart all the splendor was a little empty, a little disappointing.

The captain was talking to Fenella now, further along the deck. Alison could see her little face crimson with anger, and wondered what he was saying to her. The captain be- haved as if he were a schoolmaster and his passengers a lot of kids.

"If I were Fenella," thought Alison, "I wouldn't stand it. The way he goes on at her."

Or perhaps it was about John Tiller. Handsome John Tiller had come down to lunch in shorts, and been turned out of the dining salon, this form of dress being pro- hibited on the S. S. Royalshire.

Alison sighed. Romance all around her, and for her there was nothing any more but Jacob. And suddenly she thought that she had not appreciated, when she came out before, how jolly it was to be free. To be able to please oneself, even if one were poor.

She forgot all about the handsome purser of Jacob's story, until that evening. She wanted some stamps, and she thought she might have a look at him and see if he really did look like Ivor Novello.

She was ready for dinner, wearing her pearls. Her dress was from one of the most famous Parisian dressmakers. Her pretty hair looked golden smooth and sleek.

The purser's office was a small room in the bowels of the ship. It had no access whatever to the outer air, and its inhabitants lived forever by electric light. There were two desks within. One was empty. At the other a man sat writing in a large book. Alison wondered if this was the man who had so impressed Jacob.

"Please may I have some stamps?"

He looked up quickly.

"Certainly." His manner was brisk, busi- ness-like and Jacob had been quite right. He was the best looking young man she had ever seen. His skin was a queer warm creamy color. His hair black and very thick and curly. Very dark eyes he had, and the lashes were light at the end, as if some one had tipped them with gold dust. She recognized him at once by those lashes. Apart from that, how he had changed. Gone was the adolescent tendency to stoutness. He was willowy, tall. His hands were long and slender, the hands of an artist.

"Pennies or half pennies, Mrs. Duvesant?"

He put the book away, entered her pur- chase in his ledger and went on with his writing. He did not recognize her. He had forgotten completely the things he had said to her, on that other voyage, before she snubbed him. She knew that it annoyed her now, to think he had forgotten. She wanted to say, "Don't you remember me? We have travelled together before."

But the dinner gong rang and she went slowly upstairs and into the salon, her hands full of stamps, penny and half penny.

THE voyage suddenly became much more interesting. She found all sorts of rea- sons for going down to the purser's office. She learned all sorts of things about him from Daisy, her maid.

"Mr. Brown has got on faster than any one else in the Company. They do say he's one of the best pursers they have ever had. And he's ambitious, too. Oh yes, m'am, he's not satisfied where he is, by any means. He's set on becoming a contractor, as soon as he's saved enough to start on his own. The company would of course employ him, and he says it's wonderful, the money that can be made."

"Is he married?" Alison asked that, hop- ing Daisy noticed nothing funny about her voice.

"Oh, no, m'am. He's not at all a ladies' man, though he comes down and laughs and jokes with us all. They do say he was turned down badly some years ago, and that he hasn't looked at any one since. But then, on board a ship, goodness they do talk. I suppose it's just that they must do something, shouldn't you, m'am?"

Alison sat quite still after Daisy had gone, looking out of the porthole. The night was an indigo bowl in which stars swam like gold fish. He had not forgotten. He was still faithful to a memory. How she wished that she had been, too. But of course, it wasn't practical.

He must know her. He was just not tak- ing any risk of further snubs. It was up to her.

Meanwhile, Jacob did not make matters any better by continually alluding to the young purser in terms of highest praise.

"If he'd had a decent education—been



pruned of all his vulgarisms, that young man would have gone far."

His vulgarisms. Alison thought Jacob very affected. He had an extremely silly prejudice against all sorts of harmless sentences and words. He got angry when she said "serviette" instead of "table napkin." "Granted as soon as asked for," "costumes," and several other entirely sensible things would start him off nagging. All the people Alison had ever known said these things. She couldn't see why Jacob objected to her saying, "Pleased to meet you," when any one was introduced to her.

Suddenly it dawned on her that she and Mr. Brown would have understood each other far better than she and Jacob ever would. And once he had made love to her. What a little fool she had been. Not realizing what fun it is to be free, however, poor you are.

The band was playing on the lower deck. Alison was alone, because Jacob had gone off to talk to David Field. She stood for a while watching the light from the standards catching her diamonds and setting them all afire. Jean was dancing with a tall young man who had come on at Port Soudan, and for whom she had mercilessly discarded poor David Field. Presently they stole away together into the darkness. Romance all around her, and nothing for her but Jacob.

SOME way down the deck, Mr. Brown stood in his white uniform with its gold braid, watching the dancers. Alison thought, "I'm going to speak to him now."

She went down the deck and stood beside him. Mr. Brown was looking out into the night, which lay around them, an indigo bowl in which stars swam like gold fish. He did not turn his head.

"I don't think you remember me," she said.

"Oh, yes, I do, Mrs. Duvesant. I knew you the moment you came on board."

They stood side by side, in silence. A queer feeling crept over Alison. She thought, "Now I am only just beginning to live for the first time." She could not think of anything else to say. She wished she was more finished. More polished. Maris Templeton, for instance, would never feel so tongue tied. She wished he would say something. At last, in despair, she said in a pathetic little voice, "Won't you ask me to dance for old time's sake?"

He turned at that and smiled at her with those dark eyes of his, the lashes light at the ends as if they had been tipped with gold dust.

"I am sorry," he said. "But we are not allowed to dance with the passengers."

She flushed crimson, thinking, "We're even now, as far as snubs go."

She said, "I don't see why you can't forget what's past, and be friends now; when you know I'm sorry."

"But you were quite right, Mrs. Duvesant. I see that now. I wasn't good enough for you. You were out for something on a larger scale, and thought it presumption on my part. Well, now I quite agree with you. You are the wife of one of the richest men in Ceylon. I wouldn't dream of—"

She said, "I may be the wife of a rich man, but I'll tell you one thing. I'm not awfully happy. It's—it's not very much like I thought it would be."

She had hardly meant to own as much as that even to herself. Yet she knew it was the truth as she said it.

"Is there any in the world entirely happy?" she asked.

"Yes, Mrs. MacMorrison."

She laughed suddenly. "I call her life slavery."

"Then you're wrong, Mrs. Duvesant. She's happy, because she's got some idea behind it all, if you understand me. It may be a wrong idea. I won't go so far as to say. But it's better than none. She thinks that

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what she is doing, she is doing for some good reason. While most people are just wasting around the world, backwards and forwards, with no particular course shaped. Like craft with broken rudders. I can tell you, one gets a pretty good idea of human nature, watching people at sea."

After that he bowed politely and went below.

IT SEEMED to Alison that between there and Colombo she spent her time trying to make opportunities to talk to him, and he in bowing politely and hurrying away. In the secrecy of her cabin she had to confess to herself that she was in love with him. In love as she had never known it before. In love as she had never dreamed of being with Jacob. She wanted to feel this boy's arms round her. She wanted him to kiss her. She wanted to know that she could still shake him out of his polite calm, as she had done that other voyage, when she was a nursery help. She thought, "Wasn't I a fool? I could have had him then. We'd have got married and he would have got on. Some day he'll probably be as rich as Jacob and he will never be as fat."

Said Daisy, her little maid, brushing out her hair, "I declare this heat doesn't agree with you, m'am, for you are losing all your pretty color."

Alison smiled at her, "You are looking well enough, Daisy."

"Oh, I'm sure I am, m'am. And never have I enjoyed myself more than on this voyage. We have such fun downstairs, and I'm sure Mr. Brown is the most amusing man. You'd be surprised at the fits of laughter he keeps us in."

Alison encouraged her to talk. From Daisy she picked up all sorts of things about him. That he had an old mother in Egremont, with whom he spent most of his time ashore. That he did not think much of women, through having seen so much of their goings on at sea. That his old mother wanted him to marry and live near by, in Egremont.

"And he says, that for her sake no doubt eventually he will, though his heart isn't rightly in it. But I'm sure he'd make a wonderful husband, him being so tactful. The stewardess told me that was partly why he's got on as he has. Along of being able to manage the passengers the way he can, when they quarrel."

Alison thought, "Because of his dark eyelashes tipped with gold, and the way he smiles." Silly, of course. Those things are not taken into account in places where pursers are chosen.

Hope kept alive in her heart, because she knew he was still interested in her. Because he had as good as confessed that, when he remained faithful to an old ideal. She often caught him looking down the decks at her, when he thought she did not notice. Oh, yes, secretly he loved her still! And in the long languorous days in the Indian Ocean, wild dreams came to her.

"If only he will make love to me again, I will chuck everything for him," she thought. "Jacob can divorce me. I don't care. I know where I am now, and what I want. I'd be happier with Alec and his friends than with Jacob's stuck up lot. Jacob wouldn't be mean. He'd let me keep my jewelry, and I could sell it, and help Alec on towards being a contractor. Diamonds wouldn't be much use to any one in Egremont. Nor pearls either."

Oh, if only he would speak. If only she could know he loved her still, as he had loved her on that other voyage, when she was young and poor.

NOW there were only three more days left before they reached Colombo. She was alone on deck a good bit, because Jacob was busy taking David Field in hand. Jean had thrown him over for the long young man who came on at Port Soudan.

"And Field," said Jacob, "is too good a chap to be allowed to go to pieces over a worthless baggage like that. He thinks his heart is broken. But presently he will realize his has been a miraculous escape. I've no patience with these female heart poachers. Spreading themselves about a ship like fly paper, catching anything they can."

Alison spent most of the day on the lower deck. She told herself she went there to watch the games and the dancing. She felt restless, ill and miserable. The thought of the magnificent bungalow she was going to, and all the glamour of being a rich man's wife, had faded now completely. While the precious days went by, and Mr. Brown said nothing whatever, except that it was another very beautiful morning.

THE last night on board, but one, she was standing at the rail alone, when he joined her of his own accord. Her heart beat violently. She thought, "It is going to happen at last." Around them the night was an indigo bowl, in which the stars swam like goldfish.

He said, "We could have been very good friends, you and I, under other circumstances, you know."

"I know, now that it is too late."

She waited breathlessly for him to ask her if it was?

He didn't, however.

"I suppose," he mused, "you will always be a sort of ideal to me. A man never quite forgets his first love, no matter what may come to him afterwards."

He looked at her. She could see the tips of his dark eyelashes that looked as if they had been tipped with gold. She could see the same look in his eyes she had seen there years ago, when she was nothing but a little nursery help. The look of a man moved to his very soul.

She said, "Oh, Alec, what a little fool I was. I didn't realize then, the things that really count."

He had practically admitted that he loved her. Surely it would not matter now, if she spoke out. Here lay her one chance of real happiness. She was going to take it regardless of consequences.

"If I were to tell you—"

But there was Jacob. Genially saying, "Come, and dance, my sweet. It's a waltz, which I never can do, but we'll have another try."

She had to go with him. To hold him at arms' length while he leapt about in the fashion he called waltzing. While Alec Brown stood watching them, with that look in his eyes! Tall and straight, the best looking man on the ship.

NOW there was only one night left. But surely he would seek her out. He must have guessed what she was going to say. She was happier than she had been for many a day.

Daisy, too, seemed strangely elated. Twice did the brush fly from her hand with a clatter, as she applied the usual ninety a side to her mistress's hair.

"Why Daisy, what's wrong with you?" Alison asked, laughing. Nothing would have annoyed her that night, she told herself. Happiness had not come yet. But it was hanging about outside the door, and peeping in through the window.

"Why, m'am, I hardly know how to tell you, for it's the last thing I ever dreamed of as likely to happen to me in this world, no, nor in kingdom come. I'm engaged to be married, and that's a fact, and I hardly know which way to turn for surprise. But I won't let it inconvenience you in any way, m'am. I mean as regards my notice, which shall be when it best suits you."

Alison looked at her, amused. Romance, all round her, even down to little Daisy, while for her, until tonight nothing but Jacob. Well, it might work out all right. If she herself went home sooner than any of

them had expected. If anything came of her dreams.

Daisy's excited little voice ran on but Alison hardly heeded her. Apparently she was giving a truthful account of just how the miracle had happened.

"And after that, Mr. Brown said to me—"

The name brought Alison back to realities with a start. She said, a trifle impatiently, "What has Mr. Brown got to do with it I'd like to know?"

"Why, m'am, I'm just explaining. It's Mr. Brown has asked me to marry him—"

The great thing was not to let Daisy see there was anything out of the ordinary. Daisy must never have the first beginning of an idea of how much she had cared. Or they might talk it over, beside the fire, in Egremont. Laugh over it. She steadied herself, took up her nail buffer and polished her nails.

"Why, Daisy, that's splendid, isn't it? I hope you will be very, very happy."

LONG after Daisy had gone, she sat quite still, looking into the mirror and seeing nothing whatever. Daisy would feel his arms around her. He would kiss Daisy. Probably he had done so already, while she sat here with her hopeless dreams, her childish plans.

All night, she lay sleepless. She longed to cry, but dared not, because Jacob would hear.

At dawn, he stood over her, a wireless message in his hand. His brother had been killed, out riding.

"It means I get the title and the place. I have never thought there was the ghost of a chance. Poor old Tom. A ghastly business! He was talking of marrying when I saw him last. Poor old Tom."

He meandered round her cabin, stout, pajama clad and perturbed. He pulled back the curtains that covered the port hole and stood gazing aimlessly out at the water, until Alison asked him what time it was.

Then he bent over her. "You'd better get up, my Lady. Have you realized that's what you are now—my Lady?"

She let him kiss her. She felt quite dead. There was nothing left for her in life but Jacob and splendor. All the things she had imagined would be such fun were not fun at all.

Mrs. MacMorrison had been quite right in those old days, when she talked about things coming to dust. Dust—that was all she had left.

THEY left the ship next morning in a private launch all piled up with morocco leather cases, fur coats, air cushions, glasses and rugs, after the manner of those who travel in luxury. The morning sun shone gold upon the waters of the harbor. Alison, looking at it, thought, "Last time I came this way I was free. Now I am just a sort of prisoner."

Daisy sat weeping in the stern, waving from time to time, a damp handkerchief to a tall figure upon the receding decks. Alison could not bear to look at her. She thought, "The girl will have to go. At once. I simply can't stand the sight of her."

Over the rail, the other passengers watched the magnificent departure of the Duvesants. Alison certainly carried herself like a queen.

"Isn't she lucky?" said Jean Adair, to the man they said she was going to marry. "They've just come into the title, and a wonderful place at home. Some folks seem born to good fortune without having to raise a finger, don't they?"

Over the harbor in the launch, Jacob said to Alison, "We'll go home in the spring. I'll take you over to New York. You shall be presented at Court, my Sweet. We'll winter in Switzerland."

Alison hardly listened. She was looking at the tall figure beside the rails on the ship they left behind them. It was Mr. Brown, the purser, waving to Daisy, her maid.

# The Ultimate Woman

[Continued from page 57]

where Miss Chalmers is going tonight. She ordered a motor from the carriage starter—and he told me."

"Leave me alone!" cried the American. He ran to the elevator and was whisked to his floor before the other could catch up with him.

A minute later Boris entered his friend's room.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Gossiping old hen!"

"Who is?"

"You are! I am! Two gossiping old hens! That's what Miss Chalmers called us!"

"You talked to her?"

"She talked to me!"

"What did she say?"

"Plenty! And she was right!"

"What happened?"

The other told him, and Boris laughed. "High-and-mighty!" he commented. "Typical of her sort."

"What do you mean—her sort?"

"What I told you before. Adding two and two I'm convinced of it. I found out where she's going tonight. Listen."

"No, no!" There was a faint threat in Owen's voice. "Don't you say one word against her!"

The Grand Duke shrugged his shoulders. After a pause he asked, "Are you by any chance in love with her?"

"I am!" exclaimed the American defiantly. "I'm nuts about her! Crazy-nuts! Can't you see that, you fat-head?"

"Oh, yes. I see. Did you tell her so?"

"How could I? She hates me. Will never forgive me. Oh, what'll I do?"

"If you were a Russian you'd commit suicide. But since you aren't, do the next best thing."

"Namely?"

"Get drunk!"

The American laughed. It was a hard laugh.

"At times," he said, "you're remarkably reasonable. Let's have a whole lot of Scotch."

"Puerile stuff. To heal a sentimental wound there is only one salve. Champagne, with a dash of absinthe."

He telephoned the order. Then, the waiter having come and gone, he went to work and presently said, "Try this!"

Owen took the glass from the ministering hand.

"Ah-h-h!" he breathed gratefully, when his face emerged from the aromatic bubbles. "Fine and dandy!"

"You still love her?"

"If you imagine that one drink—"

"You must have another—several others."

FOR over an hour they sat there, drinking steadily—Owen more than the Grand Duke. The latter, deep in his shrewd, slightly oblique Slav mind, was puzzling about a problem—a problem which dealt with his friend and Miss Chalmers. He did not mention her name again. He spoke at random, chiefly about the Orient, Constantinople, and gave a sigh of relief when, all at once, the American jumped up and exclaimed:

"Show me this Constantinople you're bragging about! Let's have a look at the mysteries of the Orient!"

"Tomorrow!" purred the Russian.

"No. Tonight!"

"I'm tired."

"Don't be a piker!"

"Bed's the place for me."

"You're four-flushing! I don't believe you know a thing about this town."

Boris suppressed a smile. Conversation

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was drifting the way he wanted it to drift. "I know its every nook and corner," he replied.

"Bluff!"

"No. I know the hidden bazaars and houses—where you can buy whatever your heart desires, and your purse permits."

"For instance?"

"A tawny orchid, or a tawny leopard. A Persian love potion, or a Persian dagger. A vial of cloying perfume—or a vial of slow poison."

"You're either a poet or a liar!"

"I've written poetry and lied, occasionally, but now I'm speaking the truth. There are a dozen places—"

"Show me just one!"

"I will." The Russian led him to the window. He pointed west where, far on the horizon, elfin lights rushed together in stammering half-tones. "Over there! Cross Galata Bridge. Three blocks east on Divan Yolu Street you'll come to a blind alley and, at the end of it, a house. Drop the knocker three times. If you should have trouble getting in, mention my name."

"What'll I find there?"

"I told you. Whatever your heart desires—and your purse permits."

"No doubt about my purse, eh?"—morosely.

"And—as to your heart's desire—it may change."

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, nothing in particular."

The American picked up hat and stick.

"Good night, Boris!"

"Good night!"

TWENTY minutes later Owen was clattering along in a rickety Ford with an Armenian at the wheel. Beyond Galata Bridge old Stamboul, the real Constantinople, opened before him like a pit filled to the brim with a strange, highly spiced medley. Different from the strident, meretricious suburb of which the Grand Hotel was the social pivot. Enigmatic, mysterious!

Everywhere in spite of the late hour men and women moved through the shadows. A symphony of sounds brushed up. Voices in many languages, now laughing, again angry. The cries of itinerant vendors praising their wares. The arrogant, clashing challenge of a sword tip dragging across the cobblestones. Beggars whining their chant. From the minaret of the Pigeon Mosque a muezzin calling the Faithful to prayer.

Once in a while, as a torch flared crimson or above a gate a cluster of oil lamps dripped lemon and gold, he could see the people, no longer dim in the shadows, but sharply outlined. Flotsam of all Islam tossed on the town's stony waves. An old Osmanli cross-legged in front of his house, smoked a peaceful hubble-bubble. A patriarchal Arab swapped stinging abuse and ineffectual blows with a patriarchal Jew. An orange-robed gypsy girl rushed into the arms of her fur-capped Circassian lover. A Tartar cameler slept in the middle of the road.

Oh, yes, Owen liked it! So free it was, with the freedom of a strong man's own will so quite without silly, soul-clogging inhibitions, running in the shadows, dimly, again, suddenly, in the sharp light of the torches.

But always in glimpses. Glimpses of life. Glimpses of love. It was the sensible way. The full view of life hurt. So did the full longing of love.

This girl for instance—Julia Chalmers. Better if he had caught only a glimpse of her, a small, golden doll with serious eyes—passing out of his life, leaving no memories.

Well, he thought defiantly, she had passed out of his life. And what did he care? Plenty fish in the sea.

The next moment he knew that he was lying to himself. For there were ultimate things in life. An ultimate woman. And when a man met such a woman he did not want her to pass on—could not bear it.

He'd have to bear it, though. She hated him. He must forget her.

There was the old house on Divan Yolu Street Boris told him about. Good old Boris. No woman would ever break his heart.

Owen wondered what the place would be like. Whatever his heart desired, and his purse permitted. His purse! He smiled bitterly. Here was one consolation—he had been sent into the world with a letter of introduction from the ironic god of chance who awarded the silver spoons.

"Step on the gas!" he called to the driver.

The latter understood seventeen languages, but not this one.

"Pardon, effendi?" he asked.

"Hurry up!"

Came a burst of speed. The Ford groaned protestingly, turned a corner, slid to a stop shortly afterwards.

"This is the place, effendi."

AT THE end of a long cul-de-sac he reached a house. Three times he dropped the knocker. Presently the door opened. A woman stood on the threshold, staring at him searchingly; then said in French, with a slurring Syrian accent:

"Go away. I don't know you."

"But you know Grand Duke Boris Vladimirovitch."

"Yes, yes."

"He suggested my coming here. And if his endorsement isn't enough, how about this?"

He slipped a gold coin into the woman's outstretched hand. She curtsied and ushered him into the entrance hall.

"The new Turkish government," she explained apologetically, "the republic—Kemal Pasha—so narrow. We have to be careful, effendi."

He smiled. Like a New York speak-easy, he thought. Was this the place of romantic mysteries and subtle thrills of which Boris had spoken so glamorously? He felt faint misgivings that turned into angry conviction as the woman opened the farther door, and the interior of the house leaped at him with a brutal, exaggerated massing of colors and scents and sounds.

A cabaret—that's all it was. One immense room, flanked by a number of smaller ones.

Not the sort of polite cabaret one took one's Aunt Priscilla to when she came to New York to spend a couple of weeks and to kick about—and envy—the younger generation. Rather a dive that hid its sinister soul beneath a glittering smear of crimson and purple and silver.

Small tables framing a cleared space. Waiters flitting about, balancing laden trays.

Men in evening dress. Cosmopolitan, though all cast in the same mould. Youngish-old, slender, oddly white-faced men with perfectly cut, pleated trousers that bulged from tightly compressed waists. Men different from the days when great gentlemen had great passions, great jealousies, great bankruptcies, great crimes.

Women who were only painted marionettes.

And the music. Just then the music started its crazy, syncopated, alcoholic bray.

Jazz! Negroes on a platform, tossing their instruments in gleaming circles, swaying in their chairs, bobbing up and down. Jazz—hiccoughy, jungly. Africa's sardonic gift to modern civilization. Africa translated by a Russian Jew, who should have known better, and filtered through Tin-Pan-Alley across the Atlantic, the Mediterranean, the Bosphorus. Jazz—in the dreamy shadow of the Pigeon Mosque!

OWEN went from room to room. A woman hailed him to sit down and have a glass of champagne, and, as he passed on without replying, shrieked at him in French.

The crowd shrieked with laughter. Owen shrugged his shoulders. Why



shouldn't they laugh? They were right. The joke was on him. Boris' idea of a practical joke—to send him to this dive. He'd tell the Russian a few home truths when he got back to the hotel.

A large room was given over to gambling. Eager faces above a roulette wheel. No unnecessary noises. Only the rustle of banknotes, the dry, dramatic click of the tiny ball whirling on its erratic journey, the croupier's crisp, "The seven wins, gentlemen! The seven!"

HE WALKED on; followed the suggestion of a flight of stairs curving up to the second story, and came to a room where heavy walls and closed doors shut out the insane jazz.

Here Turkish musicians squatted on the floor, playing zitar and tomtom and reed pipe. A half-naked Greek woman was dancing. Most of the onlookers were Orientals. They were less boisterous, less drunk than the Europeans downstairs. Otherwise they did not differ from the latter.

Perhaps for the first time in his life, the American discovered the native-born Puritan within himself.

"Beastly!" he thought.

He lit a cigarette, opened a farther door at random, and was about to cross the threshold.

Then he stopped. He stood quite motionless.

A dull, ragged pain tore across his heart. For he saw a small room—saw, sitting on a couch, Julia Chalmers and, by her side, Tcherkess Sabri Pasha, the most notorious libertine in Turkey. The man who had called on her yesterday, again today—whose conversation the Grand Duke had overheard.

He knew now why Boris had sent him here. Boris who had learned from the carriage starter where she was going. He understood now the Russian's strange, parting remark, "And as to your heart's desire—it may change!"

His heart's desire—this girl.

Here—in this dive—with Tcherkess Sabri Pasha.

And still—it had not changed—his heart's desire.

He stared at her.

She had not noticed his entrance, nor had the Pasha. They were talking in an undertone. Suddenly she kissed him, said with a laugh:

"You're a darling, even if you are an old reprobate!"

"Because of the money, Julia?"

"No. Nor because of the promise."

And then she happened to look up. She saw her young countryman. She was startled. But at once she regained her self-control and spoke icily, "Would you mind closing the door from the outside. Mr.

Townsend? This is a private room, you know."

He might have replied, "You bet it's a private room!"

Might have added, "Sorry I interrupted your little tete-a-tete!"

Might have said a dozen bitter, cynical things, but he did not.

For, at that precise moment, his carefully built house-of-prejudices tumbled about his ears. According to these prejudices—since sophistication means a sharpening, not a broadening of viewpoint—he had heretofore divided all womankind into two classes: good and bad. One knew both. One fooled around at times with the latter, but they did not really matter. Only good women mattered in the final reckoning.

Thus his house-of-prejudices which was tumbling about his ears. For there was this girl. Good or bad? He did not care.

Or rather he *did* care—greatly. He cared so it hurt.

But he couldn't help himself. Good or bad—he loved her. He loved her whoever she was, whatever she was.

She was the ultimate woman!

"Didn't you hear me?" she demanded.

He pulled himself together, but he paid no attention to her. First he'd settle with the Pasha.

He walked up to him.

"Get out!" he cried brusquely.

Tcherkess Sabri rose.

"What's that?" he asked, raising his eyebrows.

"Get out!" Owen said threateningly, advancing a step.

The Pasha looked at Owen with the look of a tiger that, surprised in a jungle clearing, stands arrested, perfectly still but for the tip of its tail beating softly to and fro.

"I'm not easily frightened," he said. "On the other hand, I'm getting old—peaceful."

"Don't argue with him!" interrupted Miss Chalmers; then, to Owen, "I wish you'd—"

"One moment, my dear!" the Turk went on. He addressed the American, "I'm more than willing to go. You see, I'm anxious to try a flutter on the roulette table. Therefore, if you will be a trifle more courteous—"

OWEN blushed. He had made a fool of himself; was wrong. So he apologized, "I spoke hastily. I beg your pardon, sir."

"Granted! Your name is Townsend, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Miss Chalmers mentioned you—"

Once more rather hurriedly, she interrupted, "Mr. Townsend, I fail to see by what right—"

"By the right of impatient youth!" said the Pasha, with a smile. "I—ah—I sym-



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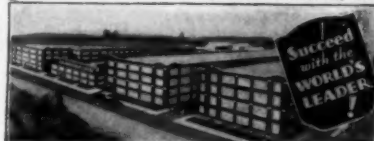
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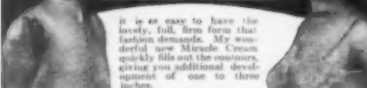
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pathize." He went to the door saying, "Au revoir, my dear!"

Owen and Julia were alone. Faintly, from the next room, came the haunting, minor cadences of Turkish music; faintly, from below, the jingly staccato of African jazz.

He did not know what to say. She did. "Now would you mind explaining your melodramatic entrance? Your behavior—oh—in the best movie style... the fearless American hero rescuing the heroine! Surely you had a reason—an important reason—to come in as you did."

Still he was silent. She watched him. How amazingly, absurdly sulky he looked, she thought, with that sulkiness which is man's refuge when a woman tries to make him say something which he does not want to say, tries to dig at the roots of his soul, to expose his cherished secret. Given her intensely feminine intuition, she understood perfectly what was troubling him and liked him the better for it. But his silence annoyed her. She'd make him speak! So she chose another angle of attack:

"Why are you so angry?"

"I'm not!"

"You look angry!" She smiled triumphantly. "Why do you look angry?"

He was getting exasperated. Here she was cross-examining him when it should be the other way around. "I don't care how I look!"

"You are rude!" She paused. "Why are you so rude?"

"Because," he blurted out desperately, "because I love you!"

"Queer reason!"

"Not at all!"

THE Turkish music in the next room broke off, suddenly, in mid-air, on a high note. Downstairs the jazz hiccupped more loudly.

Then she laughed. "Charming to meet in life what one's tired of reading in books!"

"What?"

"A young man who sees you once, falls in love with you immediately, and tells you so. You did, didn't you?"

"Yes. I—oh—hang it all!—I adore you!"

"And so, adoring me, you came here—to spy on me?"

"I didn't come to spy. I came to—"

"I know!" she cut in quickly. "To find yourself another Yvonne!"

"No, no, no!"

"Then why did you come?"

"To forget you!"

"To forget me? When you knew I was here?"

"I didn't. I guess Boris did. But he never let on. He mentioned this place—and I wanted to forget you—"

"So you said before!"

"Oh, what's the good of torturing a chap? Of making fun of him?"

"Oh—" she was a little contrite—"I'm sorry."

"I love you—I love you so much. Mind my telling you?"

"Of course not!"

"You like me?"

"Lots!"

"Promise to do something for me?"

"Tell me first what it is!"

"Marry me!"

She stared at him with warm, dusky eyes. "I heard you tell your friend," she whispered, "you'd think the best of me—until you knew the worst. Tell me—don't you know the worst?"

There was a pause.

"Here," he said to himself, "is something which hurts us both terribly, but I must speak of it—this one time."

Aloud he replied, "I don't care who you are. I don't care what you are. You understand, dear?"

"Yes." Her voice was very soft. Her lips curled in a strange little smile.

She thought, "What a delightful, blind, generous, chivalrous fool you are!"

"I love you!" he went on. "Nothing else matters."

"Except one thing."

"What?"

"Do I love you?"

"Do you?"

"Terribly!" She drew him down on the couch, by her side. "I loved you—at least I almost loved you—when I saw you first. I loved you—quite a little bit—when I called you a gossiping old hen. I didn't love you—not at all—when you came into this room, when I thought you were spying on me. And now I love you—you've no idea how deeply, how tenderly! And this love of mine is still growing, will keep on growing, because—oh—because you asked me to be your wife—after you found me in this house—with Tcherkess Sabri Pasha."

A shadow passed across his face. He spoke rapidly, violently, "You must not mention his name again—ever."

"But, dear—" her dark-blue eyes, gleamed—"I can explain—"

"No! Please! The past is buried, forgotten. You must think only of the future—"

And, suddenly, she laughed.

"Well—" she said—"since I'm forbidden to mention the past I'll tell you a story—of a girl. Her parents were dead. She had a little money. Not much. Then her uncle died. Her adventurous uncle who had lived years in Constantinople, had made a fortune there, which he left to her. That was two years ago. There was cash, bonds, and a house—here, in Stamboul. The administrators of the estate leased the house to a Syrian woman—"

He interrupted her, "May I kiss you?"

"I wish you would!" Then, after a while, "Shall I go on with the story?"

"Yes."

"One day the girl decided to take a trip to Constantinople. She had no friends there except one—an old Turkish reprobate. She had met him only long-distance, by correspondence."

"Called Tcherkess Sabri Pasha?"

"What a clever darling you are! He had been her uncle's friend. He called on her. They liked each other. She asked him to help her sell the house. He said he'd like to buy it himself and offered her a very good price. She accepted, but had an idea she'd like to take a look at it. He told her it wasn't a very nice place—not at all the sort of place good little girls ought to see."

"But even good little girls are curious?"

"Very!" she agreed. "Even little girls like to get a thrill once in a blue moon."

"Shocking!"

"Isn't it? Well—she got the thrill—more than she had bargained for. She hated the place. Just hated it. And then the old Turkish reprobate promised her he'd cancel the Syrian woman's lease and use the house for his private residence—so she kissed him. . . ."

She was silent.

"What else happened to the good little girl?" he asked.

"What else?"

"Didn't she fall in love?"

"Oh, yes! Head over heels!"

FROM downstairs the jazz peaked up with erotic, over-spiced discords.

"Let's go!" he said.

They left; walked down the street; found a car near the Pigeon Mosque. They rode through the purple night. The streets were now deserted. They crossed Galata Bridge. High on the crest of the horizon the Turkish moon raced with a wedgelike gesture.

"Funny!" she exclaimed suddenly.

"What, dear?"

"I should have been furious at you for thinking the worst of me awhile back. And I wasn't. Not the least little bit. In fact I was rather pleased!"

"I don't see anything funny about it!"

"Of course you don't! But then you aren't a woman!" And she laughed!

# The Loyal Lover

[Continued from page 60]

telling him the story of this quest of hers, the unknown fatherland she was seeing for the first time, the unknown kin she was going to. Mildred would never quite get over telling people who "belonged" childish, impulsive, intimate things. Either people were her own kind, or they weren't. If they "belonged" they understood; if they didn't there was never any use of even trying to translate what you meant in words of one syllable, she felt. The Wycombes had teased her about it affectionately, as being so American. She had not done it for a long time, but she almost did it to this man. Then she checked herself. She was in a new country, and she must be very poised and discreet. What was it Ranulf had said about the girls and men today having armor? She must have armor, too. Though she couldn't help feeling that this man was one for whom she needn't wear it.

"I'll get your grips out for you," he said in the little silence that fell where she would have told him about herself.

THEY were nearly at Mildred's alighting place. The train, giving a very fair imitation of being overcome by altitude itself, was slowing and puffing and grunting and finally stopped decisively at a water tank.

His curiosity was awake about her, she could see. She wondered if he would put out feelers about seeing her again. So far she did not know his name, nor he hers. He had not even said to her, "I saw you when you came off the boat," though she knew well that he had both seen and remembered. She looked at him stealthily from under her long eyelashes. The air was electric with more than altitude. What would he say in these last ten minutes?

His first question not only surprised, but puzzled her.

"You can't be on tour this late?" he asked.

"On tour?" she looked at him, puzzled.

"Sorry—I thought—you see English people, since the war, are generally here to do something. Act, you know, or lecture, or—well—"

Mildred thought for a mischievous moment of Mrs. Garstin, and her son who was "too stupid to do anything but lecture to Americans," but she only answered demurely, "But I'm not English at all. I have lived there since I was a child, and I speak English, that's all."

When he laughed again she realized what she had said.

"I suppose our language is pretty American," he answered. "Then you are discover-

ing a fatherland for the first time?"

She nodded.

"A fatherland and my relatives, like Japhet in search of a Father, you know."

"Why yes, I do happen to know, because there was a big old library at my school, where I used to browse. But how does it come you know Captain Marryat?"

"I thought all children read him," Mildred said. She wondered what it was girls her age usually did read, or had read when they were little.

He answered her thought as much as her words. When she knew him better she found he had a way of doing that.

"No. And nobody your age reads anything much at all."

"But I'm not a child," Mildred said a little proudly.

"Not the least bit in the world? Not even to aged gentlemen who were our wounded heroes?"

They laughed together again, easily, as if they had always talked together.

"Not the least bit. Not even if I should meet some one like that in the future. I haven't yet."

He made one of his quick transitions to gravity.

"Ah, you don't know how many more years older than you we people who were grown up in war-time are. It isn't ten really, child. It's nearer fifty."

Mildred looked at him, understanding a little. "I wonder," she said. "I never heard of counting age that way. I wonder how old I would be—brought up by a grand-uncle who was young two generations ago."

"Why, you are Miss Alcott's Old-Fashioned Girl!" he said. "Or one of those fantasy creatures who have been asleep for a generation, and awakened in another world. I wonder if you will like it."

She leaned towards him. She might not find another friend, another man or girl who spoke her language, in this beautiful, strange America that was hers and yet not hers—this unknown home country.

"Oh, tell me, please, will it all be so different? And will it be hard?"

"Different from what? From yourself? I don't think you'll ever find a lot like yourself, you know."

HIS voice was carefully casual, but underneath it was a note that told her, as men's voices do when they will not allow themselves the actual words, that she was not only rare but desirably rare.

"You mean my upbringing has been un-



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usual. I suppose so. My uncle reared me in a dream world of his own youth's America. It sounded like a rather artificial, yet a very simple and lovely place. I know it isn't here now. But surely something as charming is?"

"No, not as charming. That word is never used now. Your vocabulary is even from the time when you went to sleep in the enchanted palace. And you are much more mature mentally than your contemporaries."

"What would I be like if I were of this day? The English girls I know are like boys, but they're awfully decent. Sporting, honest, all that."

"You'll find some of the American girls like that too."

"Not all?"

"I haven't known many English people. And even ten years ago they were different, very widely. But not all over, anywhere."

"Oh tell me quickly—soon I'll have to go. Help me a little!" She spoke impulsively.

He was her friend. He must help her. That was how she felt about him. That was, it seemed, how he felt about her, for he answered quickly.

"I don't think you need a great deal of help. You seem to have poise. The difference is, you have poise, not arrogance. If you were of your own day, not your grandmother's, you'd be awfully exciting and all that. You'd be trying to give me thrills in a hurry. You wouldn't have read anything much, by the way, unless you had picked it out as a line, and then, of course, you would have got up certain things that would impress."

"How do you know I haven't?" she spoke a little resentfully. She had asked for his frankness, but her mid-Victorian training found itself disliking it rather. He was horribly cynical, too, it seemed to her, fresh from Uncle Martin's environment—he hadn't seemed like that.

But he smiled at her disarmingly.

"One doesn't impress by way of Captain Marryat, because nobody today has heard of anyone farther back than Shaw."

"And I'm not arrogant, then?"

"No, apparently not."

"Why should I be arrogant?" she asked, surprised. "Arrogance is generally defiance, and I have nothing to defy."

"How old are you?" he asked her.

More present day manners, apparently. She answered him quietly enough.

"Twenty-two. And you?"

"Thirty-three. An aged crone. Yes, you'll find them all different from you. But they would always have been."

"How can you sit and analyze all this as if you were a hundred?" she said impulsively.

"I've told you. I'm pre-war stock, if you know that phrase. Besides, like you, I was brought up more or less away from my kind. Far off in the West somewhere, where all the men are brave and all the women fair."

HIS voice was mocking again. She looked at him, wondering. What had happened to him, that he felt this way about people—or was he simply like all the rest of the people over here?

"Is this 'your line'?" she demanded of him. He laughed again.

"I deserved it, for slandering my countrywomen this way, didn't I? No. I may have been bitter, but I try to be honest. I shouldn't be bitter. Perhaps it's that I'm a stray, like you. But not so happily. I went to France before we were in it, and stayed there after we were out. Hospital—and then turned loose in a new and different world, with nothing to show for my youth. Only it doesn't seem like a world of enchanted adventure to me. Or perhaps if it is enchanted, the enchantment's dark."

"Oh," she said, catching her breath. "I'm sorry!"

He met her eyes steadily for a moment and there was something breath-taking in

the encounter, as there had been before. And as he faced her, his expression changed to something very bright and boyish.

"Oh, don't be sorry," he said. "After all, perhaps it was a line. They have them even in our ancestors' day, didn't they? I sound like—who was it? Count Lara. You'd know who Lara was, wouldn't you? Your grandmother did. I'm not, you know. Life's a very decent thing, and I get a lot of kick out of it. As long as you can laugh at things, life's never bad."

He was speaking, simply and honestly. There was no undertone of mockery or bitterness. And he smiled at her, suddenly gay again.

"You are like two people," she said.

"I told you. I've passed through an enchanted wood. And some of the spell is on me still. Being out of an old story book yourself, you should know."

"You mean, the trouble about altitude?"

"Only secondarily. Never mind. It's a wrong thing to speak of its being an enchantment. Perhaps I just see it that way."

"Oh, can't I help?"

SHE forgot, for the moment, that she would not see him after she left the train.

He shook his head.

It would take more than people can do today. You would have to be a princess in a fairy-tale, with all the powers they have."

He was talking now, half laughing as if he spoke to a child.

"How do you know I haven't?" she demanded.

"I don't. You may be the Master Maid herself for all I know."

"It's possible," she said lightly.

"I wonder. You aren't exactly and completely your grandmother after all, you know. The dream American girl of your grand-uncle—gosh, I sound like a French phrase book!—wouldn't have been as unafraid as you are. She was scared of men, women and things. You aren't scared, any more than the rest of the girls now. But you aren't a pirate. And from your grand-uncle's viewpoint this generation are all more or less pirates, you know."

"You too?"

He laughed and shook his head. "I'll keep telling you I'm pre-war."

"I'm afraid I'm not a pirate," Mildred said thoughtfully.

Queer he should use that phrase! Ranuli had, too.

"Want to be?" He laughed a little, watching her.

"I think," she said thoughtfully, "I could be in a good cause. After all—" she thought of Lola Redding with that mingling of antagonism and interest which Lola waked in her—"why should one let the pirates do all the boarding? Why shouldn't a boat with the proper credentials have as many guns and as much fighting spirit?"

"It should. Sometimes it does. But it has to fight according to the rules of the game, and pirates don't."

"I don't see why. It's better to win for a good cause anyhow at all than to lose it and let the bad 'causers' have everything."

Being a man he shook his head.

"No, you find you have to play the game, when it comes to the actual hand-to-hand fighting. The rules get you. But—" he smiled—"I'm reassured about your age. You're not Fannie Ward or Lola Montez or anybody else who's had a drink from the Fountain of Youth. You may not be a pirate, but you have letters of marque at least, and I think you'll keep your flag flying."

"I'll try at least!" she said defiantly. But it sounded as if there would be rough water—

He was treating her a little as if she were very young. She wondered childishly what he would say if he knew about all the power Uncle Martin had put in her hands.

The train, after a long halt, gave a sudden leap, deciding to abandon its loved water



tank for the hilltops that still loomed ahead. "We're nearly at your station," he said. "Let me help you get your things out; I'm afraid you'll find no porters this far from civilization."

"Oh, should you?"  
He flushed up.

"For the Lord's sake. My disabilities aren't muscular. Anyway, I feel fine now."

She knew how men dislike feeling themselves disabled or weak, and could say no more. They stopped. She rose and gathered together her lighter things, bethinking herself as she did so that neither of them had given the other any clue to identity. Perhaps it was just as well. At least she would not offer it.

He took off her luggage without apparent effort, and followed her to the edge of the small platform with it. He set it down on the unpainted boards, and turned to remount the car steps, opening his lips to say good-by. Or at least she supposed it would have been good-by. For before he had made the words articulate he put out one hand gropingly and slipped down at her feet. She was only in time, flinging herself down by him, to ease his fall. She had been a little angry, secretly, at him for going with no spoken wish to ever see her again. But she forgot this in her distress at his collapse. She knelt, and tried to raise his hand and shoulder and prop them against her bags.

His eyes opened and he spoke, with difficulty, through colorless lips. He did not seem to know exactly what he said.

"I never knew there would be any one like you left in the world," he said. "That's—some—excuse—"

His eyes dropped shut and his bluish lips fell apart. She knelt there, alone on the rough, deserted platform with an unconscious man. There was no one and nothing in sight.

She looked desperately up and down the line. Nobody to be seen. And nobody was meeting her. Nothing but a little box-shaped station, and hills and tossing trees for miles and hundreds of miles. Little sign from where she knelt of even a road. Could she have been put off at the wrong station by mistake?

She managed to ease her inert charge from her knees to a pillow made of her thick coat and her smaller suit case. She opened her handbag and consulted the letter which had told her how to come to the camp. Yes, that was the name painted above her head in black letters on a discolored board.

She rose and went into the tiny empty box to see if anything there could help her. But beyond a framed, yellowed time table and a big black stove with something the aspect of an extinct volcano, there was nothing there at all beyond a telegraph instrument, which naturally she could not see.

She went back to her charge. He was still lying inert. Eight or ten minutes had passed. She felt alarmed. Suppose he should be dying? She knelt down beside him again, heedless of the effect of the dusty platform on her smart skirt, and tried all her remedies over again. They did not act as quickly this time. But at length the ammonia began to take effect once more. His eyelids began to flutter and the color to return to his lips. The blue line around them faded. And she began to have time to wonder what on earth she was going to do not only with herself, but with him.

AND then a wild toot from somewhere high above her head gave her hope. There was a car, then. She sprang lightly to her feet, and found herself facing a tall boy with a cheerful, wide-mouthed, short face, topped by a shock of black hair over Uncle Martin's own kindly, crinkled blue eyes.

"Discovered!" said he. "But who's the mysterious stranger!"

Mildred put out her hand with an immediate lightening of the heart.

"I thought I was here for life," she said with a sigh of relief. "You must be Mac. When I say I'm glad to see you, oh, how I mean it!"

He leaned down and kissed her unceremoniously, releasing her with a little affectionate pat. It was Uncle Martin's pat, also, weirdly enough. Could you inherit that?

"I'm Mac, but how did you know. I might be any other fine young man. Is this the bridegroom? Why did you pick a damaged one?"

"Shall I answer them all?"

"Sure."

"Uncle Martin's eyes. Uncle Martin's way of patting your shoulder after he kissed you. It isn't a bridegroom. I don't even know his name. He's very nice, and he would lift off my bags with a bad heart."

"A bad heart but a good will," said Mac cheerfully. "Noble fellow. Should have a—Good Galusha!"

"Oh, do you know him?"

"Know him? Of course—Hugh Bannard—known him all my life. Has a shak up here. Darn fool, he's doing it! Here, old boy, think you can sit up now if I give you a hand?"

The man named Hugh Bannard had turned his head and moved. He sat erect against the suit case and said sulkily, "Of course, I can. Here, help me a little and I'll get up and wait for the next train."

"Next train, the deuce! None till tomorrow, as you must know perfectly. Here, you'll get into the Ford and come along with us. Help me a bit on the other side, Mildred. Succor first—baggage afterwards."

They stood one each side of Hugh, and

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steered him, silent and a little cross with the world for seeing him in this state, to the disgraceful Ford which stood at the back of the station sticking its battered head out between two trees.

"Get a death grip on the back, old onion—phrase properly English, Mildred? And refrain from following up the swoon till we return laden with the junk. Have to put in Mildred's Oxford bags. That's a jest to keep up your spirits. Think about it and roar with delight till we get back."

HE WENT back, out of sight of the car, pulling Mildred, as she thought unnecessarily with him. Once around the corner his face sobered.

"Only thing to do is to cart him over to our camp. He said he was going to try it out higher than he ought to stand it, kill or cure. But he hasn't any relations, and it wasn't anybody's business to stop him, I suppose. He'll be better off with mother fussing over him than in that shack he rented of old Jim Beals. I wondered who'd taken it. We camp in elegance, we do. Janet's idea of the primitive is only two Japs and a pair of bathrooms, so the well-trained progenitors obey. Fool stuff I call it. But Wally wallows in it."

Mildred rather sympathized with Janet, and was secretly relieved to find she was not going to have to sleep on the ground. But she only asked casually, "Who is Wally?" "Oh, didn't you know that Janet had a Wally? She affianced it more or less this winter. Thought she'd like it and brought it home. I thought maybe marriage by capture ran in the family, and you'd torn off Hugh for yourself while he couldn't resist. Done in the best families now."

He lifted the bags easily, and they returned and stowed them in around Hugh, who looked nearly all right by now.

"Just telling Mildred I thought she'd appropriated you as a blushing bridegroom," he said cheerfully as he got in by his cousin.

"Mac, you're outrageous," Hugh said. "Sorry it comes on you as a surprise," said Mac airily.

Meanwhile, Mildred noticed, he was driving very carefully, easing the car as much as much as possible over the bumps. She, herself, was not at all discomposed. Seeing it, Mac laughed.

"You know, we've been expecting a little helper from an English Vicarage," he said. "Reared in deep seclusion in the old Haunted Manor on the seashore and all that. We thought you're be exactly like the cabinet pictures of Aunt Milly, bustles and all, not to speak of a maidenly manner and an infinite capacity for being shocked. But so far as one can see—I hope Janet will be able to bear up—you are the goods."

"The—what?" "He means that you are the actuality of what you should be, not a disappointment," explained Hugh's voice from the back seat—crisp and apparently quite recovered.

Mac tossed a relieved glance behind him, but answered as carelessly as he had been talking.

"Perfect description," he said. "Here we are. This is as far as most docile tractors will go without being brutally treated. Hi, Ito! I hoped you'd be on the watch!"

A smiling Japanese in a neat white coat ran forward to lift out Mildred's luggage, and Mac heped her out and showed her the path with a careless lift of his hand. He turned to see how Hugh Bannard was coming on.

"I'm fine now," Hugh said in answer to the look, "I can navigate all right the rest of the way, thanks, kid."

Nevertheless Mac did not let go of Hugh's arm. Mildred noticed with secret amusement. She already liked her cousin very much. She sensed a queer responsibility under his offhand ways that seemed to her mind, which, perhaps was seeking it more anxiously than

she knew, like Uncle Martin's. Whatever the rest might be, Mac was her kin.

They went single file now through a narrow, winding woodpath that did not go far uphill. Mildred loitered unconsciously more and more. By the time her progress had brought her to the path's end, Hugh and Mac were out of sight. She was at the foot of a high, rustic veranda, on whose steps stood a plumpy pretty middle-aged woman with bobbed, beautifully waved gray hair above a kindly rosy face, and a girl of about her own age in a red smock and sandals. She had a pretty, rather Japanese face with an olive skin and faintly slanted eyes, and she was coming down the steps to meet her.

Her aunt reached Mildred first, and took her in her arms, kissing her cordially.

"Welcome, you darling child," she said with an unmistakable sincerity. "We're so glad to have you with us after all these years. We hope you will love us, too."

"Oh, mother dear—woman's page stuff!" protested the voice of Janet in the red smock.

Mrs. Holliday flushed a little, but seemed otherwise unmoved. Mildred liked her for that, as well as for her words, which, if they were conventional, at least were real.

"Of course I'm going to love you, Aunt Ethel," Mildred answered returning the kiss warmly.

"I don't see why you should more than anybody else," said the languid Janet, in a high clipped voice, leaning against the post and twining a slim brown bare arm about it. "People don't really love people more just because they happen to be connected with them."

Mildred turned and looked at Janet with something of Phyllis Wycombe's cool inspection. So already she was going to need armor? Though if this sort of thing was the worst she was going to find, it wouldn't be hard. Janet seemed to her like a show-off child. Evidently she was trying to impress the new cousin. But oh, how inferior as a means of impressing it was to the effortless atmosphere of ignoring ice, Phyl or Pam had for use at will—that English insolence Uncle Martin had, while he petted the girls, deplored to Mildred! It had, naturally, never been turned on the Putnams, who were friends, and as such free to say or do what they wished. But Mildred thought that at need she knew where to put her hand on the manner if Janet continued to try to impress.

So she laughed a little, and touched Janet's cheek with two gloved fingers, patting it patronizingly, with a gleam of mischief in her eyes.

"Don't fear, Janet. I promise never to regard you as a relative," she said. "But as for the reason why—Lady Wycombe used to say to us when we were little that among other things one was loyal to one's family as a matter of expedience and self-defense."

Janet stared at her like a child impressed by a new long word. Mildred had forgotten that titles did impress people.

MRS. HOLLIDAY drew Mildred into the camp itself.

"Your room is at this end, dear," she said. "Ito has put your things there. Your trunk came two days ago."

She showed her room, and went away to let her settle in, as she said, by herself.

Mildred threw herself on a wicker chaise longue standing at the window, and looked around her. It was a large, light room, finished in shining pine, with electric light, and various other electric appliances she did not even know the names of. Her bed was wide and soft; the wicker furniture was luxurious; the rugs and curtains were good enough for any English country home—supposing it to have no objection to Indian trophies or Navajo blankets.

She found the nearest bathroom without much trouble, came back and dressed her-

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self in a white skirt and one of the rose-red knitted jumpers she had been used to wear at the seashore in England.

Her aunt came in, looking for her apparently.

"Did you find the bath?" she asked her. "I do hope you will be comfortable here, my dear. Do you like sports?"

Mildred assured her that she did. Her aunt's attitude seemed to be that she was there to please her daughter and niece, and more or less responsible if they were not happy and entertained.

She kissed her aunt impulsively.

"Don't worry about me," she said. "I know I shall love being here with all of you."

**B**UT Aunt Ethel had wandered off again, after a gentle request that if it didn't make her feel too badly she would tell her about Uncle Martin after dinner. Mildred realized that her fondness for making people happy had led her to say more than she was sure was true. She didn't know yet whether she would be happy or not. Well, she reminded herself, in a way that wasn't the point. The point was to decide about Janet and Mac and find Louise Bartine, if she hadn't done it—oh, she hoped not!—already. Also, to discover for herself whether she wished to stay here, or whether England was better for her.

**S**HE went out for a stroll, smiling a little to herself at her dealings with Janet. She tried first, a little cautiously, the trail up which they had come, then struck off on another. She found that it was a thick wilderness of forest after she had gone a little way. Presently, having circled back, she came on a little clear lake, chaining to another one, with a dock where canoes and boats were tied. The dock was marked with her uncle's name, so she slipped into one of the canoes and sent herself out across the water.

Water, and being alone on or near it, could always make Mildred quiet and happy, and she could think. As she pushed the little light craft through the smooth blue water things straightened out, were less intricate, less worrying. After all, she would see what to do if she waited. And whatever way things ended for her, life was not bad. She sent the canoe on.

There was a little cleared place with daz- zlingly green deep grass, framed in tall pines. She came nearer to explore it, tied the canoe to a tree root and stepped ashore. It reminded her of a fairy-tale of her childhood, as many things were apt to still. "Mopsa the Fairy" this had been called. In it was a little boat that went exploring strange shores, and finding queer fairylands behind them.

She crossed the open space, and found a well-marked trail. She went out on it a little way, between the trees, singing under her breath.

Suddenly she stopped. She heard something. She stepped back for a moment, and glanced through the trees in the direction of the noise. A girl, wrapped in a long dark cloak with a hood, that covered her from head to foot, was sitting against a tree, with a police dog huddled close to her. Her head was down on her knees, and she was sobbing aloud.

Mildred stood undecided for a moment, then she went noiselessly back. The girl was not lost; the dog sat too contentedly for that. And if she had gone off in the woods to cry, she would not want any one to find her, least of all a stranger—or so Mildred argued. She went back and found her canoe and paddled wonderingly to the camp once more. She wondered if she would ever see the girl again. There could not be many people camping in this remote place.

**W**HEN she came back finally, Hugh Bannard had been established in a swing-hammock on the veranda, and her uncle had arrived and was sitting by him in a big red rocker talking to him intermittently as he tied flies.

He was a rather stout man, with a pleasant reddish face and a cropped, very red mustache, who smiled at her from bright blue eyes and made her as welcome, in spite of his interrupted fly-tying, as her aunt had. Then he went back to work.

She sat by them in continued silence. She was a little tired after everything, and it was pleasant to rest. She had been afraid that they would be elaborate about making a guest of her, but she seemed to be slipping casually into the household.

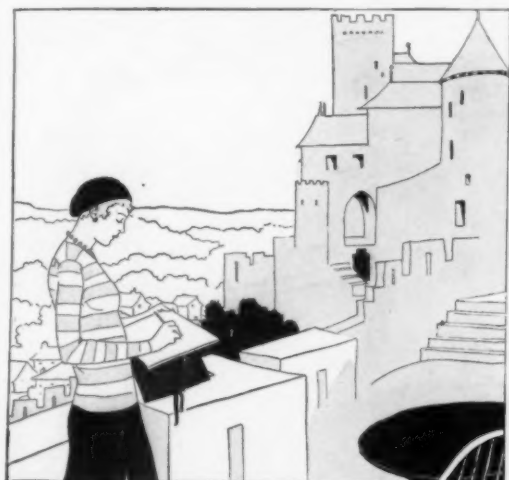
"Did you find the lake?" her uncle asked her presently. "Good fishing there. You'll like it, Hugh."

"I—" Hugh began, but Mr. Holliday interrupted him good-humoredly.

"You are to stay right here. The doctor will say so when he comes over tomorrow. Ito has taken a note to Jim telling him you won't be back. Ito and Mac are going to see that you're comfortable, and when it's time for you to go over on Loon Lake and chop wood in that hut of yours, we'll have King break it to you. Lunacy, your staying there!"

"Lunacy nothing," said Mac cheerily, appearing at a door behind them. "Lunacy takes brains."

"Oh, shut up," said Hugh, who had by now regained an entire cheerfulness. "Of course you can do what you like to me, I suppose, after setting your niece to catch me in the act."



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The Hollidays shouted with laughter. They seemed to feel both pleasure and relief. Mildred noticed, at having Hugh Bannard here as a guest. She wondered why, till Mac spoke—in a discreetly lowered, half mock-timid voice.

"Wounded or no, you're going to be a help in the home, what with this Wally boy infesting the place."

Hugh grinned.

"Wally here for life?"

"Didn't I tell you, he's plighted to our little Janet? She couldn't think of anything else dad hadn't bought her, so she picked her a Wally."

"Is that all of his name?" Mildred inquired, wondering when this talked-of youth would appear.

"Not by a long shot," Mac said. "Mr. Wallace Redington De Forest Isham as far as I can remember. Isham pronounced as in sneeze. But effect gained by repeating hurriedly in concert three times in succession. All together, please, gentleman and ladies! Isham, Isham, Ish—"

TO MILDRED'S amusement the other men tried it out gravely, with such excellent effect that they were doing it again when Janet suddenly appeared, a look of terrific annoyance on her face, and behind her a long-lashed, blond young man who looked, whatever he might be, more supercilious than Janet at her childlike best. The others, like detected school-boys, glanced at each other and tried to stop laughing.

"Have a cigarette, Wally?" said Hugh presently.

"No thanks. Don't care for cheap brands. Always smoke my own," replied Wally calmly, producing a gold cigarette case filled—presumably—with precious cigarettes.

Hugh said nothing beyond repeating his offer to Mac, who took a cigarette with a glance at Mildred that nearly upset her gravity.

The conversation languished for a moment. Then Janet introduced Wally to Mildred, unfortunately using the same impressive string of names her brother had. Wally greeted her with a rather formal courtesy—it did not strike her till afterward that she was perhaps something Janet considered impressive herself—and thenceforward devoted himself to her till dinner.

FORTUNATELY for her comfort, she was put between her uncle and Mac at dinner. They dined outside that night on a long screened verandah with old ship lanterns swinging overhead, and soft-footed ito waiting on them. The men had changed to flannels, the women to elaborate sport suits; Mrs. Holliday's, white. Janet's, red again.

"We never dress for dinner at camp unless

we have guests from outside, a dinner party, I mean." Janet said nervously, half to Mildred, half to Wally.

"Of course in England things are different. Miss Putman will have to make excuses for that," said the amazing Wally.

"Why make excuses for anything?" said Mildred placidly. She thought she would see if sitting on Wally would do as much good as sitting on Janet had. She liked her new gift. "Certainly I shall make none for England. She can always take care of herself."

Wally began to explain confusedly that he didn't mean that, but Mildred turned to her uncle and began asking him about fishing. And Mac pulled her hand under the table and gave it an ecstatic squeeze.

Evidently there were sides in this house, and she had ranged herself with Mac without quite knowing it. She bethought herself that if Uncle Martin had given her discretion about awarding Wally finances it wouldn't have taken her long to find out what to do.

And that reminded her. Better lose no time finding out what Uncle Robert could tell her about Louise Bartine.

"Could I talk to you for a little while after dinner?" she asked him in a low voice. "You and Aunt Ethel both, I mean—or either of you. There are some things I thought you could tell me."

"Of course you can," he said kindly.

AFTER dinner her uncle said he was going to show her the heads and horns in the living room. The rest were all grouped on another veranda, except Wally and Janet, who had left, it was understood to go out on the lake, as soon as the meal was over.

He took her off, said, half laughing, "There they are child," and sat down under a particularly large and ugly head with, "Now, what can I help you with, my dear?"

"Uncle Martin wanted me to do something when I was over here. His wife, Grand-aunt Milly, had a grandniece whose maiden name was Louise Bartine. An old friend of his told him she was in need, and not well. He got an impression too that she had done something he wouldn't like. I don't even know what. But he wanted me to look her up and be kind to her more or less according to my own judgment. She is married now, and I don't know her name. I thought you might tell me how to put things in train to discover who and where she was."

He stared at her as though she had put a bomb under him.

"Louise Bartine!" he said. "I can put you in touch with her, certainly. I know only too much about her."



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